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A 1 1951

Liz Taylor's new romance

may 15c

modern screen

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y feuds

Louella Parsons

jeanne crain

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 30 1951
BDV

Your skin looks smoother, softer WITH YOUR First Cake of Camay!

a Honeymoon Complexion!



She was Eileen Clarence of New York. Now she's MRS. JACK LAWRENCE *—a beautiful Camay Bride!*

Lively, lovely, lovable — that's Eileen Lawrence! Wonder at the sparkle in her bright brown eyes! Marvel at the softness of her exquisitely fair complexion! Eileen's very *first cake* of Camay brought her a smoother, softer skin.

Yes, and her lovely face lights up whenever she talks about Camay. "It didn't take long for my skin to look fresher and clearer," she tells admiring, inquiring friends. "When I changed to regular care, my *first cake* of Camay brought new beauty. Camay's wonderful!"

Follow this bride's way to new beauty! Wake the sleeping beauty of *your* skin with your *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care—use mild, gentle, rich-lathering Camay alone. Never let a lesser soap touch your skin—and look for exciting new loveliness.

A lovelier skin—head to toes!



Give all your skin Camay's fine complexion care—use it in your bath, too. The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings that "beautifully cared-for" look to arms, legs and shoulders. You're lovelier head to toes—touched with Camay's flattering fragrance!

There's no finer beauty soap in all the world!

You'll treasure Camay for its gentle mildness. And the lather it gives is so rich and creamy. Camay in the "Beauty-Bath" size is Camay at its best. Big and thrifty—that's the beauty of this larger cake.

Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

APR 13 1951
B 297780

Which girl has the natural curl . . . and

which girl has the Toni?



Eloise Sahlen and Susie Parker, two of New York's most beautiful girls. The one with the Toni says, "It's the softest wave I've ever had, and it takes no more care than naturally curly hair." Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Now—Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known . . . plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave soft and natural from the *very first day*. And month after month your Toni with Permafix takes no more care than naturally curly hair.

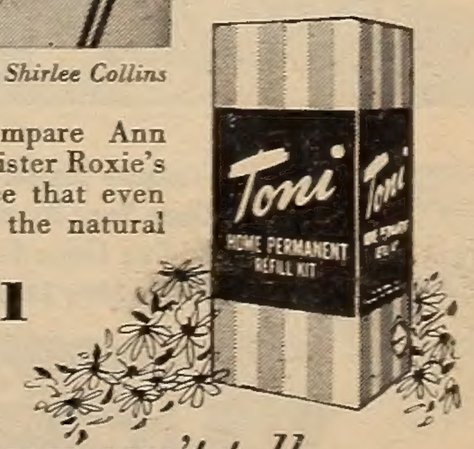
Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafix today and *tonight* discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so silky soft, so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! Charming Eloise Sahlen, the girl on the left, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (on the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.



TONI REFILL ONLY $1

Toni *the wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair!*





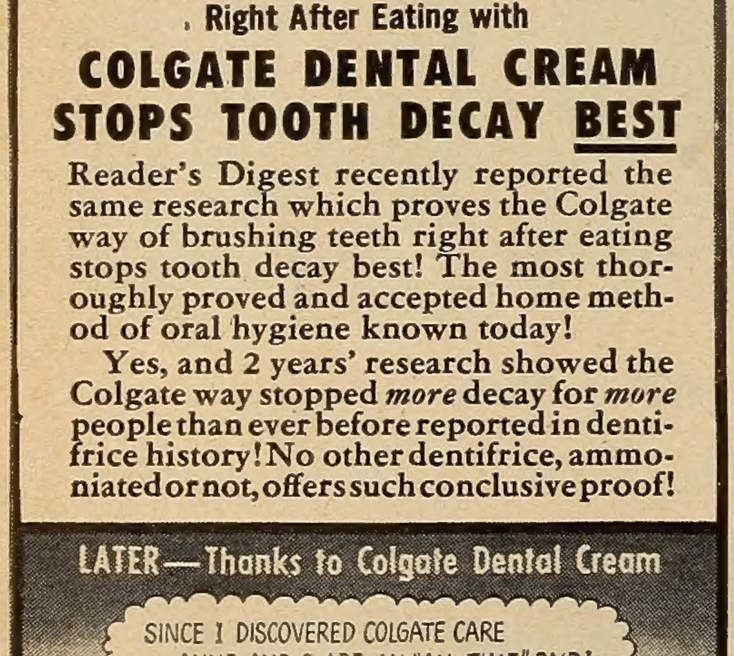
READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

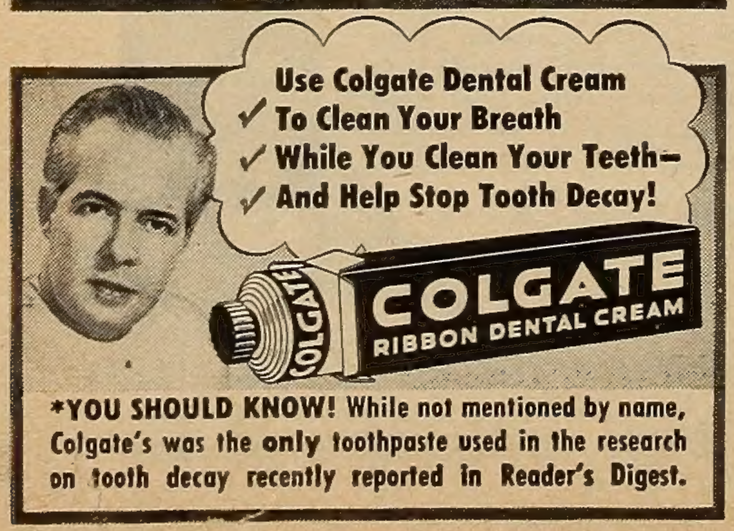
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream





***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

MAY, 1951

modern screen

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Other Picture Credits on page 14

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THE BLESSED EVENT OF 1951 . . . "FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"!



It's a boy . . . and a bundle of joy! The oh's . . . the ah's . . . the laughter . . . will echo across the nation!

M-G-M presents

SPENCER TRACY
JOAN BENNETT
ELIZABETH TAYLOR

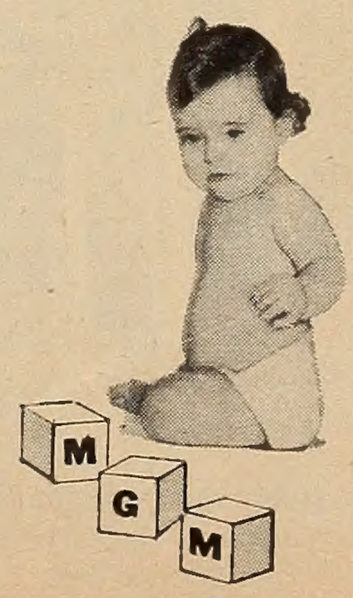
"FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"

(It's Funnier Than "Father Of The Bride")

DON TAYLOR • BILLIE BURKE

Screen Play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich • Based on characters created by Edward Streeter • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



"I can't afford to split hairs"

says model Ann Klem...

her camera curls stay free of broken ends with

De Long

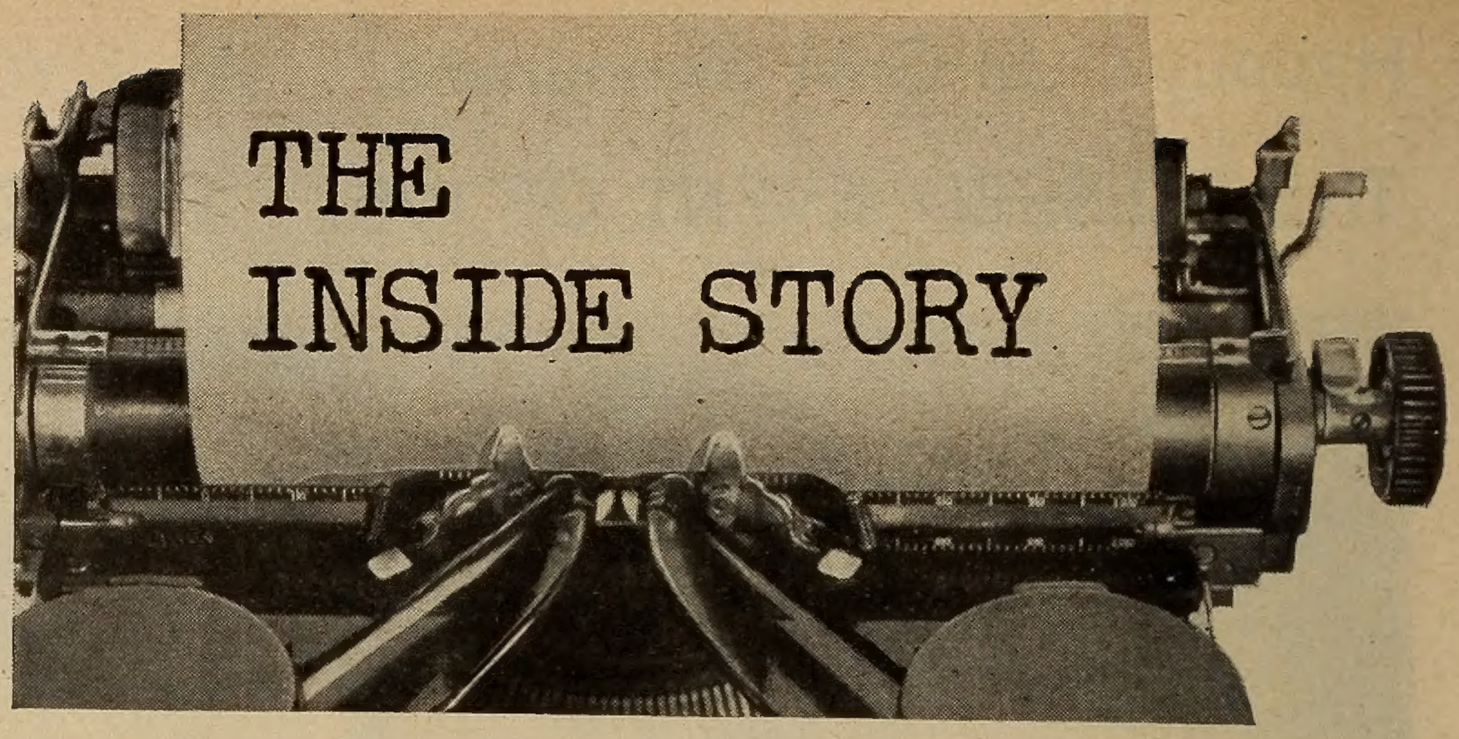
the bob pin with the stronger, smoother grip



Stop envying the hair-do's of beautiful models! Your hair, too, can be always well-groomed. But be sure to use De Long bob pins. The stronger, smoother grip means longer lasting curls... greater freedom from fuzzy, split ends. No wonder De Long is the "smart set" favorite!



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts



THE INSIDE STORY

Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Jane Wyman is responsible for the breakup of the Ginger Rogers-Greg Bautzer love affair?—T. W., Chicago, Ill.

A. *There's no truth to that at all. Ginger gave up Bautzer for Steve Cochran. Ginger and Steve co-starred in* Storm Warning, *and started dating steadily when they went to Miami for personal appearances. Bautzer thereupon began seeing Jane Wyman.*

Q. I understand that Nancy Sinatra has agreed to give Frankie a divorce if she receives a settlement of $5,000,000. True or false?—C. R., Hartford, Conn.

A. *Nancy steadfastly insists that there will be no divorce.*

Q. Is it true that Rita Hayworth is running short of money, and that this is why she plans to make another film in Hollywood? —C. F., Wash., D. C.

A. *That is one reason. The other is that her pictures are no longer being asked for by the movie-goers. Like Greta Garbo, Miss Hayworth has apparently stayed off-screen too long a time.*

Q. Why did Farley Granger fight with his producer Sam Goldwyn and why did he take a suspension?—S. Y., Midvale, Mo.

A. *Granger, whose pictures have been making a small fortune, felt strongly that at $800 a week, he was being underpaid. One of the biggest box office attractions in the country today, he believed that he should be given an increase if called upon to do exploitation work in connection with his films. Sam Goldwyn has recently torn up their old pact and replaced it with a new five-year contract. Farley is getting a substantial raise. "He thoroughly deserves it," says Goldwyn. "He is a hard worker and has done a fine job." This should make for lasting peace between them.*

Q. Has Hedy Lamarr really retired from the screen?—U. O., Charlotte, N. C.

A. *She's scheduled to appear in London opposite Rex Harrison in* His Excellency.

Q. What is the real reason Judy Garland is getting a divorce from Vincente Minnelli? —T. R., Washington, D. C.

A. *She doesn't love Minnelli any more. (Read the story of Judy's new love on page 42.)*

Q. Is it true that Janet Leigh plans to drop Tony Curtis for John Agar?
—S. R., Rockport, Me.

A. *At the moment she still refuses all Agar's phone calls and invitations for dates.*

Q. I understand that Liz Taylor's ex-husband, Nicky Hilton, is furious about her going around with Stanley Donen. How come Liz didn't pick up with Vic Damone after her divorce?.
—V. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A. *Nicky Hilton isn't at all furious about Liz and Stanley Donen, both of whom seem very much taken with each other. The reason Liz didn't start dating Damone again is that he currently enjoys playing the entire field.*

Q. Does Betty Hutton plan to marry shortly? If so to whom?
—B. U., Cheyenne, Wyo.

A. *Betty's divorce won't be final for another ten months. Right now she is going with a musician, Pete Rugolo.*

Q. What is the first picture June Allyson plans to do when she returns to the screen? —V. A., Hartford, Conn.

A. Too Young to Kiss, *with Van Johnson and Barry Sullivan.*

Q. Who is this Duane Powell mentioned in the press in connection with Pat Neal? —C. N., Marion, S. C.

A. *The Duane Powell appearing in the press in connection with Pat Neal is the creation of a press agent. There is no such man in her life. In fact, right now she is not in love at all.*

Q. Is Gary Cooper a Catholic? Is that why he and his wife cannot obtain a divorce? I hear that this marriage is in hot water. Please tell me the truth.
—Y. F., Louisville, Ky.

A. *Cooper is a Protestant. His wife, Rocky, is Catholic. Rumors of their impending separation are, according to Gary, "absolutely ridiculous."*

ALAN LADD and PHYLLIS CALVERT



in

Appointment with DANGER

Alan Ladd blasts a million-dollar mail robbery wide open ... as an agent of the U. S. Mail's crime-fighting service!

All his faith was in his .45 ... until a good woman taught him another kind!

AUTHENTIC!... Based On Excitement-Jammed Cases From The Files Of The Post Office Department... In The Tradition Of 176 Years Of Crime-Fighting!

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Written by RICHARD BREEN and WARREN DUFF · A Paramount Picture



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



The Mudlark premiere brought out newlyweds Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons, here with press agent Sharman Douglas. Sharman is working on publicity for Jean's new film, *Androcles and the Lion.*



Ann Blyth was one of many celebrities at the spectacular *Mudlark* premiere. Howard Duff came with his mother and Ida Lupino. Also present were the Van Johnsons who are expecting a baby.

WHEN a husband says "I'm sorry, dear"—what more can he say?—and Jeff Chandler is saying that over, and over, and over again to his pretty wife.

By the time you read this, I'm sure their surprising "separation" will be over, for it was a very penitent Jeff that Marjorie found following her return from New York where she had gone after walking out with the two children.

For the two weeks she was away you've seldom seen a more miserable and depressed gent than Jeff. Even his Academy nomination for one of the best supporting actors of the year in *Broken Arrow* wasn't enough to make Jeff smile. He wanted his wife and his children back more than anything else in the world.

It isn't too wise to air the "reason" for their rift, particularly where a wife's pride is concerned, so let's just say that Jeff made a mistake, he knows it—and he's sorry. And he is a big enough person to say so.

Now it's all up to his wife, the former Marjorie Hoshelle, at one time an actress at Warner Brothers. When she married Jeff eight years ago, she gave up her career because she thought his was more important, and when the two children came, she preferred to stay at home.

They were ideally happy until the usual thing happened—big success for Jeff, who is now one of the most popular screen actors. With success came the flattery and attention that always goes with recognition.

Well, young Chandler isn't the first husband who ever made a mistake—and if his wife is as wise, and charming, and balanced as everyone tells me she is—I'm sure she'll take him back, with all past troubles forgiven.

THE howl of the month is the University of Nevada's answer to the Harvard "Lampoon's" lampooning of Elizabeth Taylor.

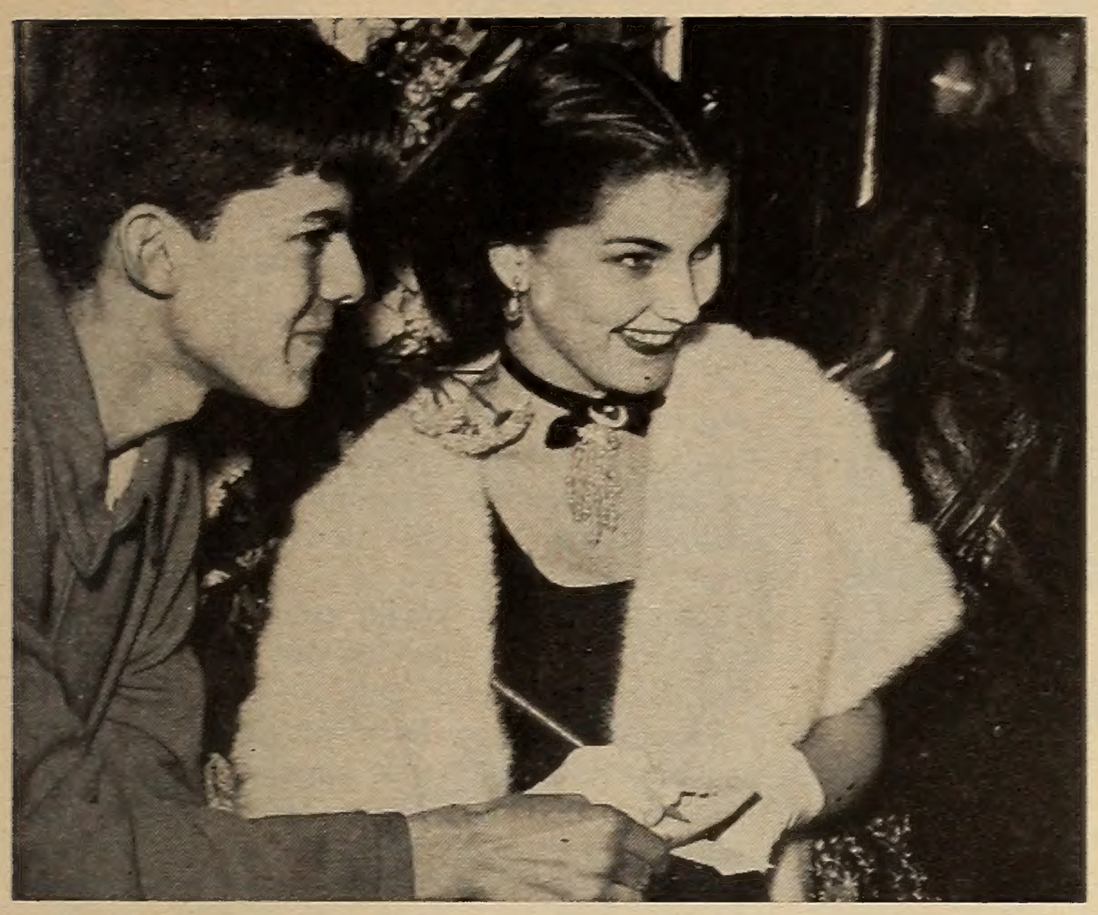
"What kind of men are they who notice whether luscious Liz is ACTING or not?" officially asks "U" of Nevada.

Speaking of this young lady, Elizabeth is going her own way—dancing and dining every evening with Stanley Donen, her director. Well, she's free and you might say there's no harm in it, and in all probability there isn't.

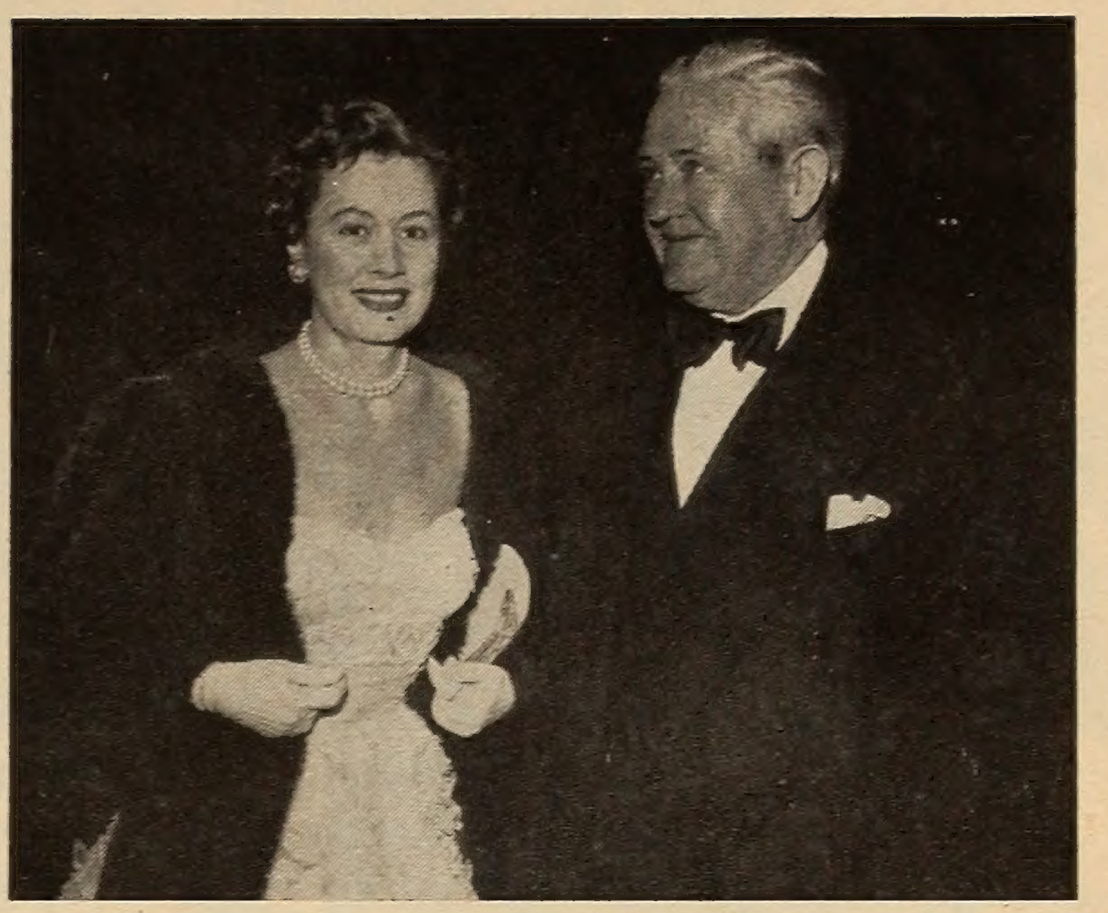
Only Liz—and it hurts all of us who have known her since she was a little girl—makes herself much too conspicuous. She and Donen neck in public all the time.

Liz has been a well brought up girl, and this is not right.

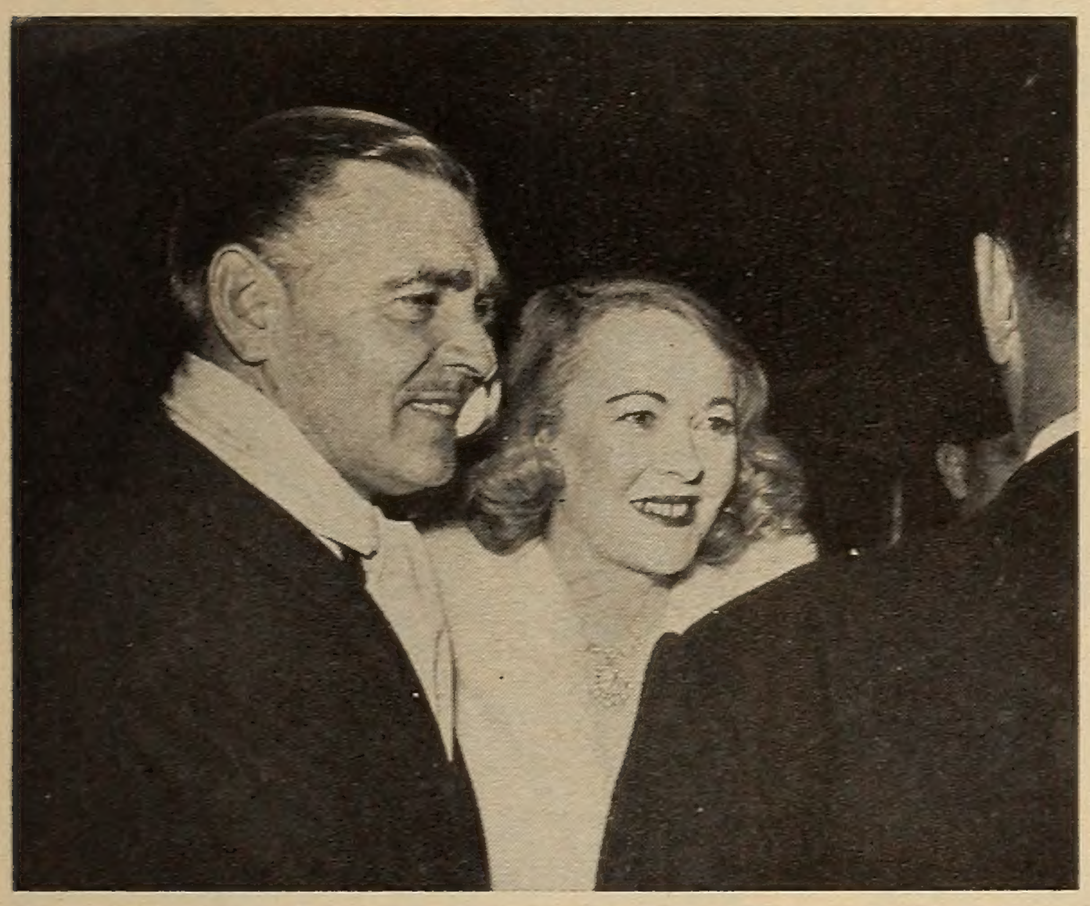
Apparently her mother, who used to have great influence on her, is no longer a factor



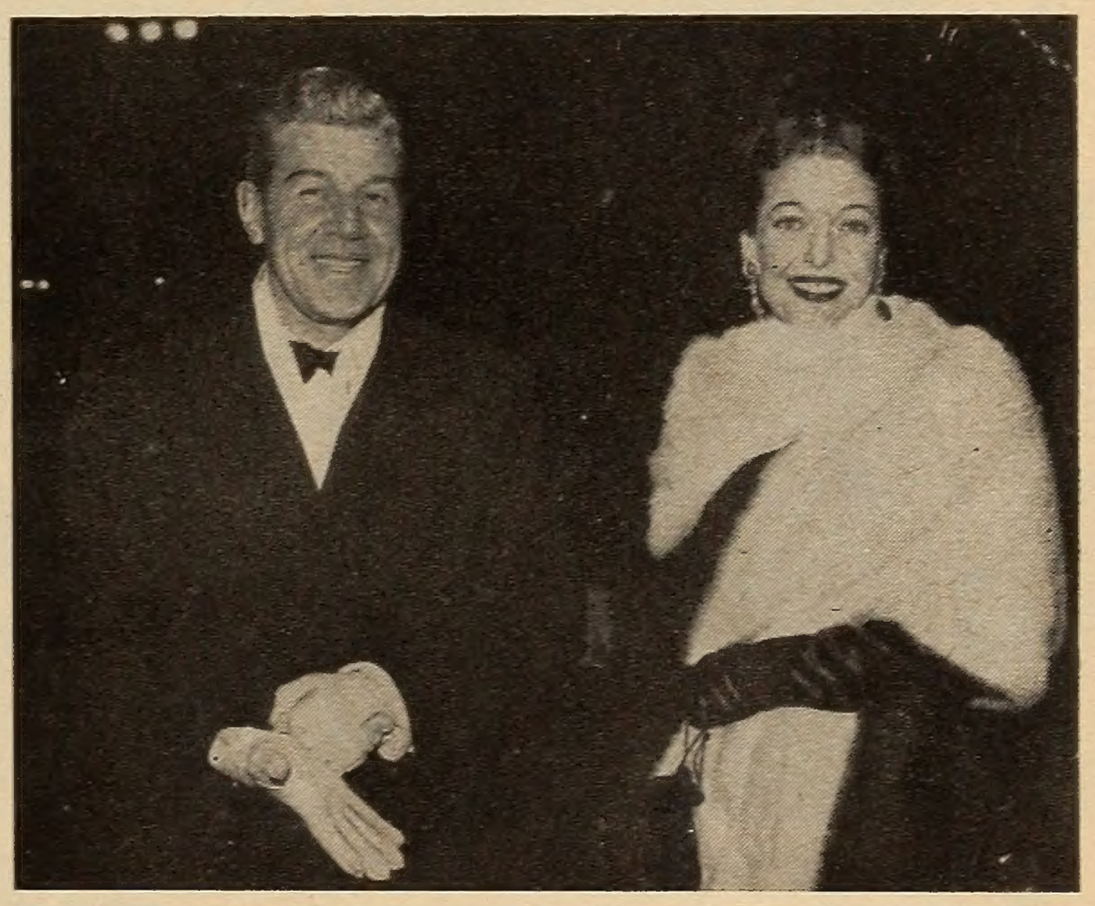
Debra Paget loves her new success and the fans that go with it. She happily gives autographs in Grauman's Theater lobby. Originally a blonde, Debra went brunette for *Broken Arrow, Bird of Paradise*.



The premiere was sponsored by St. John's Hospital Guild of which Irene Dunne is chairman. The Guild raised more than $133,000 at the $50-a-seat event. Irene was escorted by her husband Dr. Griffin.



None looked more glamorous than Clark and Sylvia Gable. Clark recently sold a package deal to MGM for $300,000. The deal ended what was to have been his first independent production.



Tom Lewis and Loretta Young are a happy husband and wife team. Loretta just finished starring in *Cause for Alarm* which Tom produced for MGM. She is generally considered one of Hollywood's best-dressed.

in her life. When she became a married woman her money was turned over to her care.

So, now a gay divorcée at the age of 19, she has all the fortune her family saved for her in her own name.

Liz, Liz, Liz—what is going to be the answer?

She has refused to sign a new contract with MGM, and apparently is going to lead her professional life as well as her private life in her own way. (*Turn to page 30 for "Liz Taylor's New Romance"*—Ed.)

THE Broderick Crawford marriage rift is serious, I'm sorry to say. When Kay first took her troubles to a lawyer, charging Brod with "dissipating their funds and disposing of joint properties," I thought, perhaps, she was trying to scare him.

Liz Taylor and Stan Donen are much too obvious . . . the Brod Crawfords finally split . . . Hollywood husbands enjoy an Adrian fashion show . . . Ava Gardner talks back to her studio . . . Is Bob Taylor on the rebound? . . .

Are you in the know?



When you and your squire attend a wedding, should you—

☐ *Breeze up the aisle together* ☐ *Take the usher's arm* ☐ *Make it a threesome*

Bewitched—and bewildered—by weddings? All that formality needn't panic you. When the usher offers his arm—take it, even if you've an escort. Your beau will follow you up the aisle. And if calendar "trials" menace your poise, you can dismiss them with Kotex. *This* napkin is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that *holds its shape.* Nor need you quail at each casual glance, for as surely as those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines—Kotex can keep you blush-proof.



To cure a "videot" should you try—

☐ *The shock technique*
☐ *The absent treatment*
☐ *Humoring the guy*

The lady's not for burning the midnight oil—with a fella who's in love with the family's T.V. set! So? Consider the shock technique. Black out the video; then meet Dreamboy at the door with a firm "shall we go?" It's worth a try! But it takes no effort, at certain times, to discover all 3 *absorbencies* of Kotex are worth trying. You'll find one so-o-o right for you—Regular, Junior or Super.



If you're collarbone-conscious, what helps?

☐ *Mermaid maneuvers*
☐ *More upholstery*
☐ *A library card*

Got a lean-and-hollow look around the collar? To add "upholstery," eat hearty. Swim like crazy. And do this: Sit "tall" with a book in each hand, shoulder-height. Elbows back, *slowly* boost books toward ceiling, then lower them—20 times daily. Even on "those" days, you can boost your *confidence*, if you let Kotex help. Kotex has a special *safety center;* gives you extra protection.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

P.S. **Have you tried Delsey*?** It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

They have so very much to be happy about. After 11 years of marriage they were expecting their first baby. Their other child, a little boy, is adopted.

When Brod was a Western actor getting little money, they got along fine, but now that he's in the big money things have changed. Unfortunately, this is so often the case in our town.

What's the trouble?

A combination of things as I see it. Winning last year's Academy Award for *All The King's Men* seemed to set Brod off on a perpetual celebration, for one thing. He just couldn't seem to settle down from that big honor.

Then, ironically, along came *Born Yesterday*—one of the really big hits of all time for everybody connected with it—except Brod!

I happen to know he is very upset over his personal notices in this comedy. Judy Holliday was nominated for an Oscar—so was the picture, the director and the scriptwriter. This was all pretty hard for Brod to take after winning last year's Oscar.

I'm still keeping my fingers crossed that this marriage will yet work out. Kay has been a wonderful wife, and I can't believe Brod will let her go, because he is really deeply in love with her.

AVA Gardner, whose reputation for cooperation with her studio is double A-plus, for the first time in her young life kicked up her heels. That, perhaps, is pretty strong



Italian actress Lia di Leo claims that divorce was the only solution after Bob Taylor met her. Barbara Stanwyck (*top*) got decree on Feb. 21.

Now WARNER BROS. present

GREGORY PECK

... as Captain Lance who gave Fort Invincible its name!







ONLY THE VALIANT

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FROM THE NOVEL BY CHARLES MARQUIS WARREN
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Make this 1-Minute Test, today! Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? Now brush with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? Your mirror will show you how much brighter they look! Only PEPSODENT with IRIUM* has this film-removing formula. Remember: ***Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth —and less susceptible to decay!***



*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

language as Ava—and everyone, the directors, producers and actors with whom she works all agree—is soft-spoken and quiet, and never makes a fuss.

This time, however, she was justified—and surprise, surprise the studio admits she is right! When it came time to read the script of *Scaramouche*, Ava found her part was little more than a bit.

After *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman* and *Show Boat*, in which the Gardner gal has beauty, sex and really shows dramatic ability, this was not what Ava had expected.

Well, I'll say for MGM that they saw things her way, and the script was re-written to her complete satisfaction.

ROBERT Taylor's closest pal tells me that there is absolutely *no* new romance in his life, even though his date with Sybil Merritt at that cute café, The Bantam Cock, had the customers winging with excitement.

"Sybil had a date with another man," Bob's pal says, "and Bob just came along until her friend showed up."

He also reports that we need not get excited when and if Bob starts taking out tennis champ, Nancy Chaffee.

"They know and like each other, and enjoy playing tennis once in awhile," says Bob's pal, "but it's no romance, believe me. Take my word for it—after the smash-up of his 11 year marriage to Barbara Stanwyck, Bob's just not in the mood for love."

Didn't you ever hear of the rebound, fella?

DID you know that Janet Leigh almost gave up *Strictly Dishonorable* with Ezio Pinza because she won't dye her hair? The role calls for the heroine to be very blonde. Janet is a "brownette" and she refuses to dye for her art even to have fascinatin' Pinza make love to her.

The cameraman finally solved the problem. By placing strong lights in a certain way, he can photograph Janet's hair to look like what it ain't—tres blonde.

AT least, Patricia Medina and Richard Greene aren't choosing "rudeness" as the basis of their divorce. (Most movie stars seem to think of nothing stronger than that hubby wasn't nice to their guests!)



Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield are greeted by Charles Farrell at his Racquet Club where the Foreign Press Association hosted a banquet

Holmes & Edwards introduces the most enchanting pattern of our times!

NEW! ENCHANTED!

May Queen

Holmes & Edwards is superior to all other silverplate. The most used spoons and forks are Sterling Inlaid with two blocks of sterling silver where they rest on the table. Thus should wear occur, there is sterling underneath.

For the young in heart!
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She thought her face was clean...



Until **she took the "tissue test"!**

The "Tissue Test" convinced Dorothy Lamour that *there is a difference* in cleansing creams. She's co-star of the Cecil B. DeMille Production "The Greatest Show on Earth", Color by Technicolor.

We asked her to cleanse her face with her regular cleansing cream. Then to try Woodbury Cold Cream on her "immaculately clean" face and handed her a tissue.

The tissue told a startling story! Woodbury Cold Cream floated out hidden dirt!

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It's wonder-working Penaten, too, that helps Woodbury to smooth your skin more effectively. Tiny dry-skin lines, little rough flakes just melt away.

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Woodbury Cold Cream

floats out hidden dirt...

penetrates deeper because it contains Penaten

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

Pat, herself, told me that Richard thinks she is a terrible housekeeper and doesn't know how to manage a home. To an Englishman his "home is his castle"—so I suppose that did it.

One of their close friends told me that this is all true.

"One night they were giving a dinner party and everybody got there on time—only there wasn't anything to eat. Pat had forgotten to order dinner, or to tell the cook that guests were expected!"

Personally, I'm sorry that Patricia and Richard could not solve their life together. I think they are still in love. Perhaps they should have tried the marriage system originated by Fannie Hurst—stay married, but live under separate roofs.

ELIZABETH Dailey isn't going to wait for Dan to leave Menninger's, as she had previously planned, before getting her divorce. I ran into Liz at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, and she told me she thought the divorce would help rather than hurt him.

"It's been hanging over both our heads like an axe," she explained. "It's better for Dan and for me if we take the final step in our separation."

T'was certainly an evening of misadventures on Linda Darnell's first date with Eddie Norris.

Eddie picked up luscious Linda at her home, and they started out over the new Freeway (speedway) to dinner at a Valley café. Seems Eddie got going too fast and our old friend, The Motorcycle Cop, sirened them to a stop. He asked for Eddie's driver's license.

Mr. Norris patted his breast pockets, then his hip pockets—then an expression of sheer frustration clouded his face. "Oh no," he gasped, "I left my wallet in my other clothes!"

Luckily, Linda had hers—so she slid over behind the wheel.

No wallet—no money. So Linda had to pay for their dinner, too!

When she drove Eddie back to his house at the end of the evening, Linda took over full "escort" honors when she cracked:

"And may I have another date soon? You've been so charming!"

Speaking of "dates"—Arthur Loew, Jr. has a real crush on cute Debbie Reynolds. So he asked MGM's new 19-year-old singing, dancing darling to go stepping with him to the Cocoanut Grove.

"Oooohhhh, I'd love to," enthused Miss Debbie, "but I'm going to Girl Scout Meetings these nights."

THOSE Adrian fashion shows and champagne suppers (husbands invited) become more fun with each annual shindig. The bill-paying husbands are always lured by the promise of the gay champagne suppers after the show—but from the looks of them, I think they enjoy seeing the pretty clothes (and models) as much as their wives—even though the affairs are very formal, calling for black tie or full dress.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Ray Milland writing down his favorite gowns for his attractive wife, Mal, on her program.

Jimmy Stewart didn't mark a program—but when he particularly liked something, he



Mercedes McCambridge chats with two models at a fashion show in the Ambassador Hotel. Leading California designers vied for honors.

would lean over and whisper in Gloria's ear.

Sometimes I thought the gentlemen applauded the prettiest model instead of the gown—but that's doing what comes naturally, as the song says.

Van Johnson sat in the front row with Evie, and his red socks with his dinner clothes attracted much attention.

Among the swank onlookers I spotted the George Murphys, the Alfred Vanderbilts, Jennifer Jones and David Selznick, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Loretta Young and Tom Lewis, and the Joseph Cottens.

Fashion tips? Well, Adrian's summer evening gowns are adorned with many artificial flowers, which I like. There are lots of ruffles and many short skirts in the cocktail and evening mood. I also like the tunic jackets; when they are removed the dress is sleeveless and very decolleté. The finale brought out beautiful printed chiffons with flowers. I'd say this is a flower year for fashions.

Piper Laurie has never eaten a flower in her life—and this comes straight from this pretty, attractive girl who is really going places at Universal-International. Piper came to see me and told me the "inside" on how the whole story started that she eats flowers!

"It was a press agent's dream-up," she explained, "a tie-in with that Marigold Salad the whole family ate in *Louisa*. Honest, Miss Parsons, I wouldn't know the taste of a dandelion from a geranium!"

She is so pretty no wonder Vic Damone and John Hudson, and other young-men-around-town vie for her dates. Vic really has a crush on her—or did when this was written.

She told me a really funny story about her family and Damone. It was their first date and Vic was coming to dinner. The folks have a tape recording machine—and someone is always turning it on, recording the casual conversation taking place.

Vic, detained at the studio, was very late to dinner. Piper's father cracked, "If that danged kid doesn't get here soon, we're going to eat without him! When I was a young man and invited out to dinner, I got there *on time*." It was recorded—and forgotten for the moment.

You guessed it! After dinner, with everybody so nice to each other, Vic saw the machine, re-wound the reel and got to the crack about him just before poor Papa fled—his face redder than a country barn!

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Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

"I'm Enthusiastic"

says

Ann Sheridan



SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

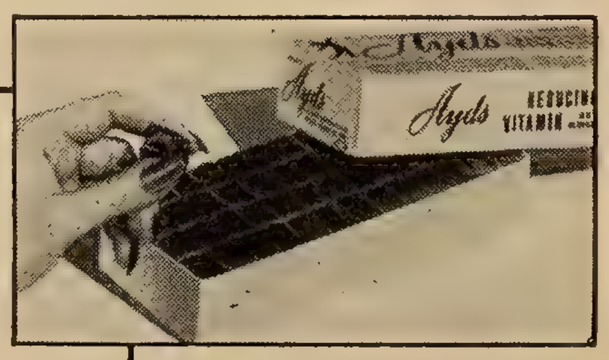
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● "Once you've tried Ayds, I think you'll understand why I'm so enthusiastic about them", says Ann Sheridan. "They help you to look and feel better while you're losing weight. Ayds let you reduce the way nature intended you to."

The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

HOLLYWOOD in Shorts: Gene Tierney didn't attend the fashion show put on by her husband, Oleg Cassini, at the Beverly Wilshire, but that wasn't because they had weathered a recent tiff. Gene was working and couldn't get away. Oleg has a cute sense of humor and proved it with some of the cracks he made about his own gowns. As one of the models paraded by, Oleg said, "Those wrinkles in the back don't go with the gown. It just isn't pressed!" . . . Frankie Sinatra's new contract with Universal-International is going to make a lot of people who predicted he was "through" in pictures get indigestion eating those words. And there were plenty of them who believed that the parting of the Sinatras and his romance with Ava Gardner had cooked Frankie Boy with movie producers . . . What a wonderful tribute to Ann Blyth that our fighting boys in Korea want her for pin-ups—but no cheesecake, please. They just love to look at Ann's lovely face which they term "dreamy" . . . Peggy Dow is heartbroken because she has to move out of the Studio Club where she lives with studio secretaries, and others trying for a toe-hold in Hollywood. It's a rule of the place that one girl cannot room there for more than three years—and Peggy's three are running out. She doesn't want to live alone in a house or an apartment. How about getting married, Peggy?

The Letter Box: Hey, Janet Leigh! Some of my letter writers (several came from Europe) don't like those plunging necklines you're wearing in private life. After looking at magazine pictures of you at various social affairs in Hollywood the kids seem to think your private-life clothes are too revealing . . . Shirley Temple's fans are hoping against hope that she isn't really retiring from the screen. But I think she means it . . . A girl in Chicago wants to know if Marlon Brando is as "mean" as his interviews make him out. Marlon isn't mean at all—just eccentric . . . Lots of comment from a whole batch of new fans in their 'teens who are just discovering what older fans knew all the time—that Joan Crawford is wonderful about answering her fan mail and is so appreciative of her letters.

That's all this month. See you next issue.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6-7 Walt Davis, 8—T. Wide World, Bot. International News Photo, 10—Bob Beerman, 13—Bert Parry, 16—Associated Press, 19—Universal-International, 23-26—Parry-Beerman, 30—T. International News Photo, Bot. Wide World, 31—Globe Photos, 34—Bert Six, 35—T.R. INS, B.L. Parry-Beerman, 36-41 Bernard of Hollywood, 42—Wide World, 43—Li Sun, 44-47—Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, 49—20th Century-Fox, 50—Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, 51—Bert Parry, 53—Parry-Beerman, 54—T. and Bot. Universal-International, 56—Universal-International, 57—T.L. 20th Century-Fox, T.R. Bob Beerman, 60—Bob Beerman, 61—B.L. and B.C. Joe Heppner, B.R. Richard T. Lewis, 62—Bert Six, 68—MGM, 68—Derujinsky, 69—Pagano, 70-71—Schiavone, 72-73—Reynolds, 74—Beerman.

Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.

sweet and hot



by leonard feather

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

AT WAR WITH THE ARMY—*Tonda Wanda Hoy* by Judy Valentine* (MGM).
From a very crazy picture comes a slightly crazy song by a cute singer. Judy's ably assisted by the Quartones vocal group and Sid Ramin's orchestra.

GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE— Selections by Kathryn Grayson* (MGM).
Available on all three speeds, this album of selections from the movie comes, like so many MGM collections, directly from the sound track. Included are selections from *Carmen* as well as some Puccini and Rimsky-Korsakov. On the duet sides Gilbert Russell, Stephen Kemalyan and Richard Atckison offer vocal assistance.

LULLABY OF BROADWAY— title song by Doris Day with Harry James* (Columbia); Tommy Dorsey (Decca); Andrews Sisters (Decca). *I Love The Way You Say Goodnight* by Frankie Carle (Victor).

THE MATING SEASON—*My Lost Melody* by Monica Lewis (MGM).

MR. IMPERIUM—*Let Me Look At You* by Clark Dennis (Capitol).

ROYAL WEDDING—*The Happiest Days Of My Life* by Buddy Morrow* (Victor).
Buddy Morrow is the talented trombonist who's been getting a big build-up from Victor since Tommy Dorsey deserted to Decca. Nice vocal by Tommy Mercer.

POPULAR

TREASURY OF IMMORTAL PERFORMANCES— series of six albums* (Victor).
RCA Victor has just about covered modern musical history, between its Red Seal "Treasury" releases, and these six popular albums, the latter annotated by yours truly. There's a collection of theme songs, including the signature melodies of Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington, Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton and Louis Armstrong.
"Dance Band Hits" is a collection of such favorites as Glenn Miller's *Song of the Volga Boatmen* and Tommy Dorsey's *Boogie Woogie.* "Small Combo Hits" includes the Goodman Quartet's *Stompin' At The Savoy* and Artie Shaw's Grammercy 5 in *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.* "Keyboard Kings of Jazz" has Duke Ellington playing *Solitude* and Fats Waller's *Honeysuckle Rose;* "Folk Singers" revives six famous songs by Vernone Dalhart, Gene Austin and the late Jimmie Rodgers.
You'll probably find the most interesting album to be the one combining three of the all-time greatest crooners: two sides by the late Russ Columbo, two very early Bing Crosbys, and two numbers cut a decade ago by Frank Sinatra right after he left Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. Oddly enough, they all still sound good!
All these sets are available on either 45 rpm or on LP.



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When you choose Crescent, you're sure of true and lasting value. For the Crescent Certificate of Guarantee and Registration, signed by your jeweler, gives visible assurance of an exquisite diamond.

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½ Carat about $350
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Bergman today

You've heard lots of stories about Ingrid in Italy. Here's the true one, by MODERN SCREEN'S on-the-spot correspondent.

BY DAVID CHANDLER



Robertino is a year old. Ingrid hasn't seen daughter Pia, for over two years.

■ *Rome:* Viale Bruno Buozzi is a wide, circling street in the residential section of Rome, lined on both sides by tall apartment buildings. Except for the Italian signs over an occasional small shop, it might be an upper-level avenue anywhere in the world. Downstairs in building number 49, a doorman casts a careful eye on all callers, but that, after all, is what he would normally do even if the residents on the fourth floor were not Ingrid Bergman and her husband, Italy's most eminent director, Roberto Rossellini.

In Hollywood there have been many stories about the present state of Ingrid Bergman. For one thing, it was common knowledge that no one ever got in to see Mrs. Rossellini.

"He keeps her," said a friend just returned from Rome, "a virtual prisoner in a villa near the Italian seashore. There is a high wall around the place, and she is never permitted to leave."

"He is jealous of all her old friends," someone else said. "When he learns you are from Hollywood, you'll be lucky if she even gets the message that you called. Rossellini will allow no contact between Ingrid and the outside world."

"Ingrid is bitter at the world after her recent experiences," said another. "She is not seeing anyone. She has been so shattered you can hardly recognize her. She walks around the streets of Rome and no one even knows it's Ingrid Bergman any more."

The present writer, recently in Rome, decided to see for himself. He called Rossellini's manager and said he was in town, mentioned a number of mutual friends, and was told that he would be called back "in an hour."

As in the usual Hollywood fashion, the call, one could be sure, would not come for three or four hours at the least. And then it would consist of (*Continued on page 92*)



First

luxurious complexion treatment

for hands and body... **Revlon's** *new Aquamarine Lotion*



A miraculous blend of balms scented with costly imported perfumes... smoothes you silken-soft head to toe...wraps you in delicious fragrance... keeps hands velvet-smooth. It's Revlon's delicate blue Aquamarine with the gentle magic touch. *Never* before a rich, creamy lotion with such a genius for fondling every blessed inch of you!

NOW! Aquamarine Lotion-Soap

Imagine—a *complexion soap* with a *lotion's* loving touch! Now you can actually *lotion* your skin as you beauty-cleanse it... with the only soap *made with Revlon's Aquamarine Lotion*. Same jewel-color, same precious fragrance. Try this luxury soap today. There's *nothing* too good for your face!

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you'll make his heart stand still in

"Sunny Dream"

...new golden-skin shade with a peach bloom!





Woodbury Dream Stuff

Like the most flirtatious, feminine hat you ever wore... Sunny Dream is an outrageously flattering new make-up shade! Pat it on with its puff and in a twinkling it honeys your skin with a delicate sunlit-look! Warms it with a soft peach glow! Gives you that wonderful golden-girl look! Dream Stuff is not drying or greasy, but a sheer satin-textured make-up. So natural, too! No powdery mask to mar the glow! 5 dreamy shades.

...tint, foundation and powder in one....only **49¢** plus tax

picture of the month



Dog-faces Willie (Tom Ewell) and Joe (David Wayne) are buddies in Italy. They share fox-hole and rations, but they're separated in a bomb burst that wounds Joe. He is hospitalized.



Willie goes to town to sneak Joe back to combat. There he finds Joe involved with the daughter of a black market dealer. When papa is arrested, the GI's go to court for him. He is released.



The MP's discover Joe has a stolen pass, and give chase. After many tangles with the spit-and-polish brass, the boys steal a load of black market supplies and head back to the lines.



The MP's catch up just as they deliver the supplies to their general who needs them desperately. He exonerates them, demotes the stuffy MP major, Willie and Joe return to combat.

movie reviews

by Christopher Kane



UP FRONT

■ Bill Mauldin's battle-weary dog-faces, Willie and Joe, come to hilarious and touching life in this picture. They fight their way through Italy; they put up with fresh-faced replacement officers who've never been near a fox-hole; they escape from Naples with one pass between them, and a whole army of MP's in pursuit. But the plot's not important; what's important is the understanding, affectionate way the Italian people are treated, and the almost painfully authentic comedy of muddy combat men who don't smell good being persecuted by spotless rear echelon soldiers. (When Willie and Joe see a Naples street filled with MP's, one says to the other, "Gee, somebody musta forgot to salute a warrant officer," and later, when they're trapped by an officious little desk-job major, Joe says to Willie, "He's happier than if 'eeda caught Hitler.") It's a swell picture.

New Shasta Cream Shampoo

Sparks your hair with brighter, richer color



Blonde hair gleams with bright gold



Brunette hair dances with dark fire



Red hair takes on a burnished glory



Gray, White hair shines with silver

Not a tint! Not a dye! But a super-cleansing shampoo that makes even dull-looking hair sing with brighter color

NEW LANOLIN ENRICHED SHASTA CREAM SHAMPOO gives your natural hair color a dazzling lift. Makes the color look brighter, richer. Makes it *sparkle.*

HERE'S WHY: Shasta contains an amazing sparkle-giver that "super" cleans your hair, so the natural color sparkles like sunshine streaming through a clean window pane.

SHASTA "SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY: Yet for all its color-sparkling magic, Shasta is safe—it does not steal precious natural oil from your hair. New Shasta Cream Shampoo lathers *out* color-dulling grime, leaves *in* glamour-giving natural oils your hair needs to be *soft, healthy, easy-to-manage.*

MAKE THIS SIMPLE COLOR TEST TODAY

BEFORE SHAMPOOING, snip off a small lock of hair. Put this lock aside. Then shampoo your hair with new Shasta but don't shampoo the small lock.

AFTER SHAMPOOING, when hair is thoroughly dry, compare the unwashed lock of hair with your soft and radiant Shasta *color-sparked* hair!

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Save money on the big economy jar 89¢
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NEW COLOR-SPARKING *Shasta* ***"SUPER" CLEANS SAFELY***
DOES NOT ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

GOODBYE MY FANCY

The rebirth of an old romance is the plot which brings together Robert Young and Joan Crawford in this movie version of a Broadway hit. Robert's the president of a college, Joan's an expelled ex-student. (Reason she was expelled: she stayed out all night—with *him!* But he's got no courage. Never admitted it. And she has saved his reputation, at the expense of her own. So now she's a congresswoman. For that, who needs morals?) Back at college to accept an honorary degree, Joan tries to show the students an educational film, finds out Robert's still courage-less, and decides she really loves a Life photographer (Frank Lovejoy). Lovejoy is a very superior type cameraman. Where most photographers have to strain a little for their art, he strolls around casually acting as if the camera just got hung on him by chance, and snapping occasional masterpieces in the same offhand manner. That's about it.

Cast: Joan Crawford, Robert Young, Frank Lovejoy, Eve Arden.—Warner Brothers.

ROYAL WEDDING

As a brother and sister act (the biggest hit on Broadway), Fred Astaire and Jane Powell have the chance to take their show to London, and be there for the royal wedding. In London, Fred falls in love with dancer Sarah Churchill, Jane falls in love with titled Peter Lawford (she met him on shipboard) and Keenan Wynn plays two parts, himself and his British twin brother, both theatrical agents. Not much plot, but all in Technicolor. And some of the song-and-dance things are very good, especially a raucous number by Jane and Fred called "How Could You Believe Me When I Said I Loved You When You Know I've Been A Liar All My Life?", and another where Fred dances on the walls and ceiling.

Cast: Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Peter Lawford, Sarah Churchill, Keenan Wynn.—MGM

PAYMENT ON DEMAND

RKO's answer to "Harriet Craig." Harriet wanted fancy houses and fine clothes, while her husband craved simple pals, corned beef and cabbage, etc. Here Bette Davis forces hubby Barry Sullivan to make a fortune, though he could have been happy living with the birds and flowers in a small town. Bette's double-crossed Barry's old law partner, she's got worries about her young daughter being in love with a Polish boy—and then suddenly, Barry asks for a divorce. Bette's got her pride, she gets a divorce, takes all Barry's money, then discovers she's lonely. She wants her husband back. Will she get him? Won't she get him? For a while, even RKO didn't quite know.

Cast: Bette Davis, Barry Sullivan, Jane Cowl, Kent Taylor.—RKO.

M

The Fritz Lang horror movie, *M*, made in Germany, and starring Peter Lorre, has been re-done by Columbia, and features David Wayne as the child murderer. While it's not the masterpiece its predecessor was, *M* is gripping, and impressive, even though curiously uneven. By uneven, I mean that some of the scenes, apparently shot in the streets, with non-actors speaking lines, seem amateurish when thrown into contrast with the rest of the picture Wayne is tremendous as

the horrifying but pitiable maniac who lures little girls away, kills them, saves their shoes. Story deals with how he's finally captured by underworld leaders because they feel there's too much police activity in town, and the heat won't be off until the child killer is caught. Crooks include Glenn Anders, Norman Lloyd, Raymond Burr; cops include Howard Da Silva and Steve Brodie; and Luther Adler has some virtuoso moments as the crooks' drunken lawyer.

Cast: David Wayne, Howard Da Silva, Martin Gabel, Luther Adler.—Columbia.

THE 13TH LETTER

Shot in Canada, *The 13th Letter* is a moody mystery concerning a town which is flooded with poison pen letters full of gossip about a young-ish doctor (Michael Rennie) and the wife (Constance Smith) of an old doctor (Charles Boyer). Before the writer of the letters is uncovered, the town can boast one suicide, and the disclosing of a few minor personal tragedies. It's hard to get used to Boyer as a gray-bearded daddy whose wife can't stand the touch of his senile fingers, but that's life. Time and the make-up man march on. *The 13th Letter* is overhung with an unpleasant atmosphere (even the hero has a past which involves a faithless, suicidal wife) but it's certainly well-acted and engrossing.

Cast: Linda Darnell, Charles Boyer, Michael Rennie, Constance Smith, Francoise Rosay.—20th Century-Fox.

14 HOURS

Originally an article in the New Yorker, *14 Hours* tells the story of a fellow who keeps a whole city in suspense for 14 hours, while he tries to make up his mind about jumping from a high window ledge. Richard Basehart plays the psychologically disturbed jumper—or non-jumper, and Paul Douglas is a sympathetic policeman, the only person Basehart will let come near him out of the whole crew of doctors, detectives, etc. Basehart's the child of a broken home, a mama's boy (though his mama makes him nervous), in love with a girl (Barbara Bel Geddes) though he hasn't felt equal to growing up and marrying. The picture performs a complete psychoanalysis in an hour and a half of your time, and keeps you in suspense besides.

Cast: Richard Basehart, Paul Douglas, Barbara Bel Geddes.—20th Century-Fox.

VALENTINO

This picture is based on the movies, and not the life, of idol Rudolph Valentino. Story here concerns Rudy (Tony Dexter) in love with—and loved by—beautiful blonde actress Eleanor Parker. They have a misunderstanding—Rudy doesn't believe in marriage, he wants to be free as the bird that flies. So Eleanor marries director Richard Carlson, but when Rudy and Eleanor are co-starred in *The Sheik*, passion flames again. A newspaperman is going to expose their love, make a big scandal, and Rudy, in order to save Eleanor's good name, marries another (Patricia Medina). Then he dies. No work of art, the picture's pleasantly nostalgic, with views of the clothes people wore then, and the way they danced the tango, all in Technicolor. Also, Anthony Dexter's an absolute ringer for Valentino.

Cast: Eleanor Parker, Anthony Dexter, Richard Carlson, Patricia Medina.—Columbia.

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Geraldine Brooks



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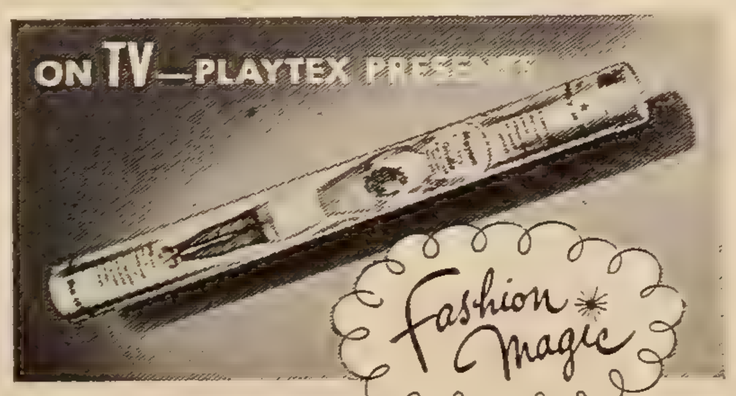
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PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal, Canada



Her Charm Has Quit Working

Up until recently, Saturday night was big-date night . . . now it's just Saturday night. One-by-one the boys have quit phoning. Somehow her charm isn't working like it used to . . . and the reason* is one that she would be the last to suspect. It could happen to any girl . . . even to you.

How's your breath today?

Better not take your breath for granted. *Halitosis (unpleasant breath), you know, can be absent one day and present the next . . . without your knowing it. And when it is off-color, people are likely to avoid you.

Why risk offending needlessly when Listerine Antiseptic is an easy, delightful, *extra-careful* precaution against halitosis? It's almost a passport to popularity.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but usually for hours.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and the odors it causes.
Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Missouri.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC...  **IT'S BREATH-TAKING!**

a Special Service for Modern Screen readers

hollywood goes shopping for you!

■ Hollywood stars are most often described as "glamorous," "beautiful," and "smart." The last is a double duty word that means "the last word" in fashion and style; and also means canny, shrewd and wise. The top-flight stars who shop for you on these pages are smart both ways . . . they buy the latest things at the lowest prices.

To get any of these star-selected items, just write to the shops mentioned below each picture, enclosing a check or money order (and gift card if you like). Your selection will be rushed to any address you name. MODERN SCREEN guarantees delivery. Prices all include postage and tax where necessary. Money will be returned on any items that are returned within 10 days after delivery. Only monogrammed merchandise cannot be returned.

dick powell
your hollywood shopper
for may



Shopper Dick thanks his first assistant, June Allyson, who okayed his gift selections.

■ Surprised to have me turn up as a shopping guide? Well, truthfully, I was a little flabbergasted myself, when MODERN SCREEN first said "how about it?"

It seems it was all because of June, our brand new son Richard Keith, and the fact that Mother's Day is approaching.

When I heard that, I became the proud papa and accepted immediately. After all, I have a double stake in it this year.

Don't think I did all the work, though. Naturally I picked out June's special Mother's Day gifts myself, but she shopped right along with me on the other things. We're used to working together on everything . . . movies, our golf shots and bringing up the kids; but this was something different and gave us both a great kick.

We made a game of hunting for bargains and shopped from coast to coast trying to outdo each other in uncovering wonderful buys for you. Some items I found even while on location for *Cry Danger,* my recent picture for RKO.

We found things for kids like Pam and Richard, things for the home, gift items, and most important, presents for Mother.

Just write directly to the store mentioned for anything that pleases you, and enclose the price indicated. MODERN SCREEN guarantees your satisfaction.

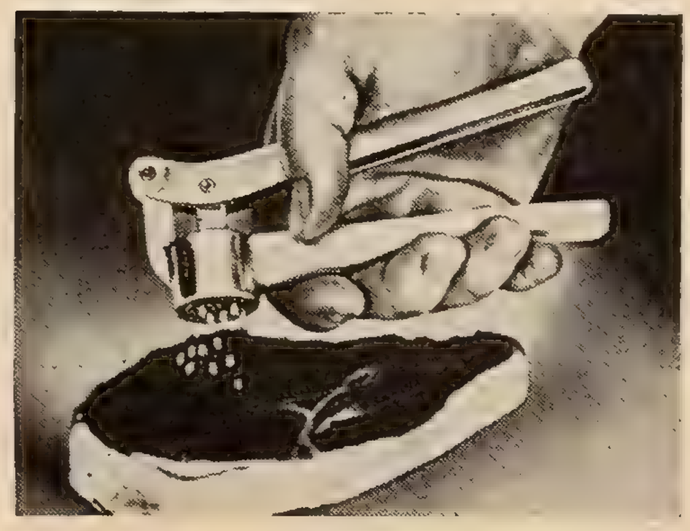
Hope that you like our joint shopping efforts and that you'll invite us back for a return engagement.



YOUNG ARTIST'S SMOCK WITH TOOLS. *Pam's developing into a painter at age two-and-a-half so June bought her this wonderful smock. Bright blue cotton, piped in red, it protects children's clothes from smeary paints. A hand-embroidered palette on one of two front pockets that comes filled with a water color set, paint book and rag. Sizes 3 to 6x, $4.20; 7 to 10, $5.20. ($1.00 extra with child's first name.) Preferred Gifts, 125 Park Ave., New York 17.*



JUNE SAYS IT'S FOR SEWING *but to me it looks like a beautiful table, as I'm sure you'll agree. It's a roomy darning basket, shaped like an old-fashioned buttertub, in maple or walnut finish, brass trimmed. Holds quantities of family mending or makes extra storage space. Perfect for any room and top takes knick-knacks. Removable legs; carrying handle. 13" x 21". Name your finish. $8.95, Renard, 545 Fifth Ave., New York, 17.*



GARLIC PRESS AVOIDS ALL MESS *and gives your recipes that "certain something" for which French cooking is so famous. I know, because June uses it all the time and I take it for seasoning steaks at our cook-outs. A slight pressure on this aluminum tool converts whole garlic cloves into a paste, so that the flavor blends thoroughly. Your hands will stay free of cooking odors. $1.98. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 22 Treat Place, Newark, N. J.*

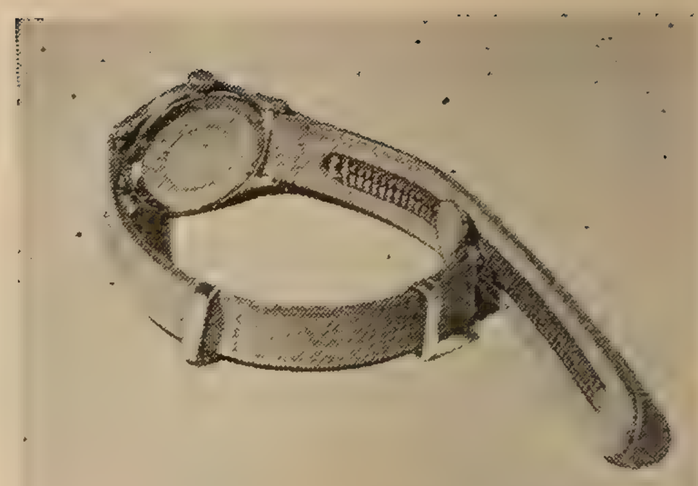
dick powell

your hollywood shopper

for may



With June and Pam as my shopping guides, buying Mother's Day gifts was easy. In fact, I never paid so little for so much fun!



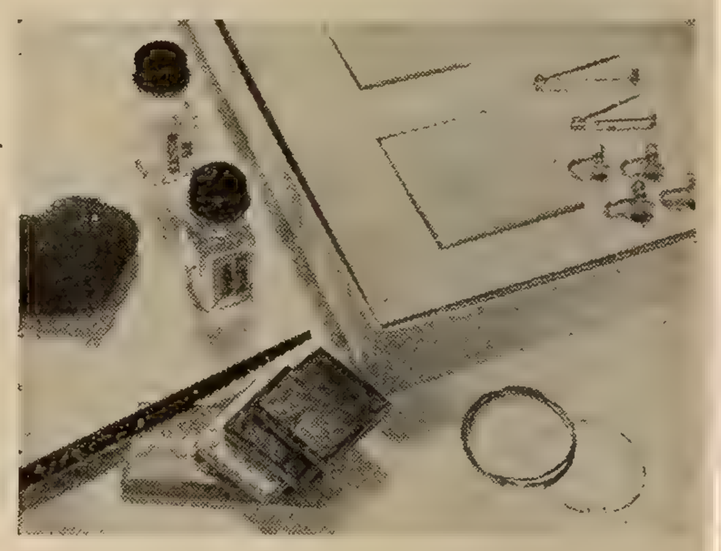
ZIP AND YOUR WATCHBAND'S CLOSED. *No buckles or holes! This new bracelet-like strap unzips to go over any size hand. To close, simply pull the strap until it zips to fit your wrist and locks in place. Mine goes on and off in a jiffy and it's really comfortable! Attaches to your wrist watch easily and the zipper's hidden. In calf or pigskin, $2.50; lizard $4.00; alligator $5.00. Buy it at Abbott Gifts, 22 W. 22nd St., New York 10.*



JUNE WILL HAVE THE TIME *of her life with this dainty, graceful, yet sturdy wrist watch. Sportex Jewel has a skilled Swiss-made jewel movement, electronically time-tested in the U.S. Luminous, with an unbreakable crystal and chromed case, it'll stand lots of wear and tear. Unlimited free service and repair guarantee, excluding parts. I think it's a real buy at $7.98. Thoresen, Dept. 12E-218, 131 W. 33rd St., New York 1.*



JUST PRESS THEM INTO SERVICE. *Personalized name tapes to be ironed onto any garment, or linens, to assure permanent identity. Safeguards laundry from the lost and found department. For marking a serviceman's belongings, or a child's camp wardrobe. Name in red or black color-fast ink on white tape, individually cut. 100 tapes $1.50; 150 for $2.00; 300 for $3.00 (50¢ extra for second line). Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., New York 10.*



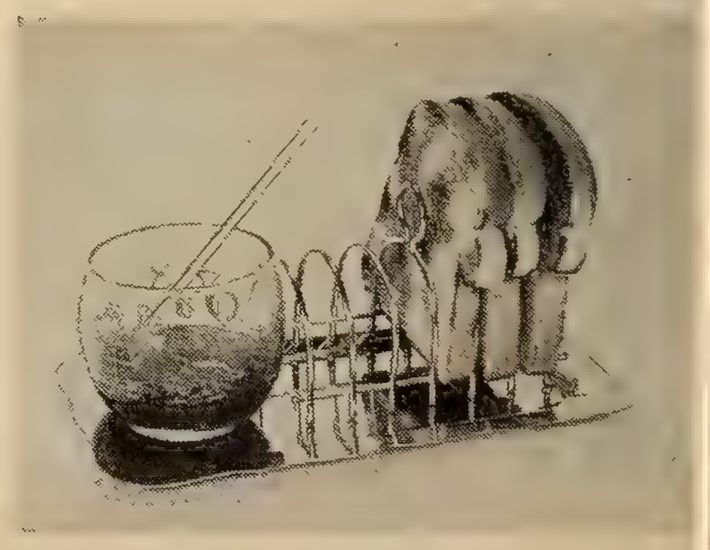
A GEM OF AN IDEA. *June tells me there's no end to the fun she has designing and making her very own jewelry. Use this kit, complete with fascinating imported stones, settings, tools, and "how-to" instructions. It's easy to make earrings, pins, bracelets and even rings, and you'll be as proud of your handiwork as June is of her hand-made jewelry. They look almost professional to me. $2.37. A. Seltzer & Co., 1163 Sixth Ave., New York 19.*



YOU'LL WELCOME THIS BRUSH-OFF. *You'd never suspect that this smart gold-colored case, topped by a funny little fellow, concealed a sturdy, colored nylon clothes brush. Perfect for your purse, it pops up like a lipstick and you'll find it just as useful. Essential to good grooming and takes up practically no room. It's one of the things I've picked for Junie for Mother's Day. $1.50. Goubaud de Paris, 743 Fifth Ave., New York 22.*



THESE POOCHES COULDN'T BE CUTER! *I hate the word "cute", but this pair of handmade ceramic pups are pert as the mischief. Their wistful, whimsical air make them real pets. Pam calls them "bow wows" and chose them as her special Mother's Day gift to Junie, who's nuts about dogs. Made in Italy, they're black and white shaggy haired puppies and are 5" high. $3.50 pair. Agnestrong, 39 W. 8th St., New York 11.*

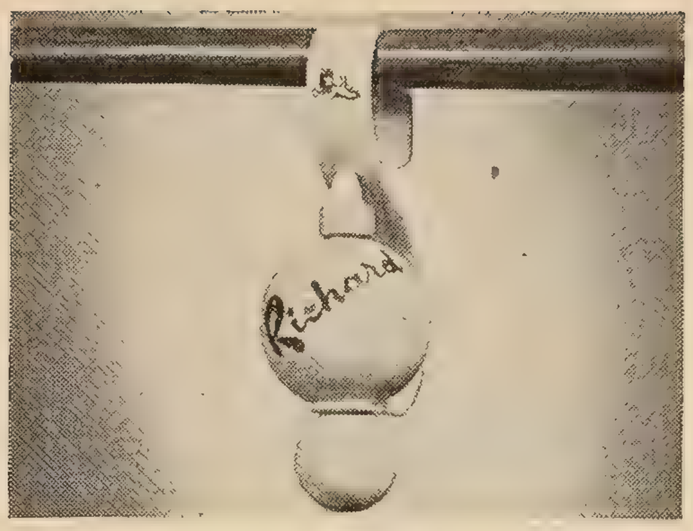


HAVE YOURSELF A JAM SESSION. *According to my good wife, who is really a terrific housekeeper, this chrome tray and toast rack with a fat glass jam pot and plastic spoon are essential for a successful breakfast. It's as useful as it is attractive. The rack takes 6 slices of toast, the jam jar holds all the preserves you can eat, and the tray has room for some extras besides. $3.29. Saybrook Gifts, 305 Broadway, New York 7.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



DON'T BUDGE FROM YOUR ARMCHAIR. *This wonderful clamp-on plastic tray allows you the luxury of eating a snack without plate-juggling or moving from your favorite chair. Perfect for serving at television parties, buffets or teas. Its roomy surface is water and alcohol-proof. Makes a good portable end table, traveling companion, or bathtub tray. In green or ivory. $2.00. Anderson's, 166 W. Market St., York 1, Pennsylvania.*



PERFECT FOR PEEKING AT RICHARD. *Glowykin, a personalized plastic baby's night light, powered by a harmless pen-size battery, hooks onto any crib or bed. Press button for quick light, turn screw top and it stays on. Sheds glare-proof light so we can look in on the baby without disturbing Pam. To Richard it's a fascinating pink, blue and yellow toy, safe even in his hands. Send first name. $1.95. Gift House, 246 Fifth Ave., New York 1.*



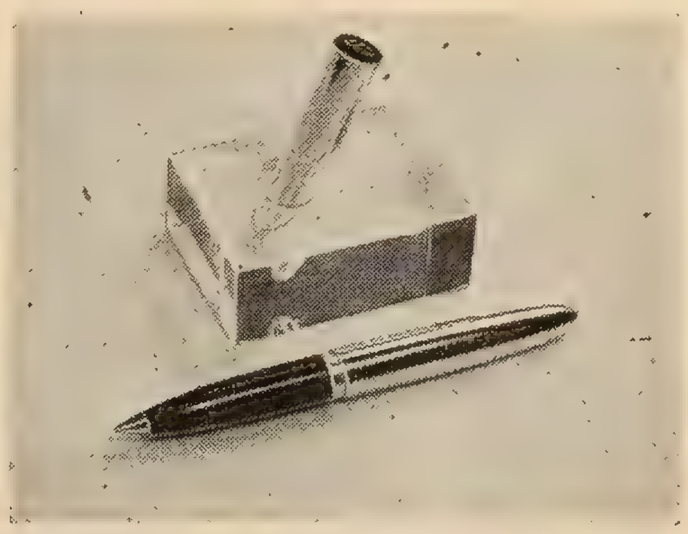
MY GARDEN NEVER GREW FLOWERS LIKE THIS! *The brightest idea since clocks were invented . . . a "Fire Chief" Petunia shaped into a most fetching versatile clock which will go well in the kitchen, child's room, game room, porch or breakfast nook. In "fire chief" red with green stalk and leaves and brown and yellow "peek-a-bee" pendulum, with a guaranteed 30-hour movement, 4" x 6½". $3.75, Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., 620M, Madison Ave., New York 22.*



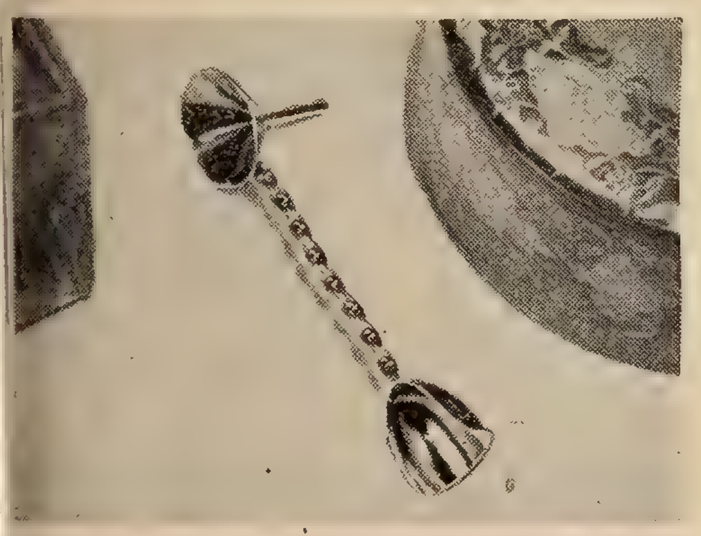
THESE SNOW MITTS DON'T MELT. *They look like the real thing, but let the temperature rise and you'll see that they're on the job. Of snowy white plastic, coasters are specially insulated to keep drinks cold twice as long. They feel good and look inviting on a sultry summer day. Waterproof and washable. Set of 4 Sno-mitt coasters with 4 Libby 8½-ounce glasses, $2.00. Fred S. Meyer, Box 1176, Beverly Hills, California.*



HERE'S A SCARF TURNED HEADDRESS. *My bride unearthed this piece of feminine flattery to protect her blonde head from sun or rain, or to pep up her costumes. A hidden clasp makes the scarf fit any headsize; a headband keeps it from slipping. You can wear it 12 ways. Many-colored prints, polka dots, paisleys of washable French crepe. Give pattern and color choice. $1.95. Spencer Gifts, 1117 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, New Jersey.*



WHEN TAKING PEN IN HAND *try this neat one whose top fits right into its own smart lucite stand. To jot down that hurried memo just pull out the writing end. It's filled with dry ink and lasts ages. No more searching around the home for your pen . . . it's right on top. We have sets stationed all over the house. Pen of fine gold metal. Easily replaceable cartridges. $2.70. Jaccard's-Clayton, Forsythe Blvd., St. Louis, Missouri.*



JUNE HAS A REAL SCOOP *for you gals. She found this wonderful item which she tells me is a golden powder scoop chained to a perfume funnel. They seem to be two "musts" in a gal's gadgetry wardrobe. The scoop helps transfer powder from box to compact or vice versa. The perfume funnel does a competent job of getting perfume from its bottle into purse flacon. "They're quite a pair," quotes June. $1.00. Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn 20, N. Y.*



HERE IS GENUINE MONKEY BUSINESS. *These slap-happy little monkeys are the proverbial "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" trio all done up as a smart new set of scatter pins. Expertly made in gold tone metal with antiqued finish, June says they're terrific on suits and summer dresses. In fact, she has me convinced that they'd make a dandy Mother's Day gift. I could hardly refuse her, could I? $2.00. Timax, 358 Fifth Ave., New York 16.*

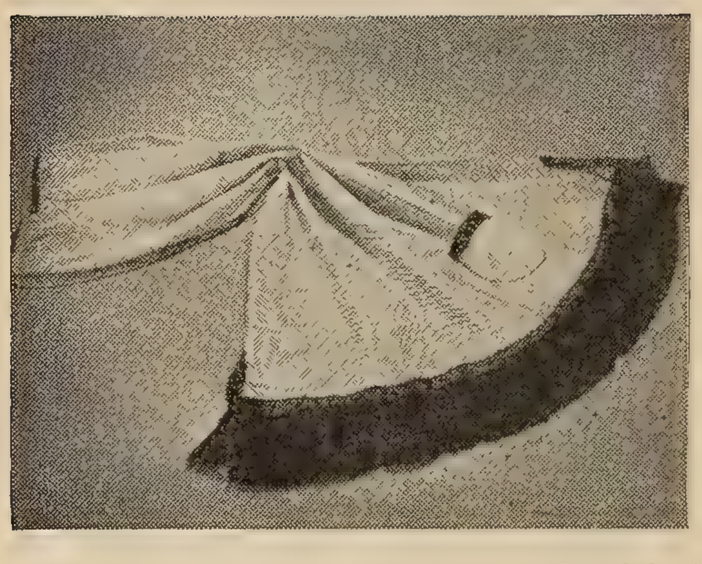


FOR ABSENTMINDED SUNWORSHIPPERS. *June (who's in this category) swears by these plastic sunglass holders. All you do is slip the ends of your sunglasses into the rubber tips of the holders. Once attached, they form a circle and hang lightly around your neck so you're ready for the first sunburst. June got them in several colors to match her outfits. White, red, tan, black. Rubber tips s, m, l. $1.00. Kroll's, 648 Clinton Ave. N., Rochester, N. Y.*

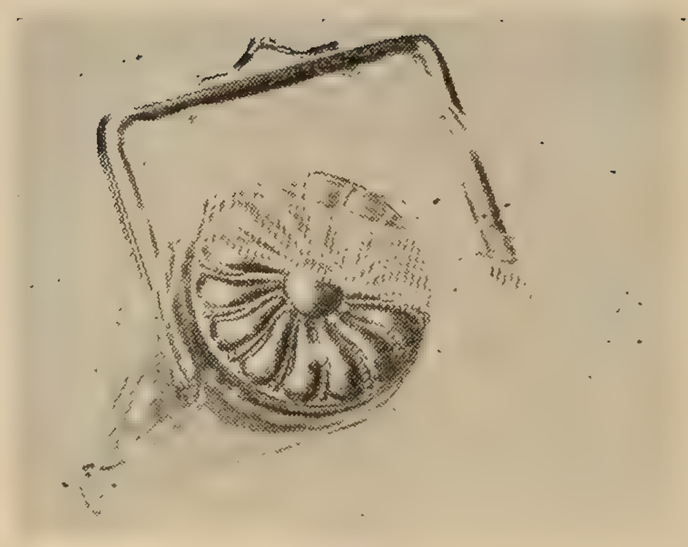
Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

dick powell
your hollywood shopper
for may





FOR GALS WITH PETTICOAT-FEVER! *I picked out this tattersal taffeta petticoat myself, and since June gave me a big hug in return, I know it's a success. The little mad money pocket near the hem is what got me. It's fine as can be. Hem and pocket are edged in handsome black lace to go with black and white check. June's petticoat certainly rustles when she dances. 24 to 32 waist. $4.12. Gimbel Bros., 33rd St. & 6th Ave., New York 1.*



MADE TO BE SEEN THROUGH. *June could tell at a glance that this transparent plastic purse and accessories would make a terrific Mother's Day gift (or gift for yourself). And a glance will tell you what's in it. The purse is roomy and has a metal frame to match the round compact inside. A comb is included, and there's still plenty of room for money and keys. $2.20. Koplin's, The Home of Havana Cigars, 1142 Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach, Florida.*



A CONTRIBUTION TO ANY ROOM. *Your Mom will be proud to have this pretty and practical hanging shelf for her special knickknacks. Made of selected hardwood, it comes in maple, walnut, mahogany or pickled pine finish to go with any period of furniture. 24" high, 15" wide and 6" deep. The lower shelf has a matching wood back. Will give your room a real air of elegance. $9.95. May Mac Co., Dept. M, 660 Locust St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.*



THREE TOOLS FOR HAPPY BARTENDING! *Whether you're entertaining the coke crowd or having folks in for beer, you'll find that these handsome bar helpers from Denmark make your hosting a pleasure. Besides doing a swell job, these gadgets are a handsome addition to any bar. Handles are polished horn and the working ends are brass. $2.50 each. Set including opener and cork screw, $4.50. The Shadow Box, 1378 East 8th St., Brooklyn 30, N. Y.*

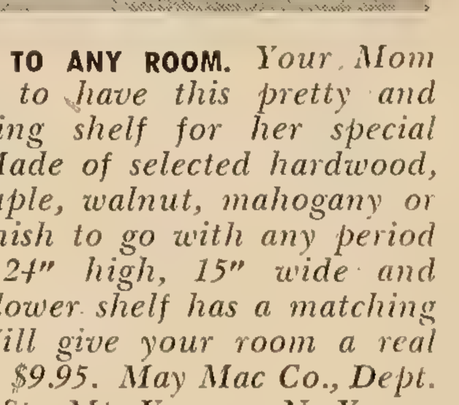


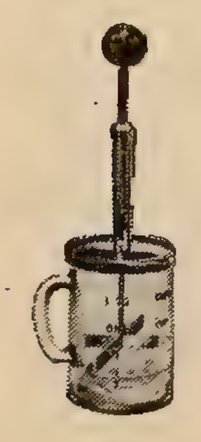
SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT. *June says the answer will be yes from any gal receiving this beautiful daisy-detailed bed jacket, nightgown set. Treat yourself and give it to Mother, too. Rayon crepe jacket has yoke of lace and sheer organdie daisies, Peter Pan collar, and elbow-length lace-edged sleeves. Ribbon ties. Blue, pink or white; sizes s, m, l. $3.98. Matching gown, sizes 32-38 $5.98. The Ettingers, 360 First Ave., New York 10.*

CUTS 24 PERFECT "FRENCH FRIES"

IN ONE STROKE!

Just insert whole potato, press handle —and you have 24 perfect French Fries! Mrs. Damar's Food Cutter is wonderful for dicing other foods and salads, too. Made exclusively for us in rust-proof plated steel. Easy to clean, safe to use. Sold by mail only. $2.98, plus 25c for postage.





NO MORE TEARS WHEN CHOPPING ONIONS!

Simply place whole peeled onions into Mrs. Damar's Onion Chopper—and weep no more! Onions, or any other vegetables, chop down to any degree of fineness. Aluminum and stainless steel mechanism, 14-oz. glass graded into cup measurements, wooden chopping block in bottom of jar. Only $1.00. Send cash, check, money order—or items shipped C.O.D. at prices indicated plus postage. 10-day money back guarantee.

MRS. DAMAR

Dept. SC-29, 22 Treat Pl., Newark 2, N.J.



S P A R K L I N G

GUARD RINGS

To Enhance Your Every Outfit

Elegant worn singly or in two's, three's or four's on any finger . . . flattering highlights for an engagement or wedding ring. Choose from finely cut simulated rubies, emeralds, sapphires or diamonds—hand-set in sterling silver circlets with a craftsmanship usually found only in precious stones.

$3.50 ea. including tax and postage

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Money Back Within 10 Days if Not Satisfied (Indicate Ring Size) No C.O.D.'s, Please

Hydes'

ESTABLISHED 1910

DEPT. MS5, 135-37 NORTHERN BLVD., FLUSHING, N.Y.



HAIL TO THE CULINARY KINGS! *These two ceramic chefs are a fine addition to any well-laid table. The blond (for salt) is holding a big black cat in his arms. His dark-haired pal (for pepper) is dangling a fish. Together they're quite a colorful pair of spice shakers. 4½" high. For eating indoors or out, the way we often do, they're always welcome. $1.25 pair. The Winher Co., 248 West 35 St., New York 1.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

Blonde! Brunette! Brownette! Redhead!

***Now*...each to your own TRUE RED!**



ELIZABETH TAYLOR
co-starring in M-G-M's
"FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND"
uses Clear Red No. 3 for her brunette coloring

Clear Red

by Max Factor ★ Hollywood

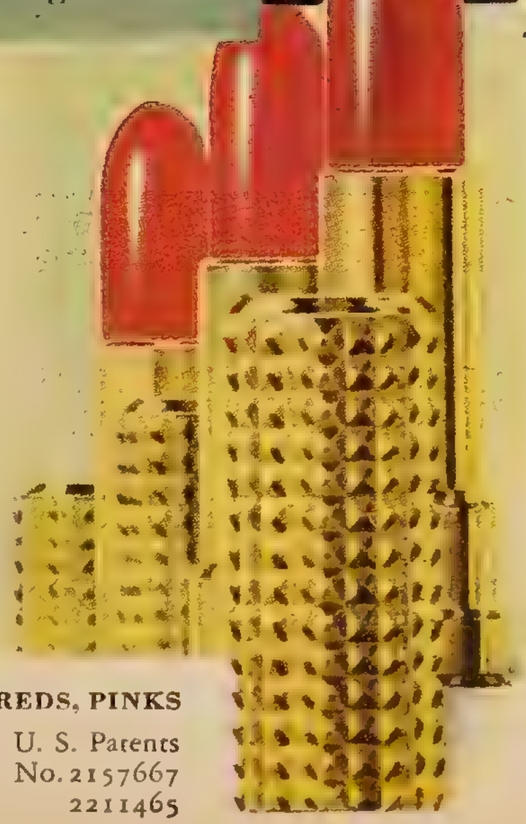
in the lipstick that really stays on

CLEAR RED...bold, singing, daring, dramatic ...in *three distinct true reds...one* with just the right nuance of shading for *your* individual coloring. Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of Color Harmony make-up...planned this alluring lip strategy to spotlight your coloring... to fashion-light your most flattering costumes. You'll love its non-drying, smooth-spun texture that keeps your lips soft and velvety. What's more, *it stays on and on...never smears.* $1.10 plus tax.

For BLONDE and REDHEAD Clear Red **No. 1** gay, light red

For BROWNETTE Clear Red **No. 2** bright, medium red

For BRUNETTE Clear Red **No. 3** dramatic, deep red



Also in BLUE REDS, ROSE REDS, PINKS

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ACT NOW...

discover the breath-taking beauty of Clear Red *lipstick for yourself*

COMPLEXION	EYES
Fair ☐	Blue ☐
Creamy ☐	Gray ☐
Medium ☐	Green ☐
Ruddy ☐	Hazel ☐
Sallow ☐	Brown ☐
Freckled ☐	Black ☐
Olive ☐	
Deep Olive ☐	LASHES (Color)
SKIN: Normal ☐	☐ ☐ ☐
Dry ☐ Oily ☐	Light Med. Dark

HAIR

BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐ BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐

BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐ REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐

GRAY HAIR
Check here ☐ also check former hair coloring above

SEND FOR YOUR TRIAL SIZE TODAY!

JUST FILL IN CHART...CHECK CAREFULLY AND MAIL

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO
Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me trial size CLEAR RED Lipstick for my color type..also, my personal Complexion Analysis, Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 32-page color-illustrated book, "The New Art of Make-Up." I enclose 10c in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____ Age _____
PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

651-2L

Now! The fabulous flattery of *candlelight*... captured in a face make-up!



Revlon's 'Touch-and-Glow'

new liquid make-up made with skin-softening Lanolite



You know the lovely *velvet* look your skin takes on by candlelight? The tender glow of color, the all-but-flawless texture? This is the look your skin can have (even in the sunlight!) with Revlon's "Touch-and-Glow."

Never masky! Never greasy! Never drying! Here at last... a *good-for-your-skin* make-up... *ideal* for oily skins... *perfect* for dry skins... thanks to Lanolite, miraculous new ingredient. Choose from 8 scientifically formulated shades, each with harmonizing Revlon Face Powder.

The only make-up that gives your skin the "mat" finish*

*Not *shiny*, not *masky*... so natural, *just right!*

HAT: JOHN-FREDERICS. DRESS: SAM FRIEDLANDER. COLOR-CASTING BY REVLON. ©1951 REVLON PRODUCTS CORP. "TOUCH-AND-GLOW" AND LANOLITE ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS.

memo

from piper laurie and tony curtis

to bring a star to your home contest winners

Dear Friends:

Congratulations are in order, but we can't decide who ought to be on the receiving end—you, for winning the contest, or us, for being lucky enough to visit four of you at home. Anyway, we want to tell Mrs. Alice Bankert, first prize winner, that a $1,000 government bond is on its way, and that we will shortly follow. In fact, we'll be in Denver on April 23rd, Mrs. Bankert, and we're really looking forward to meeting you and your family. We'd like you to be our guest that night at the Denver Theater, where a special premiere of our Universal-International technicolor movie, *The Prince Who Was A Thief,* will be given. See you soon!

Our next stop will be Charlotte, North Carolina, where we'll visit Miss Clara Hobbs, second prize winner. Watch for us, Miss Hobbs, and meantwhile you can be expecting that $600 bond. It's in the mail right now.

From Charlotte we'll go to Terre Haute, Indiana, to call on third prize winner Mrs. Elizabeth Denehie. A $250 bond is winging its way to you, Mrs. Denehie, along with our best wishes.

Before we return to Hollywood we're going to stop off in Columbus, Ohio, to say hello to Miss Donna Morrison. Miss Morrison, as fourth prize winner, will receive a $100 bond.

We hope you all enjoy our movie. We're grateful that we were chosen to star in it, and we'd like to thank you and the thousands of other movie-goers whose continued interest gave us our big chance. Our thanks, too, to MODERN SCREEN and Pepsi-Cola for letting us be part of this wonderful contest. It's been a lot of fun reading all your letters, and we know it will be even more fun meeting you in person.

Be seeing you!

Piper Laurie Tony Curtis

editor's note:
Watch for next month's Modern Screen with the entire list of 177 additional prize winners, including two more $100 bond winners, ten $50 bond winners, and 165 $25 bond winners. And watch for Modern Screen's exclusive picture coverage of Tony and Piper's trip in an early issue.

Most girls are still dreaming of love at 18.
Liz was suffering heartbreak. And, like a hurt child who runs for comfort, she ran to Stanley Donen.

BY MARSHA SAUNDERS

LIZ TAYLOR'S NEW



Liz wept on a studio press agent's shoulder as her divorce from Nick Hilton was granted Jan. 29. She denied any romantic attachment with Stanley Donen.



Divorce secured, Liz started steadily dating 26-year-old Stan whose marriage broke up last year. He directed her in MGM's *Love Is Better Than Ever.*

■ A few months ago Elizabeth Taylor took the stand in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County to file for divorce against Nicky Hilton, her husband of eight months.

She was extremely overwrought. When she spoke, her usually clear voice was an inaudible whisper, so low and lost, that the court's shorthand reporter protested, "I can't hear a single word."

Judge Thurmond Clarke leaned over. "Please keep your voice up," he asked. "Just make believe my reporter is a little hard of hearing."

The spectators giggled, but Liz lowered her face into her gloved hands, and when she raised it a moment later, it was covered with tears.

"May I be permitted to ask some leading questions?" her lawyer inquired of the judge.

"It might be a good idea," the judge suggested, "if you put the testimony into the record in your own words and had Miss Taylor confirm them."

So Liz was saved the anguish of giving direct testimony. She merely confirmed her lawyer's contentions.

According to Liz's lawyer, Nicky "spent most of the time away from her when they were in France on their honeymoon. He spent night after night at the Casino and remained away until five or six in the morning and forced her to take a cab back alone. This also was true after they returned to Los Angeles."

Judge Clarke asked Liz if all this were correct, and she mumbled, "Yes, sir, it is."

Attorney Berger then went on to tell how Nicky had been violent, abusive, indifferent, and argumentative towards his wife, and Liz confirmed it all.

After the divorce was granted, Liz, who had not asked for alimony, rushed into the arms of Jules Goldstone, her attorney. He helped escort her into the judge's chambers. She stayed with the judge for an hour while a group of reporters waited outside. When she emerged, she had regained her composure. A reporter rushed up to question her.

"Any truth," he asked, "about you being romantically interested in Stanley Donen?"

Liz fixed the reporter with a look she probably reserves for madmen. "That," she stated flatly, "is absolutely absurd."

Twenty-four hours later, Liz and (*Continued on page 85*)

ROMANCE



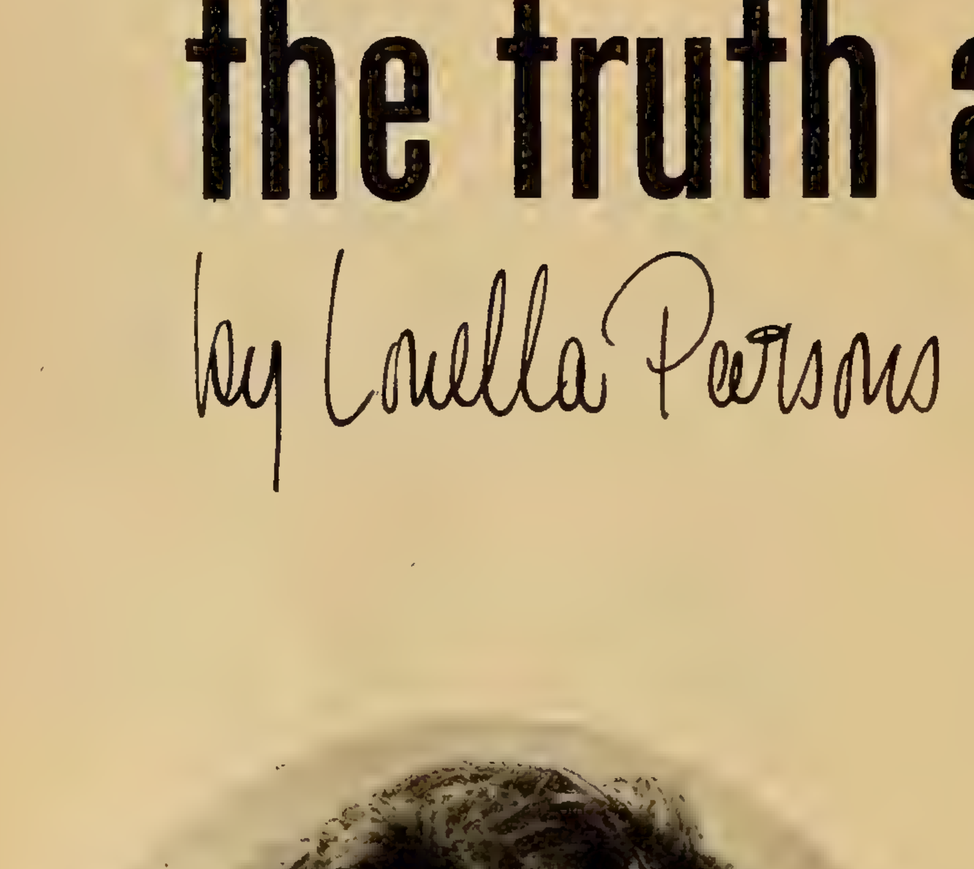
There are
some people I've never
forgiven, and others
who've become
my good friends after
our battles royal.
Now I want to
set the long record
straight.



GINGER ROGERS

the truth about my feuds

by Louella Parsons



ORSON WELLES



JAMES MASON



GENE TIERNEY



CORINNE CALVET



REX HARRISON





JOAN CRAWFORD

■ My friend "Chuck" Saxon, Ye Ed of MODERN SCREEN, has asked me to let my short hair down and give with the truth about my feuds—real and otherwise—with certain Hollywood characters.

It's an assignment I suppose I should coyly sidestep and say, "Feuds, suh? Really, I don't know *what* you mean."

But if I am anything, I'm a truthful woman, let the chips fall where they may—so here goes:

In my 25 years *plus* in this town, I have had some hair curling battles that were dillys.

I've yelled and shouted over telephones telling off stars, producers, directors and press agents alike. *But,* in most cases, after the smoke has died down a few days later, I have forgotten the row. It just ain't true that my memory is more relentless than that of an elephant and that I never forget! I not only forget—but forgive, except in a few isolated cases.

In other words, there are what I consider my minor "skirmishes" as against four or five really major battles which have flourished for years.

Conspicuous headliners in the latter group are—Orson Welles and Rex Harrison! Let's take on sexy Rexy first:

When Lilli Palmer and Harrison first came to Hollywood, I, along with many of the film colony, went all out to welcome the talented British actor. Rex can be so charming with the ladies and I confess I found myself as gullible as the rest.

I was in Europe when Carole Landis committed (*Continued on page 99*)



JOHN AGAR ON TRIAL

Is he Hollywood's biggest problem child or is it just a case of headlines? There may be more to Agar's story than meets the eye . . .

BY STEVE CRONIN



John's drunk driving arrests are blamed on his emotional bewilderment.



John has been concentrating solely upon his career. His dates with Gloria De Haven and other newsworthy stars were studio-arranged.

■ Not very long after Shirley Temple marched into court and told of his excessive drinking, John Agar, tall, thin, and turning 30, was booked at the Sheriff's sub-station in West Hollywood on a misdemeanor drunk driving charge.

Agar was beside himself with fury. "I don't know why you're doing this," he cried to the officers. "I haven't done anything. I don't belong in jail. This is going to ruin my career."

"You know you've been drinking," one of the officers said to Agar. "It's not safe to drive when you've had one too many."

"Please," Agar pleaded, "I may have had a drink or two. But I'm all right. Please, let me go home. I have an 80-year-old grandfather. He's home all alone."

He was released on $150 bail, and the news of his escapade was smeared over the front pages of the nation's newspapers.

Sgt. E. L. Hoover of the California Highway Patrol, described the incident: "Two motorists drove up to me and said, 'There's a car behind us that keeps bumping into us. It's been bumping us ever since Sunset (*Continued on page 108*)

The newlywed Rod Camerons soak up atmosphere at Cal-Neva Lodge; Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton toast marshmallows.

Margaret and Rhonda Fleming join the song festivities. Built on the California-Nevada border, the lodge's rooms sprawl across the two states.



I found

Tahoe's the place where the stars relax and let the moon and the mountains cast a spell.

romance in the mountains

by Margaret Sheridan

■ Peering through the lodge window, I watched the moon light the snow and splash it with silver. In the distance, trees formed dark patterns on the endless stretch of white. The skiers, with their husky shouts and vast enthusiasm, had disappeared with the sun. It was quiet now, like another world . . . a world that seemed too proud and aloof to be lonely.

I was the lonely one. I sighed and turned back into the roomful of shadows. Angela and Rod Cameron were holding hands by the huge fire. "Right this minute I envy you two," I told them.

They grinned. "Romantic, isn't it?" Rod said, teasingly.

"What a shame Bill couldn't come," said Angela, as if she'd been reading my thoughts.

I agreed with all my heart. But that's what happens when a girl marries a pilot. Of course, when the pilot's a wonderful husband, what can she do but wait when he's flying to the other side of the globe? For four years I've done the same thing—I've missed him. I miss him 11 out of every 18 days. And the hours fly on the seven days he's home.

Bill was away when I finished my first picture, *The Thing From Another World*. I'd been working hard, and invariably everyone I'd run into would come up with the suggestion, "Why don't you take a real vacation—get some rest?"

"Rest? I feel great," I'd say.

But even the mirror told me I was tired. Figuring I couldn't win, I returned to my usual occupation—waiting for the postman. "Look, Mrs. Pattison," he finally said one day. "If you don't get a letter tomorrow, I, myself, will write you a postcard."

"Tomorrow" the letter came. It was a lovely, sentimental letter. Bill was remembering the trip we took around the world, when I hired on as stewardess for one excursion . . . Tokyo, Hong Kong, Calcutta, Cairo, Athens, Rome . . . I was making the rounds of our memories when I came to the final sentences. "You must be pretty beat after the picture," he wrote. "Why don't you get away for a couple of days?" (*Continued on page 114*)



Stack got snowballed good and proper by Ann Melton, Margaret, and Claudette. Later he whipped them single-handed.



Margaret was thrilled to run into the Bob Mitchums at Tahoe. They were staying with Olive and Stan Jones in their lodge.

more pictures and a story about the mitchums are on the next page

I found romance in the mountains



It was cold outside and those snow sessions left the crowd famished. Margaret had hot chocolate with Dr. Lew Morrill, Rhonda Fleming, Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton.



Bob Stack and Claudette Thornton distracted each other from the business of skiing. They came over from a houseparty at the Stacks' Tahoe home near Squaw Valley.



Rod Cameron and his bride, Angela, were so much in love they kept forgetting to join in on the Cal-Neva Lodge evening party festivities after a day out in the open.



They woke up freezing in their long underwea

...and the Mitchums found snow



but the Mitchums went into a huddle and had a hot time in Tahoe.

by Dorothy Mitchum

■ The last time the urge to take to the great outdoors overpowered my husband, he announced that he thought he'd go fishing. The look I gave him spoke one sentence. Translated, it said, "What about all the work you've been promising to do around the house?"

It was a very effective sentence. I've never seen anyone do a faster job of putting in a garden walk. And then, no less than five minutes afterwards, Fearless Bob Mitchum (as he was dubbed in MODERN SCREEN) and our close friend, Equally Fearless Joe Haworth, set out for the wild, woody yonder to catch all the fish the law would allow. When they returned, after a few days and many adventures, they happily managed to give the impression that they'd invented this sport involving rod and reel.

You may have read about their daring deeds. I'm glad they're on record because the fish seem to grow bigger each time Bob tells the tale.

As for the rest of us Mitchums, we sat at home with the garden walk. "Next time you decide to travel, include me *in,*" I told Bob. (*Continued on page 41*)

Although hunting was out of season, Bob and Chris kibitzed as Jim practiced aiming. Beautiful Lake Tahoe is in the background.

It's great in the great outdoors where men are men; and men like Bob are boys again.



Bob put chains on the station wagon to make mountain driving easier. They arrived Wednesday and the boys, who'd rarely seen snow, waited eagerly until it began falling on Saturday.



Dorothy, who put her family's hopes into words by suggesting the trip, watched skeptically as Bob almost chained himself to the car. She forgot to pack long underwear.

. . . and the mitchums found snow

cont'd

"And me," Jim added.

"Me, too," said Chris.

"Well . . . if you get the chores done," Fearless Mitchum said loftily.

The weeks passed, but before long I got the feeling that there was something in the air and it wasn't quite time for Spring. For several days I noticed that Bob seemed busier than usual. He'd finished *Macao* and deserved a rest. However, he wasn't taking it. He built new shelves for the kitchen cupboard. He mended the torn screen. He gave the lawn a clipping that resembled a close crewcut. I remember thinking how strange it was as I watched him puttering around the yard. It had only been a month since I asked him to cut the grass, and I couldn't have mentioned it more than once.

Suddenly, I realized there wasn't a job left that would require a handyman's knowhow. My husband, I concluded, was about to begin to suffer from an acute case of wanting to take a trip. I settled back and tried to figure just where we'd go, because I could tell that Bob was giving the matter careful, though silent, consideration.

Quite logically, dialogue followed. "Ever see such weather?" Bob exclaimed one morning at breakfast. "Warm, sunny . . . hard to believe it's (*Continued on page 106*)



Lunch was served "come and get it" style and Bob, Chris and Jim didn't bother with formalities. Everyone slept in their clothes as the bedrooms were so icy.

At first Bob hogged the sled, but the boys piled on and Mom snapped them in the act. They left the sled behind for a return visit.



Judy's in love again. And for a girl who thinks with her heart, that's all that matters. Maybe she's right, but cooler heads are afraid she's walking into trouble.

BY IMOGENE COLLINS

All for Love



Last fall an unhappy Judy wanted only Liza.

■ By the time you read this, Judy Garland may be honeymooning with her third husband. If she isn't, then it's only a question of time and legal procedure before she becomes Mrs. Sidney Luft.

Before Judy left for London, where the Palladium is paying her $70,000 for a few weeks' work, she and Sidney were virtually inseparable. For a while, Judy denied that they were anything more than the usual "good friends," but a few weeks ago she admitted that they were serious about each other. "We have plans," she said. "And I won't date any other man. Sid is a wonderful guy. He has a great sense of humor and I feel so happy when he's around me. I just know we're going to hit it off. Right now I'm interested in only three things—my daughter Liza, my career, and Sid."

Judy is convinced that this trio of interests will give her life direction and meaning. "I've never been any happier or healthier," she said before she left Hollywood. "After London, we're going to tour the Continent, then I'm coming back to Hollywood, and I think I'll probably play opposite Bing Crosby in *Famous*. Honestly, I've hit my stride. Things have been pretty rough these past few years, but I've snapped out of my depression. I'm in fine voice, I've loads of energy—and well, the future looks fine." (*Continued on page 101*)

Judy was constantly seen at night clubs with Sid Luft (Lynn Bari's ex-husband) even before announcing plans to divorce Vincente Minnelli.

For Ricardo,
romance begins
in the villa
where bright colors
lend a Latin air
and camellias grow
beneath a balcony.

Casa montalban

by Marcia Peterson



The narrow den with room length windows opens on the garden. Washable fabrics take hard use. Cheerful murals decorate the dining alcove at the other end (*below*).





Lasting beauty is the Montalban by-word. Antiques like the living

■ Their house is milk chocolate brown with a white trim. Flowering magnolia trees and camellias nestle up against it, and a white rail fence surrounds it. On the second floor, under the bedroom windows, there's a romantic looking balcony. And out in back, beyond the patio, is a high garden wall.

On warm evenings when the doors of the living room and den are thrown open you can hear rhumba music, South American style, drifting over the wall. And if you could climb the wall, you'd probably see Ricardo dancing with his wife. Four or five other couples might be dancing, too, or watching, or serving themselves at the buffet tables.

"This is the kind of parties we like." Mrs. Montalban says. "We eat on the patio and then we roll back the living room carpet, pick up the scatter rugs in the foyer and have a

room mantel figures play a large part in decorating their exotic, spacious villa.

ballroom larger than Mocambo's. Ricardo loves to dance, but he prefers to do it at home."

It's easy to see why. Their home was planned for good living and fun. It's large and comfortable, filled with hand-picked furniture.

The person greatly responsible for providing the background to this homelife which is one of the happiest in Hollywood is Ricardo's mother-in-law, Mrs. Gladys Belzer. Mrs. Belzer is also the mother of Loretta Young, Sally Blane, Polly Ann Young and a son, Jack. After rearing a family of five and seeing them safely through careers and marriages, she turned her boundless energy to a career of her own. She became a professional interior decorator. It was only natural that when Georgie married Ric, she would (*Continued on next page*)



Rugs roll back to make foyer, living room, den a ballroom.



A working fountain with real water is the focal point of the dining room. The chandelier is an antique pewter urn from Georgiana's collection. Louvered shutters are used throughout the house.



Mrs. Belzer (Georgiana's mother), is a professional decorator, and helped plan the decor. In the pine panelled foyer, she planted a French Lavabo and hung it above a simple, 18th century commode.

be sought out by the newlyweds and asked for a little sound housing advice.

"Only we didn't call on Mama Belzer right away," Ricardo says. "For the first six months of our marriage, Georgiana and I lived in a dream world. We were too much in love to think of anything so practical as buying a home."

It wasn't until Ricardo's contract with MGM was definitely set and baby number one was enroute, that Ric and Georgie started looking for a house. They went to every place that Mrs. Belzer recommended. They visited all the model homes in town. They met quite a few real estate agents. In the end, they decided to buy a ten-room Mediterranean-style house in Westwood Village which Georgiana's mother had owned and rented out for six years.

At the time the Montalbans chose this generous-sized house in a well-established neighborhood, some of their young friends accused them of "going Hollywood."

"What do you need with four bedrooms and two maids' rooms? Think of the taxes. Who's going to do all that housework?" they were asked.

Georgie and Ric smiled and said nothing. They had their reasons. They were also following some of Mama Belzer's advice.

Mrs. Belzer believes that when young people plan to have a family, they should buy the largest and most comfortable house they can afford and then grow into it. In the end they save the expense of changing homes every four or five years, and they never have to live in cramped or make-shift quarters. All their care and money is (*Continued on page 78*)

Georgie's bath is luxury and efficiency combined. Silly symbols define the closets, ordinary coat hooks keep her jewelry in order, wall to wall cotton carpets add glamor.



The pink and white nursery looks delicate, but with high gloss paint on everything, it's all washable. The one upholstered chair is of rose velvet.

Draperies and bed-spreads of white linen are pretty and practical. The recessed dressing table and fireplace are painted in a marble effect.

Mother knows Plenty!

Demure, you say!
She's about as demure
as a harem dancer.
Sweet, you say! She's
sweet and tempting.
Even with a nursery
full of kids—Jeanne
Crain's no Mother Goose.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

■ The table near the big picture window was set for two. The lights were out, and only the vast bed of burning jewels that is Hollywood glowed from far below to illumine the faces of Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman.

This was the way they liked to dine, with the boys tucked away back in the nursery wing—not out of heart, but out of mind for this moment—their special moment together. Outside, the curving pool shimmered black-blue. The jacaranda tree quivered imperceptibly. Jeanne wore a colorful, low-cut Mexican cotton dress that Paul particularly liked.

She shook her red-gold curls back on her bare shoulders. It was a gesture Paul knew. Something was coming.

"They whistled at me today," said Jeanne.

"Who whistled?"

"Men," said Jeanne, "two hundred extras."

"Lucky girl," nodded Paul, lifting a slice of avocado.

"It wasn't that kind of a whistle," complained Jeanne. "I was a fright—imagine a bathing suit with bloomers, long cotton stockings, and a ruffled cap. That hazing scene, you know, in *Take Care of My Little Girl*. I looked like a fugitive from a Sennett comedy!" He could see her nose tilt alarmingly.

Paul took a sip of wine. He remembered conversational beginnings like this during *Margie,* when his bride wore pigtails and long woolen hose; during *Apartment For Peggy,* when Jeanne's maternity rig made her look like an over-stuffed laundry bag; during *Cheaper By the Dozen,* too, when another 1910 bathing job, complete with parasol, got her started off. He remembered the beginnings—and the endings, too . . .

"Paul," mused Jeanne, "the picture finishes next week."

Mr. Brinkman laid down his fork. "Jeanne, Doll," he said, "this time it's impossible. I've never been so busy. The plant's jumping—defense orders, expansion, headaches. I can't spare a minute. I can't—" But there was that look in her eyes that always made him helpless.

"Paul," said Jeanne, "I sure (*Continued on page 103*)





Hollywood's newest GOLDEN GIRL

At four she had to be caught to be taught. But the brat's turned charmer. And now Mitzi Gaynor's showing the world how to dance.

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ About 15 years ago there was quite a nasty disturbance in one of the nicer residential districts of Chicago. Not a gang shooting or anything like that, but still an incident of violent character. A small girl of four, pigtails flying free behind her, was racing down a street pursued by a rather gentlemanly looking chap wearing an expression of extreme humiliation. At intervals, the child would bend down, straighten up without losing her stride, and fling a rock or a hunk of mud at the man. Some of the missiles hit him.

A passerby collared the chaser and firmly inquired what the devil was going on. While the child stood at a safe distance and stuck out her tongue, the now very nervous gentleman attempted to explain.

"I was just trying to teach her some ballet," he said.

The passerby set him back on the ground and went about his business muttering, "These new-fangled methods of education are certainly crazy."

As she told the story in Hollywood some 15 years later, racing up and down the carpeted office of a 20th Century-Fox publicity executive with her shoes off, the child, now grown up to be Mitzi Gaynor, acted it out with such ferocity that those present felt real pity for the ballet master. At any rate, he must have caught her, for when she finished, Mitzi stood with her toes pointed out and her heels together—the standard stance of a duck, or, in classic circles, the legitimate pose called the First Position in the ballet.

This was all part of an interview with Modern Screen—in (*Continued on page 109*)



Nineteen-year-old Mitzi combines housework with ballet practice in the modest Hollywood home where she lives with her mother.

The Dereks learned
that even in Hollywood
when a young
couple buys a house
it's between them
and the piggy-bank.

KISS TOMORROW HELLO

BY KOLMA FLAKE



■ The announcement of the Derek purchase was in the newspapers . . . "It includes the white stucco, tile-roofed Spanish style residence, the swimming pool and other improvements situated on what is considered the highest knoll in Encino, giving them a commanding view of the entire valley and adjacent mountains. They plan later to establish private stables on the unimproved acre . . ."

Many people reading that announcement must have exclaimed, "What a lucky guy he is!" If so, John Derek would have been the first to agree with them.

He and Patti sunk all their savings into the down payment for their home—the home they want to grow old in—and they'll be paying the balance of it for a long time to come. But they think it's worth the financial burden.

"I committed myself to this place before the Korean situation broke out," John says. "Had it happened sooner, I probably would have waited. But then my main concern was using my judgment effectively. It was the first real decision I'd ever made, except the one to marry Patti. I'd always let others decide everything for me. As a kid, I always did what I was told because I didn't want to cause any more trouble."

John didn't have to explain how often a child of divorced parents must learn to walk a fine line. John still walks that line by mentioning little of his own past. There are few young actors who could so definitely be called the strong silent type.

Naturally, he reveals himself in little ways, particularly when he's talking about rearing his son. "I hope I'm as wise in this . . ." he'll say. Or, ". . . . not as wrong in this . . .

"Nine or ten of us kids used to gather in a tree-house club when I was staying with my father," he says. "Once I introduced smoking clothes-line rope. Everyone but me got sick. My father called me several times but I ignored him so he wouldn't catch me smelling of smoke. A couple of hours later I went home, sure I'd be scolded only for being late. I was right. But five or six years later my father, laughingly, told me how strongly I'd smelled of the smoke. He said he'd figured he couldn't add more to the lesson we boys probably had learned, so he hadn't brought it up then. I'm hoping I'll be that wise with my son.

"On the other hand, I used to get terribly scared when my stepmother listened to a favorite gang-buster radio program. I don't know (*Continued on page 75*)



John and baby Russell Andre are American citizens, of course, but Patti, of Russian descent, is still waiting.



In spite of many enemies,
Shelley has staunch Hollywood defenders.
Joel McCrea, who worked
with her on *Frenchie* said, "Shelley's just
been fighting the wrong way
for the right things . . . I like her."

Some say she ought
to be spanked. Others
would give her a medal.
Everybody takes sides
when tempestuous Shelley
starts taking
Hollywood apart.

BY MICKELL NOVAK

...but when she's bad...

■ Shelley Winters isn't too much like the girl in the nursery rhyme. When that little miss was horrid, her mother probably threatened to scalp her. And if she had ever gone to Hollywood to mingle with some real artists in temperament she would probably have seemed like a rose in a valley of cactus.

No one lays a hand on Shelley Winters. When she acts up people run for cover, or stand behind a fence and make faces, or get a big hate on her that expresses itself in unpleasant language. Her enemies like to discuss her fighting ability and they've concluded that when Shelley winds up to pitch a mood she deserves some sort of citation for the sheer sweeping grandeur of it.

Not too long ago, a story circulated about her that shocked even Hollywood, and went like this: Shelley Winters cast a disgusted eye on one of the *Frenchie* sets and announced flatly, "It stinks."

Director Louis King patiently explained that the doorway through which she was to walk was part of a permanent set and could not be torn down or rebuilt, even to agree to the taste of the biggest money-making star on the lot.

Shelley was said to remark that King would be well-advised to rearrange the set-up so that her "good side" could be recorded. Otherwise she might lose her patience and tear the whole set down personally, flat by flat.

As the discussion continued in this light vein, producer Michael Kraike arrived on the scene intent on pacifying his star.

"This is a lousy picture," Shelley is quoted as saying to him. "It is also a lousy script, and the least you can do is to make me look good."

Before Kraike's placating eyes, Shelley is said to have flounced off the set, leaped into her car and headed for the front office of Universal-International obviously intent on (*Continued on page 64*)–


THE



In recent months the Chandler marriage has been a bit unsteady; but on location in beautiful Hawaii for *Bird of Paradise* all was going well between Jeff and Marjorie.



Jeff looks as if wild horses couldn't move him, but two-year-old Dana can bring all six-feet-four of him to his knees. Jeff acts both "He-Man" movie parts, and mousy radio characters.

Chandler's a man of steel, all right. But a cute smile from his babies can melt him in a minute.

BY JANE WILKIE

IRON MAN?

■ Jeff Chandler and his wife were sunning on the beach one day last year when they were approached by a breathless teen-ager. She stood for a moment, looking up and down the length of Jeff's tall form.

"You *are* Jeff Chandler, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yep," he said.

"That's wonderful," sighed the girl. "Mr. Chandler, you can settle an argument for me. My friend says you play that mousy Mr. Boynton on the radio. You know—that awful little man who doesn't even know a girl when he sees one."

Jeff smiled. "But I do play Mr. Boynton."

The girl's face crumpled. "Oh, Mr. Chandler!" she wailed. "You couldn't! I've always thought you were so strong—such a tower of strength!"

When she had left them, Jeff looked at his wife and grinned, "Didn't know you were married to a tower of strength, did you?" he asked. "A man of iron?"

Marge laughed. "I'll have to admit it's a good description. But don't forget—you're that mousy Mr. Boynton, too!"

Actually, Jeff is a blend of both. He's a man of iron in a very quiet way. When he's with his baby daughters, the iron in him can easily be mistaken for putty. On screen, though, his strength comes through with such mute force that the women in the audience practically rise from their seats to greet it. Those who've seen him in *Smuggler's Island, Bird of Paradise* or as the Apache chief, Cochise, in *Broken Arrow* have left the theater feeling sure that they have just met a real (*Continued on page 95*)



Reagan never shouts from rooftops . . . he keeps

It comes up love

by Jim Burton



out of the columns . . . but one look at him and Nancy Davis gives the story away.

■ No matter how you look at it, Ronald Reagan, the shy, quiet executive-type actor just *has* to be in love with Nancy Davis. Five will get you 10 anywhere in Hollywood that wedding bells will ring for them before many more months have passed.

Nobody—especially Ronald Reagan—will forget the two year parade of newspaper and magazine stories that had him eating his heart out for Jane Wyman; or the bull dog tenacity with which certain reporters stuck to that line long after Ronnie had passed the crisis and was having himself a time as a reconverted bachelor.

The trouble with most artists of the press is that they don't really know Ronald Reagan—which is probably why they can't picture a copy of his marriage license to Nancy Davis hanging above his fireplace.

A fairly good indication of the pixie and stubborn nature of Ronald Reagan is displayed in an incident that happened almost 10 years ago, shortly after he'd come to Hollywood to be an actor. Reagan had been a sports announcer in the middle west, a real whiz at fast chatter about football. He was generally an (*Continued on page 83*)

THE BING CROSBY



STORY

This is the last of two articles about the man who made a mountain out of showbusiness. In 20 years he earned the title Mr. Music, but success never threw him. He takes it with a casual grin and he uses it well. But even today, he calls it luck; he's still surprised by his great good fortune.

BY TOM CARLILE

■ "The amazing thing about Bing Crosby," one of his long-time friends recently said, "is not that he has sold more phonograph records than anyone else, nor that he has been a top box-office star for years, nor even that he has amassed one of Hollywood's greatest personal fortunes. The really amazing thing is that Bing has done it all in a light-hearted way. His story of success is almost entirely devoid of tense moments."

From the very outset of his career, Bing has accepted his enormous public acclaim with considerable surprise. He has never been heard to say that he was much of a singer, and although he won an Oscar for *Going My Way,* he habitually minimizes his acting ability. In January, 1943, when his Toluca Lake place burned down, and the loss of his enormous record collection was widely publicized, many fans, assuming that it contained all of his old records, immediately sent him replacements from their own collections. Most of them were discs which Bing had never owned before.

The large staff at the Crosby Building on Sunset Boulevard has been unable to keep his press clippings pasted up currently. Yet it is doubtful that Bing, a voluminous reader, would even bother to read a story about himself. To this day, he fails to understand why people are interested in the normal and ordinary details of his personal life, which already have been extensively documented by five biographers, including his brother, Ted. According to brother Larry, Bing has always had a yen to write. "But," says Larry, "if he ever does get around to his autobiography, he will insist that it stand up on its own merits as a job of writing and not go out as just another rehash of his life. Why, we've had dozens of offers for Bing to sign a daily column written by a ghost writer, but he'll have none of it. Someday, he wants to do it himself."

Bing has an almost instinctive hatred of pretense and ostentation and is inclined to be abrupt with people who give him a smoochy buildup. In contrast to his flamboyant (*Continued on page 80*)



Bing loves to fish at his Hayden Lake, Idaho lodge where he gives the boys a vacation after summer ranch chores.



Nevada ranchers are more apt to want Bing's opinion on cattle-raising than his autograph. His 20,000 acre Elko ranch is a serious business to Bing and the boys.



The Crosby boys are crazy about sports. They have a softball team of their own, take golf lessons, play football like pros.

No. 5 *in a series:*
HOW THE STARS FOUND FAITH



TO EACH HIS OWN

by John Garfield

God exists for me
in the people He has created.
So I place my faith
in people; and pay
homage to Him by playing
square with them.

■ Sometimes I think that the best part of my life was my childhood. It was a difficult period but a most colorful one. I was wild and full of a certain kind of excitement. My youth had elements of struggle and conflict in it, but out of those conflicts came a certain philosophy.

I was a rebellious child. My father, a cantor, was a very religious man who tried to get me to believe in orthodox religion as much as he did. Though I am sentimental about many of the traditions and songs in my childhood, and though they still evoke many nostalgic memories, I don't believe in all the rituals which meant so much to my father.

Even the event which is supposed to be so outstanding in a small boy's life—the Bar Mitzvah or confirmation—is remembered by me chiefly as the occasion when I needed a white shirt, and had to borrow one from a neighbor. A boy's Bar Mitzvah has religious significance, but I was too young to be impressed by that then.

In time, however, I did grope my way toward a religion in which I myself could believe.

I conceive of God as being a Supreme Force. I think we hear the voice of God in the thunder and the lightning; we see Him in the majesty of the mountains, in the oceans, in the mathematical precision with which the planets move, and in the hearts of men who on the surface seem ordinary. John Hersey wrote of such a man in "The Wall." This man, Berson, seemed to have no specific talent for living or dying, but when put in a particular situation, he faced that situation with great adaptability.

Hersey said in this book that people are only strong when they have faith in themselves as people—and that is part of my philosophy, too.

I place my faith in certain kinds of people whom I admire and respect a great deal. Mostly they're ordinary people —not necessarily either poor or rich—and it makes no difference whether or not they are talented. But whatever their lot, they face the reality of their particular circumstances with courage. They value honesty.

Some of them go to a place of worship regularly. Others never go. But there is a divine spark of (*Continued on page 94*)



"Be Lux Lovely all over!"

says Donna Reed

"My beauty bath leaves my skin so smooth, so fragrant"

"This big bath size Lux Toilet Soap is really *luxurious*," says charming Donna Reed. "It gives such a refreshing beauty bath—leaves my skin feeling so *smooth*, perfumed with a delicate flowerlike fragrance!"

Ask for Hollywood's own beauty soap in the big new bath size. You'll love this satin-smooth white cake. It will make your daily beauty bath a joy! Such rich abundant lather, such exquisite perfume!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



Donna Reed

IN "SATURDAY'S HERO"

A Sidney Buchman Production

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

your Beauty Bath

but when she's bad . . . !

(*Continued from page 55*) pressing her point.

Kraike is said to have reached for a phone, contacted the studio nurse and ordered her to meet Shelley with a sedative.

There are those who claim to be witnesses to the next scene wherein Shelley denounced all sedatives, and hysterically threatened to harm the woman in white!

Even by Hollywood standards, this was a temperamental wing-ding for the books! The story grew with the telling, until Shelley Winters sounded more like Dracula's daughter than the straightforward person she is.

The *whole* story, of course, never reached the right people. If it had, it's doubtful that the truth would have changed the opinions which had already been formed. But it must be stated here that not only did Shelley offer a plausible explanation of the episode, but her producer and her co-star rushed to her rescue.

Shelley herself did not haul out the whitewash—that isn't her way. She simply stated the facts. "So I had a fight with my director," she said with characteristic bluntness. "Let's put it this way. Someone tried to figure out how they could get the picture on the front page; so they took a little incident and blew it up to such proportions that it *did* hit the front page. The picture is in color, and I wanted to look my best, so we had an argument. I was only absent from the set a half hour!"

Michael Kraike was direct. "Shelley is okay with me," he said, "and I think it is a shame that every little thing she does is magnified."

Her co-star, Joel McCrea, who was not involved, felt impelled to hone the rough corners from the story. His explanation was objective and sound. "Shelley's been fighting the wrong way for the right things," he stated. "Actually, she is the most unusual character I've seen. She really works hard. I like her. The trouble with Shelley is that she has an inarticulate approach. She smells a mouse and knows something is wrong. She just can't put her finger on it. But she's *not* temperamental!"

It has been said that the merest mention of her name in Hollywood is enough to bring forth loud vocal discord, equally divided between cat calls and wolf whistles. Shelley just naturally affects people that way: hot or cold.

While her detractors are quick to circulate stories at her expense, they are not so eager to pass along Shelley's version of these blown-up incidents.

It began as far back as *A Double Life*, when almost from the first, her critics said, Shelley began changing the dialogue to suit her moods. Shortly after the first "re-written" rushes were shown, Shelley received a note from *A Double Life's* scrivener, Garson Kanin. "Shelley, dear," it went, "I know you've written many distinguished plays. But do you mind reading my lines as I wrote them for this one?"

"That cured me," was Shelley's unpublicized comment. "Since then, I've never tried to improve my lines!"

Shelley's critics had a field day during production of *South Sea Sinner*. On this little epic they charged their "favorite" actress with (a) having had a small boy removed from the set because he unnerved her, (b) refusing to emote in front of actress Helena Carter, for temperamental reasons and, (c) provoking violent arguments with director Bruce "Lucky" Humberstone, who balked at her suggestions.

At this point it became apparent that Shelley's patience was wearing a bit thin. Her self-defense of the triple-barrelled charge was almost laboriously detailed. "I'd made three pictures in five months," she stated. "I was nervous and tired. On the first day of the picture my father had a serious operation and I was worried about him. My acting is mostly spontaneous, and I was not used to Bruce Humberstone's close direction in song and dance numbers. I felt the naturalness was going out of my scenes, and told him so. But we came to a complete understanding on that score. On the second day of work I spotted a small boy standing on the set snapping pictures of me while I went through my dance gyrations. I felt self-conscious in front of a kid, and asked the assistant director to move him to a spot where I couldn't see him. Helena Carter and I have never had the slightest difference. But somebody told her to step behind a backdrop while I did a number, lest her presence make me nervous. Maybe it was just a gag, but I had nothing to do with it. I'm anxious *not* to give the impression of being a trouble-maker. I'm only concerned with doing the best job I can."

If a man does something silly, people say "Isn't he silly?" But if a woman does something silly, people say "Aren't women silly?"—*Doris Day quoted by Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post.*

Not long after this savory morsel had been digested (in most cases without benefit of the above qualifications), the newspapers began hinting of trouble on the set of *He Ran All The Way*, the John Garfield starrer for which Shelley had been borrowed from her home lot. It was only a matter of a few days before the columnists lifted the soft pedal on the stories and began talking openly about the "Garfield-Winters feud." "Shelley Winters has done it again," was the tenor of these tales. "Winters' temperament throws monkey wrench into Garfield production," was the secondary theme.

Garfield himself sloughed off the "to-do" with, "All the troubles are ironed out. We finally convinced Shelley that she couldn't produce *this* picture, like she tries to do at Universal-International."

But injustice had been done—again. Everyone assumed that Shelley had been completely at fault. Nobody took the trouble to check her side of the story which, incidentally, was a completely different version from the one which had been common gossip for so many weeks.

Shelley admits she'd been eager to do *He Ran All The Way* from the moment she'd first read the script. "It was a very good script," a close friend of hers said recently, "with a warm, sympathetic role in it for Shelley. The ending offered her the biggest, guttiest scene she'd ever had."

Shelley threw herself into the struggle to lose weight for the part. She had daily workouts at a Beverly Hills gym, and stuck doggedly to a rigid diet in order to pare off the unwanted poundage. The girl who reported to work was a new person; enthusiastic, full of admiration and friendliness for cast and crew. As production got under way, everyone connected with the picture was outspoken in praise of her.

Then, shortly before shooting was scheduled for her "big scene," Shelley was told that the end of the script had been re-written. She was naturally upset, understandably angry, until one of the executives took time to explain, "We suddenly realized that we had to strengthen the story so we re-wrote it overnight!"

Shelley thought this over. Then, being a very direct person, she made tracks for

the sound stage which housed the set for the last scene. She stopped cold when she saw the staircase. It had not been a part of the set as described in the original script. She tested the steps a few times, then shook the guide rail.

"Who are they trying to kid?" she said. That stairway wasn't put up at the last minute, it's much too sturdy for that! Those so-and-so's never intended me to have that big scene!"

THERE are those who wonder if Shelley was referring to the trouble on *He Ran All The Way*, when she made this statement: "You know, it's a funny thing about Hollywood—if you raise the roof and holler like crazy and you are wrong, then everybody tolerates you. They pat you on the head and thank you for your suggestions about how to play a role. But if you scream about something and you are *right* —brother, that's death!"

Well, that was about the last of the wild whispers about the Winters temperament. But Shelley's critics haven't been idle. They've rooted up something else to poke fun at—her alleged decision to chuck sex and become a great dramatic actress.

Shelley is too canny a business woman to drop the sex attraction entirely. Her pictures have made lots of money. If she wants to combine drama and sex in her career, she won't be the first actress in Hollywood to have tried. And she has an incentive in the frank opinion of Charles Laughton, in whose Shakespeare Group she has been a very active participant. Laughton said of her, "Shelley could become one of the finest Shakespearian actresses in pictures."

Shelley puts her aspirations this way: "I'm at sixes and sevens trying to figure out whether I want to be an actress or a great success. Is it possible for a girl to be Betty Grable in one picture, and Sarah Bernhardt in another?"

Even if Shelley were triplets, she couldn't possibly live up to the fiendish reputation her critics have fashioned for her. Any failings she may have, according to those who know her best—the friends who understand her—are directly traceable to her great emotional insecurity.

It began back on Broadway when she needed what any aspiring young actress needs: encouragement, approval, a pat on the back. All Shelley ever received was criticism. She was openly referred to as, "that aggressive little blonde without talent."

Hollywood continued the negative approach. Columbia Studios gave her a transient feeling of confidence by letting her high-kick in the chorus of a few musicals. Then they turned right around and slapped her down again with an off-hand comment: "You should have your teeth braced, your nose bobbed, and your hairline raised."

Twentieth Century-Fox brushed off a test she made for them with, "You're hopeless. Your voice is all wrong and you have three left feet."

At MGM they made her up to look like Lucille Ball and gasped, over her protests, "Well, you don't want to look like *you*, do you?"

Some say Shelley's lost her perspective, but this couldn't possibly happen to a girl who takes time out to kid herself publicly. A few months back the Hollywood Press Photographers held their annual shindig, to which guests were asked to come dressed as their suppressed desires. The girl who is supposed to be "temperamental," "difficult," "arty," and "self-engrossed," walked in wearing the wings and halo of the angel she'd like to be.

Even her critics had to smile and say, "You can't kill a girl for trying!"

THE END

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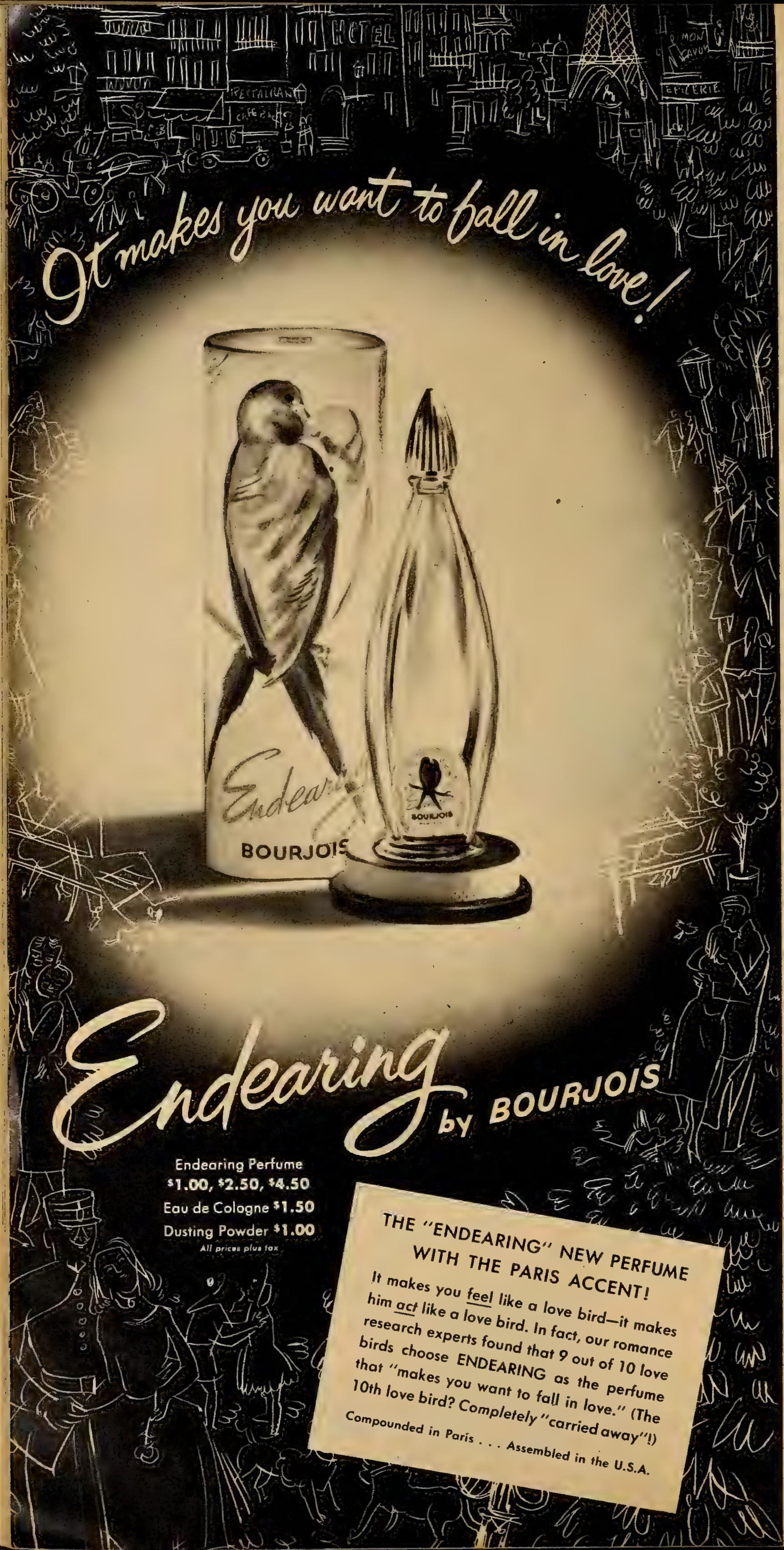
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be fashion righteous . . . dollar conscious

You can buy such flattering spring and summer clothes—at streamlined prices, too.

phyllis kirk likes gay separates

■ These separates by Gaytogs that "mix" or "match" are practically a spring and summer wardrobe in themselves, for all of them are interchangeable—and the colors are co-ordinated so that you can "mix" or "match" as you choose. Phyllis Kirk, currently to be seen in MGM's *Three Guys Named Mike*, chooses trim pedal pushers (that have one front pocket) and a sleeveless tailored shirt (*first photo on right*). Phyllis next combines a skirt (that has two flap pockets and an inverted front pleat), camisole top, and fly-a-way jacket (*far right*). The colors of these Gaytogs playclothes are vibrant: Video Green, TV Orange, Network Navy, Telecast Gold, Coaxial Copper. *All guaranteed fast color.* The fabric is washable "Ruffie" preshrunk cotton by Bonafab—it is permanently textured and requires no ironing. It is sturdy and strong as denim, but cooler and softer—it is a beautiful fabric and gives long wear. Sizes 10-18. Gaytogs separates can be purchased as a complete ensemble or singly at the following prices: Pedal Pushers $3.99, Sleeveless Shirt $2.99, Fly-a-way Jacket $2.99, Camisole Top $2.99, Skirt $3.99, Shorts, *styled like the pedal pushers—not shown in the photograph,* $2.99.

THESE GARMENTS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE JOHN SHILLITO CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO. MORE ABOUT THE FASHIONS IN THIS ISSUE—PAGE 75

Suntan Lotion by Tartan

modern screen fashions



be fashion righteous . . . dollar conscious

MAGIC WARDROBE FOR



Phyllis Kirk, star of the opening fashion page, dresses up in a two piece sun dress by Lenny Frocks that can be worn for street, business or dates with equal confidence. Striking white nailheaded Bonaz embroidery encircles the neckline and pockets of the dress and the lapels of the jacket. Styled of Cohama's all rayon *linen type* "Featherlin" this dress is flatteringly worn with or without the jacket *shown below.* Colors: pink, navy, lilac, aqua. Sizes 12-20. $10.99. Lenny Frocks. Phyllis Kirk was last seen in *Mrs. O'Malley and Mr. Malone,* an MGM production.



Nylon stockings "Bird of Paradise Nude" by Holeproof Hosiery.

THIS SUN DRESS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM DAY TIME DRESS DEPT., JOHN SHILLITO CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

WORK & PLAY



Janice Rule, currently appearing in the Warner Bros. production *Goodbye, My Fancy,* wears two Betty Co-ed frocks that are as dashing as their names. *Above* Janice models Paris Preview—a frock of fine rayon linen with a trim of pure silk organza print. You'll be the pride of the party in this costume which can be selected in aqua, lilac or white with exquisite prints to match. Sizes 10-18 and 9-17. $14.99, postpaid. Betty Co-ed.



Mexican Holiday is the name of this glamorous, gayly colored sun fashion with matching stole that is also modeled by Janice Rule. Of silky sanforized cotton broadcloth, it is styled with a boned bodice and a full gathered skirt. A truly exciting sun fashion that can be worn on summer evening dates as well. Colors: Lime or aqua background with contrasting print. Sizes 10-18 and 9-17. $10.99, postpaid. Betty Co-ed.

THESE DRESSES CAN BE ORDERED BY MAIL, POSTPAID, FROM BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, 6402 HOLLYWOOD BLVD., HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

SURPRISE *in* SHOES at $3.99



You will step smartly and brightly into the sunny months ahead when you wear these imported linen wedgies. Honeydebs introduces these seven new styles in a galaxy of exciting colors at a price you'll love as much as the shoes.

Polly Bergen, currently appearing in Paramount's *Warpath,* admires one of the Honeydebs wedgies which are just ideal for street as well as for casual and vacation wear—truly "all-purpose" shoes. In Hollywood the stars agree that "linen is the thing" for spring and summer shoes and they wear colored linen shoes to harmonize or match their costumes. At the amazing price of $3.99 you can afford to own several pair of these Honeydebs shoes which offer not only style, exciting colors and imported linen but fine workmanship as well (see color and sizes on opposite page).

Dress by Jonathan Logan

Sandal-foot nylons in the new color "Cheesecake" by Gotham Gold Stripe



2 3 4

1. RONNIE—Sabot strap sling pump streamlined for comfort and flattery.

2. TEDDY—Sling pump with a wide band of milan straw contrast trim on the vamp. Expressly designed to dramatize the foot.

3. PATTY—Cross wrap "sweetheart-throat" sling pump. This shoe features comfort plus style.

4. JILL—Two-strap sabot sling pump—a classic favorite beautifully detailed.

5. JANE—Ankle strap quarter sandal with three strand contrast milan straw trim on vamp—glamorous and colorful.

6. BUTTONS—Wrap-a-around anklet quarter sandal with button ornament—gay and attractive.

7. ELLEN—An "off side" side-swept quarter sandal cleverly designed to enhance your foot appearance.

These Honeydebs shoes all have medium (14/8) Scoop Wedge heels. The linings have been *scientifically* treated so that they are germ, odor and perspiration resistant. Sizes: 5½ to 10 narrow and 4 to 10 medium widths. All are available in: Burnt Orange, Canary Yellow, African Violet, Wildfire Red, Dramatic Navy, Charcoal Black, Spring Green, Lily White, Enchanting Mocha, Natural Wheat, Burnt Toast, Wheat-Toast Combination.

5 6 7



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FLATTERING FASHIONS *in*





Above Janis Carter, now in RKO's *My Forbidden Past,* shows us a glamorous Sea Nymph one piece bathing suit of slipper satin with a zipper front closing *self-locking*—so easy to put on, so chic to wear. The tucked side pockets are news in bathing suits. Black, white, navy, aquamarine, blush, berry, mint, lemon. Sizes 32-38. About $13.

On the right Janis poses in a two piece model of faille. The pointed detail of the belt-top vagabond shorts is repeated in the top of the bra which may be worn with or without the halter strap. Mint, berry, lemon, blush, aquamarine, black, navy. Sizes 32-38; Junior Sizes 9, 11, 13, 15. About $11. By Sea Nymph. Janis is also appearing in RKO's *Flying Leathernecks.*

THESE BATHING SUITS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM ARNOLD CONSTABLE, NEW YORK, N. Y. AND THE JOHN SHILLITO CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Fish and beach ball courtesy Abercrombie and Fitch, N. Y.

SWIM SUITS





Above Debbie Reynolds, who appears in MGM's *Mr. Imperium,* models a bathing costume that features cotton fish net—a gay new note in bathing apparel by Winkies of L. I. The white fish net bathing suit is made over colored rayon jersey with polka dot trim edgings and halter. You can see Debbie's hand through the large pocket on the fish net jacket which also has the polka dot trim.

On the left Debbie shows the bathing suit without the jacket so you can more clearly see the flattering fit, the semi-draped bodice top and the exact detail of the polka dot trim. The suit has a back zipper closing. Colors: White fish net with red, navy, green, maize polka dot trim. Sizes 32-38. Bathing suit $8.99. Jacket $5.99. By Winkies of L. I.

THIS BATHING SUIT AND JACKET CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE JOHN SHILLITO CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"STAR SELECTED" BEACHWEAR



Swimming pool by Paddock Pools

The exotic bathing suit and striking play suit shown on this page are chosen from a large group of Gantner of California beachwear selected by Hollywood stars. These garments are designed to fit and flatter every figure, and they come in a gorgeous selection of colors and fabrics. Peggy Castle (*left*) playing in Universal-International's *Air Cadet,* is ready for a dip in "The Frill Faille" two piece bathing suit that features a front zipper on the shorts, and a bra top that can be worn strapless if you choose. Red, green, pale blue, black. Sizes 32-38. $10.95.

(*On the right*) Joyce Holden, now appearing in Universal-International's *The Iron Man,* models a "Star Selected" three-piece play suit of black denim that is dramatically contrasted with bright color. The snugly fitted waist-length jacket has short sleeves, and the trim shorts have one front pocket. The striped bra top beneath the jacket has a contrast halter strap and top edging (as shown on the shorts). The bra may be worn with or without the halter strap. Colors: Strawberry and black, lime and black, pale blue and black. Sizes 12-18. $8.95. "Star Selected" Beachwear by Gantner of California.



THE SUITS ON THIS PAGE CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM SAKS 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. AND THE HECHT CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

take your fashion tips from hollywood

■ "The Right Look" in clothes that is always so very important to the Hollywood stars is just as important *to you*—for you are a star in your own world—be it home or business. "The Right Look" in clothes goes far toward keeping, or getting, *your man.*

"The Right Look," of course, is more than *the new look* in clothes—for "The Right Look" can never be achieved by just buying new clothes. You must select those new clothes in styles and colors that are *flattering to you*—that is the *Fashion Righteous* rule in Hollywood fashion.

The Hollywood stars model fashions for you (pages 67-74) that were chosen because of their flattering styles and colors as well as for their fine fabric and workmanship. They were chosen, too, because they represent basic clothes from which to select spring and summer wardrobes.

The *All Occasion Dresses* shown in MODERN SCREEN Fashions were chosen because they play such a magical part in every wardrobe—dresses that go on the street, as well as to business; and yet will double for social activities are practically a *must*. Of course, enough cannot be said about casual *separates*—especially when made of a fast color fabric which requires *no ironing*.

Colored shoes of imported linen that match or contrast your frocks are big fashion news.

And of course, take special time to choose your bathing suit for the Summer of 1951—the styles have never been so glamorous.

With all these flattering fashions from which to choose you'll want to start today to dress *yourself* up, in "The Right Look." And—you'll be *Dollar Conscious* of the amazingly low prices of these fine selections. Turn again to pages 67-74. The styles will flatter *you*—the prices your *budget.*

kiss tomorrow hello

(*Continued from page 52*) why it scared me so. But I cried and my father wouldn't let my stepmother turn it off. He said I was just being silly and I'd have to listen to get over it. I went through agonies until I discovered what I could do by taking my bath at that time. By pulling the plug, I could let the water run so hard and constantly that the sound drowned out the radio. The hot water would run out just about the time the program was over. So there I'd sit in the tub, escaping my fear. That kind of attitude was common among parents then I guess, but modern psychology teaches us better now."

THAT'S as close as John will come to speaking of the insecurities of which his upbringing was composed. Recently John's good friend, Russ Harlan, intimated such insecurity when he told MODERN SCREEN readers, "Under Dare's gaiety was a deeper and stronger toughness than I'd ever encountered before—a good, solid kind. And I thought to myself, 'Why not? He's contributed new life to the world. He's part of a real family at last.'"

Some children of divorced parents mature into adulthood and find in their mate's attitudes the leveling off of those inner conflicts. Patti, a child of White Russians, may also have had an insecure childhood, although she rarely mentions the past. If so, the answer to why a home is all important to both of them becomes quite understandable

"We both want a real home," Patti says eagerly. "I guess I do in particular. Everything was temporary with me when I was growing up. I was born several years after my parents had to flee their Georgian home when the Communists took over. Everything then, of course, was gone. My parents always lived temporarily, waiting for the day they were sure would come when we'd be able to go back and regain all that had been lost. Wherever we went, mother lugged along a trunk filled with things she valued, things she would take back with her when we regained our rightful status. The trunk really was just full of junk, good only for memories. My father wasn't like that exactly, but he'd lived so much he didn't have the desire to build again. Here in America when a man loses everything he has, he just goes to work to *build* again, to *replace* his loss. But back there, men just *hoped to get back* what had been taken from them. The Paris I knew was full of such people."

So John and Patti are two people who knew that the best thing luck and hard work could bring them would be a wonderful home. And luck had come. Amazing luck for John Derek.

It's not so surprising then that they've sunk every dime of their past, their present, and much of their future into a wonderful home. A home they wouldn't put off buying until times were more certain.

That's why John's building the fences and doing the new brick work at the place himself. He's making the lamps, too—interesting ones. He and Patti found an old nickel-plated milk can in a junk shop for $6.00. A bit of surreptitious sandpapering on the bottom revealed their suspicions were right—solid copper underneath. They bought it and peeled off the nickel. Then John, with one of those electric hand rotary tools with all kind of attachments, went to work and made a replica of a milk-stool on which the can will sit to form a charming chair-side lamp. Odd pitchers are put to the same use. Everything of this sort must be something they can restore to its former beauty or enhance with their own hard work.

Patti outdid almost everyone in bargain-

walk into it...
button once...
wrap and tie



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Perfect over dress,
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10 to 18. About $8.

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hunting. She bought muslin sheets at the January sales, and two 100% wool blankets for $15.

"They had some wonderful buys on percale sheets," she said, "but I had to watch the pennies. I'll get those later on.

"I bought one copper-bottomed pan," Patti added. "I had to pay a little over $6.00 for it and it still hurts! The rest are just the cheapest I could find. And I saw a sale on imported glasses for 29¢ apiece. The ad warned there were flaws in some. Well, I spent five hours digging out the ones without a single flaw. The clerks thought I was crazy!

"One store where I went, my purchases totaled more than I had anticipated and I didn't have enough money with me. Nor did I have a checkbook or any identification. I was wearing an old trench coat, a blue cap of the sort boys wear for baseball, a clashing scarf and—well, I was dressed for rain because when I left the house it looked as though it might. The clerk looked even more skeptical when I said I was Mrs. John Derek. Finally, I told him to hold the stuff until the check had cleared, then to send it out. Not until I left did I realize I had carried in with me a new movie magazine with John's and my pictures in it which should have been fine identification. But anyway, by the time I arrived home I'd earned those bargains."

Just then someone came running up to the front door. It was Bob Scott, the Dereks' business manager, with papers that Patti had to sign that day. They were for the latest registration required of aliens in the United States. "I'm still a lady without a country." Patti said. "An alien. My husband is an American. My son is an American. But I'm not. Isn't it ridiculous? But soon I'll be an American, too."

When Bob Scott asked the questions which must be answered, such as her serial number, Patti went out of the room and returned with a plain old cardboard box. From it she dragged out valuable personal papers. Birth certificates. Immigration papers for herself. A paper from the French Sureté testifying she had never been arrested or lodged in jail in France. Papers which contained the proof of the answers she must give to the questions for this new registration.

She wasn't joking when she said she was a lady without a country. For original nationality the answer was, "Stateless—of Georgian origin." The words of another person of similar original nationality came to mind. "Why on earth don't you keep your valuable papers in a safety deposit box instead of an old shoe-box?" he was asked.

He had answered with a sardonic half-smile, "Some of us have learned the hard way that when the enemy approaches your home you don't have time to get to a safety deposit box. You just grab what you can that's close at hand and run. And if you hope to have any identity in your new surroundings, you'd better have papers to prove you're you."

It was this same person, not Patti, who had revealed that if Patti's parents had been able to regain what they'd lost, she'd be a Georgian princess today.

But wife of John Derek she is, and she's as American as they come despite her current lack of American citizenship, and her charming but understandable accent.

As Patti and John talked, Russell Andre sat solemnly in his Taylor-Tot playing with some plastic toys. Often he'd look up at his mother with a happy little grin or reach out to pat Hero, the dog.

On the coffee table was the menu for dinner with ground steak and pork chops scheduled for the entree. "John has an open mind about everything but food," Patti said. "I've tried every way I know to change that but I haven't succeeded." So all of Patti's flair for continental cooking is lost on her husband.

When asked when they would move to their new home, Patti said:

"Not until we get a telephone out there." Southern California's phenomenal growth has outstripped the telephone company's ability to provide telephones. For some that's an irritation, and for others it creates a serious problem. The Dereks fall into the latter class. As everyone knows, Russell Andre had a very precarious entrance into the world. A very delicate operation gave him his chance to survive, but he's not completely out of danger yet. Three times Christmas Day he had milder, but nonetheless frightening, attacks of the old trouble. Three times the telephone went into immediate action to summon the doctor. What if there hadn't been a phone? The Dereks aren't moving out of range of one.

Less urgent was the fact the interior of the new home needed painting. John was snatching every moment he could to get it done before working on Columbia's *The Secret.* Just as long as he got Russell Andre's room painted—"Fresh paint discourages germs, you know," Patti said—everything will be all right.

Furniture? "Well, we had to buy everything, you know, but we have to take it easy anyway. Simple, early American

more than ever now the

RED CROSS needs your help

for the living room and dining room. Bare essentials for the rest of the rooms. We have plenty of time to get the rest," Patti said, her tone daring anyone to stop them.

But if fathers are told their country needs their services again? Well, then John Derek will go too, of course. Patti will comfort herself with the thought that he's a strong fellow capable of taking care of himself if he has a decent chance. He proved that as a paratrooper in the last war, participating in the re-taking of the Philippines and the occupation of Japan.

Both of them hope that if that time comes, Patti's talents will have been appreciated so that she can continue payments on that long-wanted home.

Neither, in taking their important step, have borrowed trouble, a practice which frightens so many into temporary living. They're walking firmly and unafraid into the future they want; not blindly, but fully aware that serious trouble may come and if it does they'll face it then, not its ghost now.

"That's the real American way," says John Derek's wife. Then restates, "Here people build. Here if a man loses everything, why he just goes to work building to replace what he's lost. He doesn't just sit around hoping to get it back."

And the Dereks don't sit around either. They're going right after their happiness.

THE END

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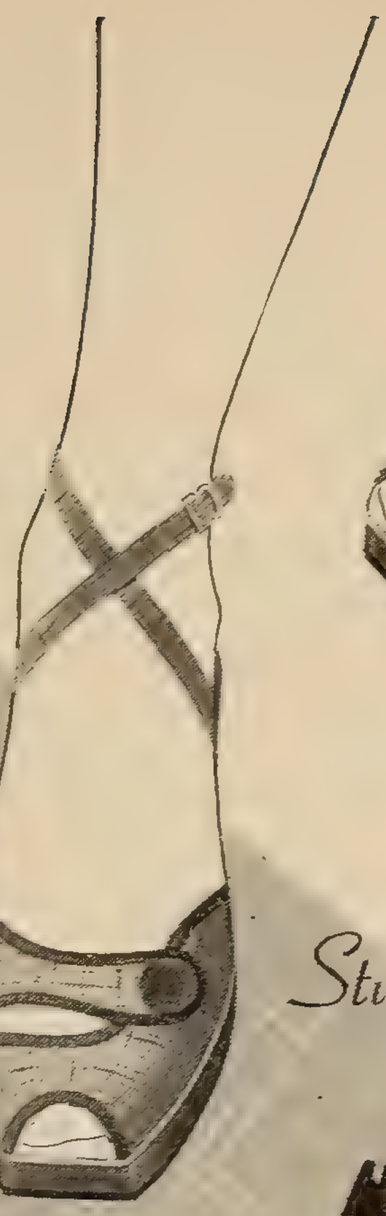
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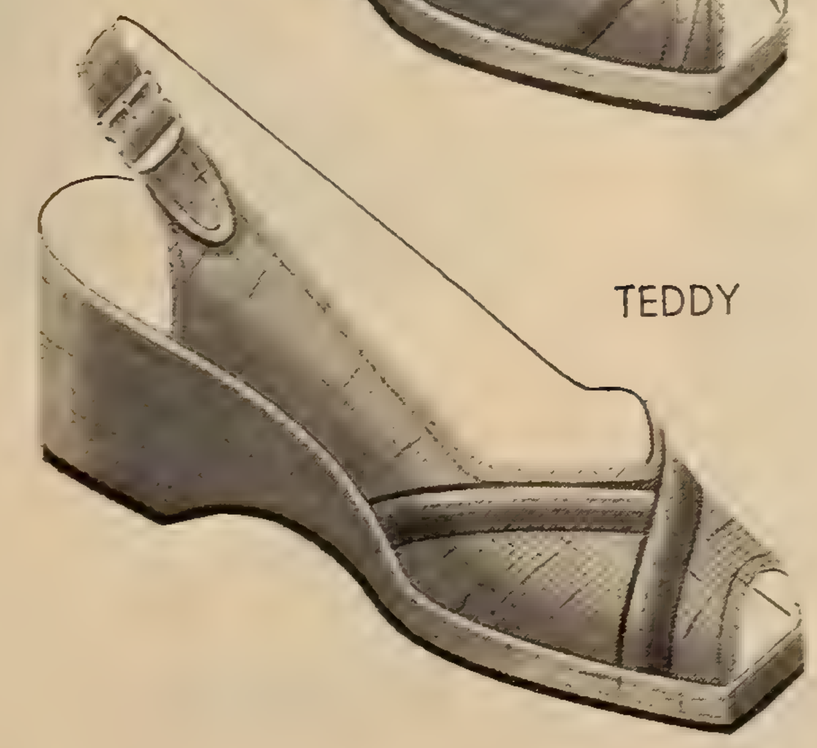
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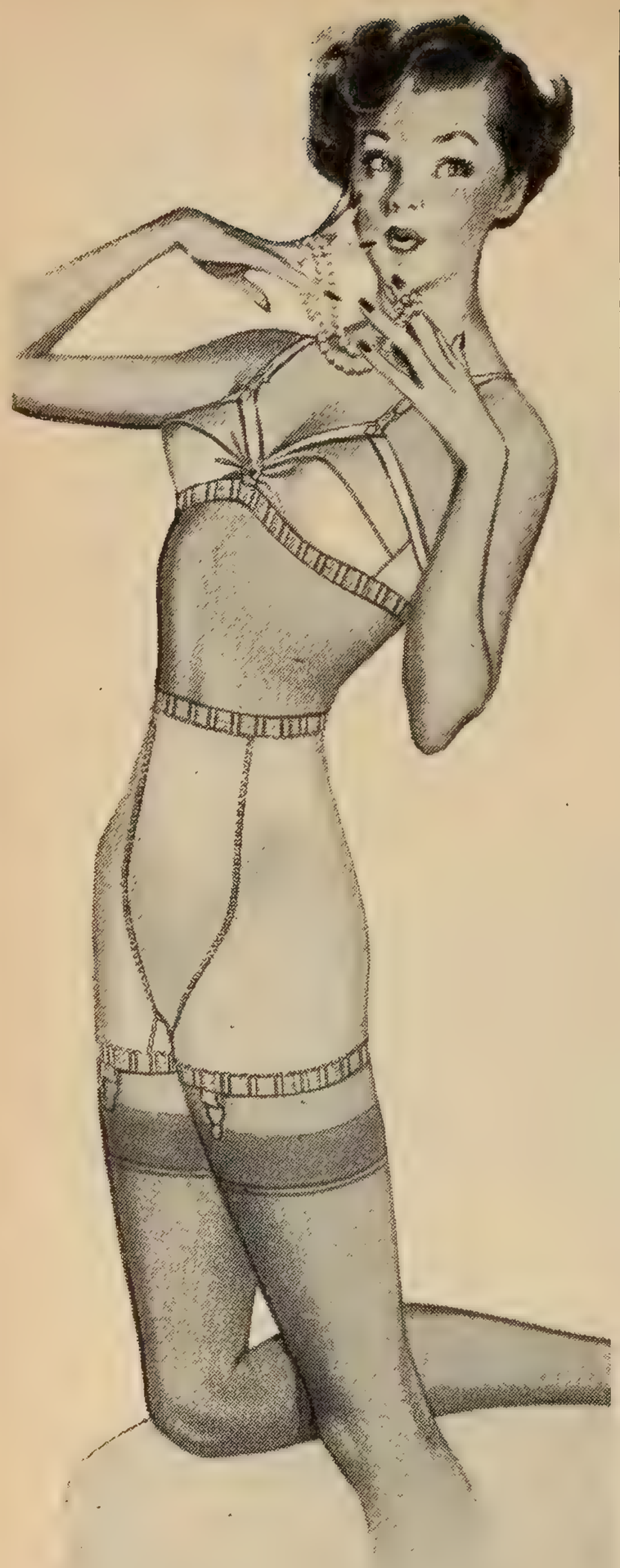
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casa montalban

(*Continued from page 46*) lavished on this first good house.

"RICARDO saw the place only once," his wife recalls. "Then he left for Mexico. Three weeks later, I met him at the airport and drove him home. I had the house full of flowers, there was champagne on ice, and all the rooms were ablaze with light. When he walked in the front door, the expression on his face was like a little boy's. He was wide-eyed and speechless."

He is still wide-eyed, and so happy in his house that he almost never goes away for a vacation. They like to pack picnic lunches and take Laura and Mark, the two oldest children, to the beach. They play tennis every morning and have parties whenever they please.

"Whenever I think of the money we save by not going out, I treat myself to a new dress," says Georgiana. "And the wonderful part of it is that Ric never complains about my occasional extravagances, but he loves to tease me when the bills come due. Only last week he picked up a statement from Saks Fifth Avenue. 'What's this?—A mink bath towel?' he said, pretending to read from the bill. For a minute I almost fainted at the thought of being charged for some little mink item. His laughter gave the joke away, but for a second he really had me worried."

The Montalbans' house was built by Alan Siple, one of the best architects in Southern California. He designed it for privacy and an economical use of every foot of floor space. Then for the fun of it, he added some romantic touches like the balcony and a real playing fountain in the dining room.

The living room is an island of privacy. It is two steps lower than the remainder of the house, and a pair of cypress panelled doors may be closed to shut this room off from the rest of the household traffic. Upstairs there are three large bedrooms, each with a private bath, while the master suite has two complete baths.

Right now, the Montalbans and their three children need every available bedroom and bath in the house. When baby Anita was born, almost two years ago, Georgiana decided to furnish a linen room next to the nursery as sleeping quarters for Mark. Thus each child and the nurse has a separate room.

WHEN it comes to furnishings, Georgiana likes to quote her mother once more. "Mama believes in buying one or two really good wooden pieces. She supplements these with less expensive upholstered furniture that can be replaced later on. She says that good cabinet-work is like good breeding—it shines through in the long run."

Among the really fine items in the Montalban living room are a Mother Superior desk that's a masterpiece of secret drawers and hidden compartments, two Italian antique commodes, a pair of French mirrors and the opera figures on the mantel.

The room is also full of typical Belzer decorating touches. The walls, for example, are covered with Chinese grass cloth instead of wall paper. This particular wall covering has remained untouched for 12 years, and it now looks more mellow and more beautiful than it did when new. Instead of using draperies at the windows, Georgiana's mother favors shutters. Long before these small-style louvres became as popular as they are today, she bought them at auctions of old estates and used them in all her decorating jobs. She likes to work a window seat into her homes, too, even if it means pushing out a wall or two.

"They serve as extra seating space without taking up precious floor room and are a godsend at parties," says Mrs. Belzer.

a modern screen quiz

Bert Parks, young M.C. of television's Break The Bank quiz show (NBC-TV) thought up these questions about Bing Crosby in honor of Bing's 20th anniversary. You'll find the answers on page 94.

1. Almost everyone knows Bing's theme song starts "Where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day someone waits for me", but can you give the second line of this old favorite?

2. Can you give two of Bing's other nicknames and also his real name?

3. When asked where he grew up, Bing says, "Near Gonzaga." Where and what is Gonzaga?

4. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope have traveled many a road together. Can you name three?

5. For two generations, the Crosbys have had sets of four famous brothers. Name Bing's three well-known brothers, and his four sons.

Break The Bank is presented by Bristol-Myers.



break the bank

by bert parks

"You can also store bulky objects in them. And to please Ricardo, I had record storage cabinets built into the window recess. He has a large collection of Pan American music."

The home furnishing hint from his mother-in-law that Ricardo Montalban appreciates most, however, is the trick of taking antiques which are works of art and putting them to practical use. He and Georgiana collect old pewter objects, but they don't store them in a treasure chest. They use them for ash trays, lamp bases and vases. Even the chandelier in the dining room is an antique pewter urn. Last month the Montalbans found an elaborately-carved door in a second-hand store. They snapped it up at a bargain, and then took it to a cabinet-maker. Right now he's building a large cabinet to house the Philco radio-television set and the sound wire-recorder that Georgiana gave Ric for Christmas. Thus, this beautiful old door will camouflage the mechanics of their home entertainment.

The room most lived in at the Montalbans' is the long narrow den. At one end is the alcove where the family eats breakfast on a glass-topped, wrought-iron table. The rest of the intimate little room is perfect for Ric when he wants to practice diction by talking into his wire recorder. Georgie likes to bring her mending in here, because the four glass doors opening onto the patio let in so much light, and she can also keep an eye on the children playing outdoors. The three young Montalbans like it because no matter how grimy their hands, or how much they romp on the yellow koroseal couch, none of the adults ever object. This wonderful leathery stuff is tough and washable.

Upstairs in the pink and white nursery, the furnishings look deceptively delicate, too. But all the chests and tables are painted with a high-gloss enamel that can and does get washed as regularly as the dishes. The rose-colored velvet chair in which Ric sits every night to read a bedtime story to Laura and Mark is not as impractical as it might seem at first glance. With the emphasis Mrs. Belzer places on quality, it's covered in the heaviest upholstery velvet she could find. The three active children see to it that the nursery takes quite a beating, and yet it shows relatively little wear and tear.

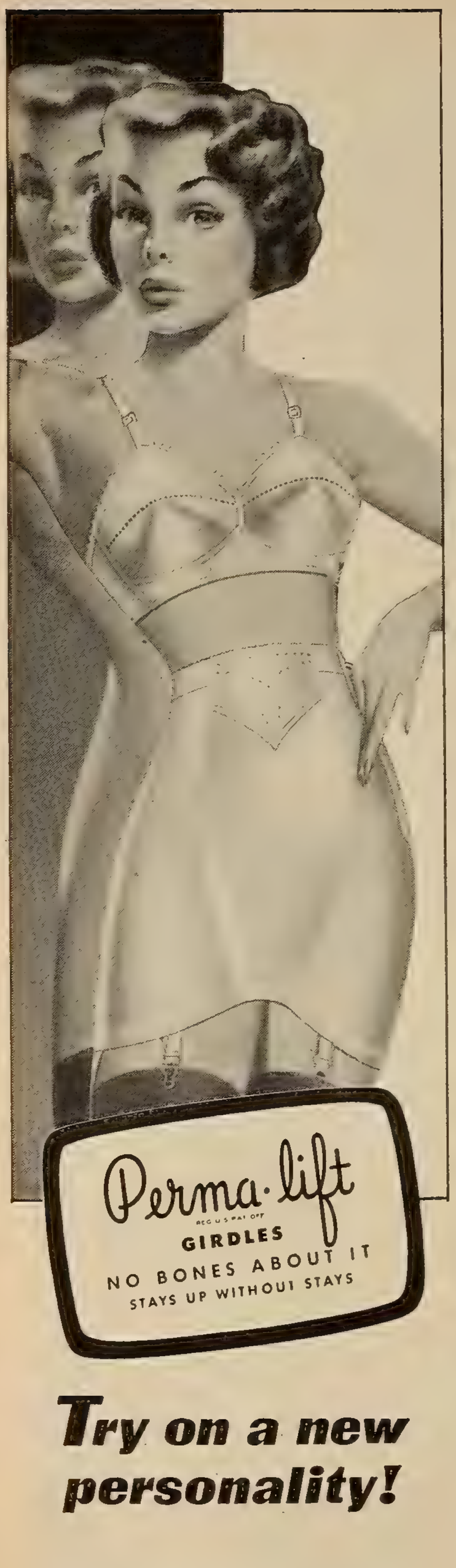
At the other end of the house, away from the nursery, the Montalbans have a spacious master bedroom. Its color scheme is predominantly white and green with an occasional touch of cyclamen. Mrs. Belzer had the draperies and bedspreads made of washable white linen. On the wall she made effective use of a green-white trellis wallpaper, and around the fireplace and over Georgiana's built-in vanity table, she had one of her talented craftsmen paint a green and white marbleized surface. The overall effect is as cool and fresh as a bed of mint.

In Georgiana's dressing-room bath next to the bedroom, another clever artist painted humorous and identifying murals on the wardrobe doors. But the smartest features of the dressing room are cotton shag carpeting to insure barefoot comfort, and the series of ordinary door hooks for storing Georgiana's costume jewelry in an orderly fashion.

Whenever Georgiana and Ricardo decide to make a few changes or add a new piece of furniture to their home, they first ask themselves, "Does it have a lasting quality and is it beautiful?" Then to make sure, they check with Mama Belzer—because in their opinion, Mama really does know best. THE END

(You can see Ricardo Montalban in MGM's Across The Wide Missouri*—Ed.)*





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Look For The Magic Inset

the bing crosby story

(*Continued from page 61*) and easy-going youth, Bing appears to have made a more exact appraisal of what his time is worth. He has probably never sat down and figured it out on paper, but he evidently feels that when he is not working, he should be doing something he enjoys. Some years ago, Bob Crosby was trying out his band for a job at the fashionable Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston, when Bing arrived in town after a visit to the nearby racetrack. Sensing a valuable publicity break, the manager of the hotel asked Bob if he could get Bing to pose for pictures with him, and Bob, without thinking, said, "Of course." That afternoon, Bob asked Bing to come up to the Roof for the band's tryout, but neglected to tell him about the photographers who would be there. When the elevator arrived at the Roof, and Bing saw the battery of cameramen waiting in the ballroom, he turned to the elevator operator and quietly said, "Down."

"Every floor that elevator went down I could see that job flying farther away," says Bob. "I was sort of hurt at the time, but now I realize how wrong it was for me to have put Bing in a spot like that without asking him first. In spite of all the nonsense he's had to put up with, Bing's been a wonderful brother to me."

SINCE he has been able to control the scheduling of his radio shows for Chesterfield, Bing has systematically planned his life. When he is involved with work in Hollywood, he spends every available moment at his home in Holmby Hills, or on the Bel Air golf course. On weekends, Bing drives to his home-away-from-home, the beautiful modern house at Pebble Beach, where he can live as a private citizen. "Pebble Beach gives Bing a peaceful haven, I suppose, from the flood of attention he gets in Hollywood," a Monterey newspaperman reported. "Up here, people don't give movie stars a second glance."

Bing spends his summers in other peaceful surroundings at his 20,000-acre ranch 60 miles from Elko, Nevada. No one bothers Bing for his autograph in Elko, but ranchers frequently stop him to ask how his cattle are enduring the summer heat, or how the trout are biting.

Last year, Bing purchased a vacation lodge at Hayden Lake, Idaho, where each fall he gives his boys a wonderful month of fishing and hunting as a payoff for their hard summer's work as cowhands.

On the surface, Bing's way of life would seem to have simplified his relations with people. But in effect, it has resulted in widening the vistas of his already complex personality. The people who met him during the years that he owned an interest in the Del Mar race track would swear that horse-racing is his principal interest. Musicians claim that singing is the love of his life. Professional golfers like Jimmy Demaret or Cary Middlecoff will tell you that Bing lives for the moments he can spend on the golf course. Bing is continually surprising people with his knowledge, all seemingly acquired without effort. Some years ago, for instance, he came back from a brief trip to South America and surprised all of his friends by demonstrating a fluent command of the Spanish language.

"I always thought it remarkable that Bing could have picked up a completely new language in such a short time," says Johnny Burke. "Then just by accident, when I took my own vacation to South America last summer, I discovered how hard Bing had to study to learn Spanish. On our boat was the same language teacher who 12 years ago had tutored Bing two hours each day. By the time he arrived in Buenos Aires, Bing spoke Spanish like a native."

Because of his inbred dislike of pretension in others, Bing has always hidden his own intellectual accomplishments behind a glib facade of jive talk and sporting news. Actually, however, he is one of the best informed men in Hollywood.

"He has so much information and technique stored up inside of him," an admirer recently remarked, "it's a wonder he doesn't explode."

ALTHOUGH he is not surrounded by an entourage of yeah-sayers and glad-handers, Bing is very close to many of his business associates. Wally Westmore, his makeup man, is a close friend, as is John O'Melveny, his attorney. Bill Morrow, who writes and produces his radio show, was a fishing buddy long before he went to work for Bing. Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, who write his songs, are always welcome guests at the Crosby manor. Barney Dean, whose gags have sparked many of the Crosby-Hope comedies, often travels with Bing to golf tournaments and army camp shows. There is apparently no standard by which Bing chooses his friends. Either he likes a person or he doesn't; he rarely changes his mind about anyone.

Bing has many bachelor friends, but there is not one among them who does not envy his rewarding family life. Only once or twice during his 21 years of marriage to Dixie has any serious trouble arisen. Last summer when Bing took a holiday in Europe without Dixie, a rumor hit the front pages that they were separating. But like other rumors of dissension in the Crosby household, it evaporated faster than the printer's ink. This spring, Bing and Dixie have never been happier.

Someone asked Leonard Goldstein of Universal-International (one of Hollywood's busiest producers) if he dreamed of winning an Academy Award. The stocky, affable Goldstein said, "No, it would change my whole life. I'd have to buy a tuxedo—and go around with people who own tuxedos."—*Gladwin Hall in The New York Times.*

Not long ago, the Crosbys held a wonderfully informal western party at their Holmby Hills home, a real hoe-down affair where everyone came dressed in levis and plaid shirts.

"I haven't seen Bing enjoy himself so much for years," one of his guests reported the next morning. "He and the band he'd asked over rambled through every jazz hit since 1900, and although he had an early call at Paramount the next morning, Bing just couldn't stop singing."

Dixie and Bing enjoy occasions of this sort. But since their children were born, neither have enjoyed party-giving nor party-going on a large scale. For more than 15 years, their life has centered around their four boys.

"Dixie and Bing have done a wonderful job of raising their boys," says Bing's brother Everett. "They stood a pretty good chance of being spoiled, but they've been brought up to understand the value of money, hard work, and earning their own rights to a place in the sun. Bing has never pampered any of them, and now that they are getting old enough to do their own thinking, they'll think right."

BING has been Hollywood's most celebrated father for many years, even before the National Father's Day Committee, in 1945, designated him as "The Screen Father of the Year," an honor he has received several times since. Although Bing has never denied his boys

anything, he always has managed to find plenty of work for them to do, even when they were little.

"You aren't going to get anywhere by ducking your chores," he used to tell them. "I've got spies."

"Yeah, I know," Gary used to say. "Mom."

Friends of Bing often recoil at the whip-like quality of his sons' humor. It isn't smarty and wise-cracking; rather, it is pertinent and adult, and full of the originality that flavors Bing's own speech. Even when they were infants, Bing did not talk down to his Irishers, as he calls his boys.

"I remember one night in 1938, when my wife and I were visiting the Crosbys at their ranch in Del Mar," says Johnny Burke. "It was Bing's turn to tell the boys their bedtime story. When they were all ready for bed, he started the story of Old King Cole. In his version, Cole was a guy who had been raised in New Orleans around hot music, and he was having a tough time trying to lead the life of a king. He really didn't go for that chamber music, but nonetheless he still had to call for his fiddlers three. When Gary asked him, 'Why, pop?' Bing said, 'Noblesse oblige, son. He had to go along with the court crowd.' "

According to Johnny, all of the popular nursery tales were given an original and imaginative twist by Bing. Little Red Riding Hood, in his version, turned up as a vaudeville performer who broke up with her partner, a quick change artist, after a bum date in Kansas City. When she went home to live with her grandmother, she met a woodsman who gave her a big play, and she liked him, too. Then one day, her partner showed up dressed as a wolf and tried to break up their romance. But the woodsman was brave and chased the wolf away. Of course, Little Red Riding Hood knew all the time the wolf was her old partner—his makeup job was lousy. Bing used to summarize the tale with a moral: "The woodsman was certainly brave, kids, standing up to the wolf like that. But you have to give Little Red Riding Hood credit, too . . . she was a smart little cookie not to let on that the wolf wasn't really a wolf."

The Crosbys' Pebble Beach home is not far from Bellarmine Prep, where Bing's three oldest boys are now enrolled. Sometimes they all spend an entire weekend playing golf at Pebble Beach, where the boys have been getting instructions for three years from venerable Peter Hay, the dean of California pros. Bing's home is built on the 13th fairway, and golfers often catch sight of the boys, sitting like a tree full of owls in the branches of the spreading oak that overlooks the green.

Bing has played backyard baseball with the kids since they were big enough to hold a bat. Athletics always interested them. Today, Gary is a hard-driving fullback on the varsity team, and his younger brothers, Dennis and Philip, are regulars on the B team at Bellarmine. Lindsay, who attends the Good Shepherd School in Beverly Hills, is merely waiting until he puts on enough weight to play.

"You ought to see those kids kick and throw a football around," says Lin Howard. "Every one of them looks like a pro."

Next fall, when Linny moves up to Bellarmine Prep, Bing's family will probably spend more time than ever at Pebble Beach. Although Gary starts in college next fall, he will either enroll at Santa Clara or Stanford, both within easy driving distance of the Monterey Peninsula. Both Bing and Dixie like their home there, and would like to be able to spend more time in it. When all of their boys are going to northern California schools, they

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In any event, Bing and the boys will be hard at work on the ranch again after the school term ends in June. Soon after they arrive at the ranch, each of the boys will be assigned to a crew, and will work, eat, and sleep with the men who run the place the year around. They will get up at daylight, spend the day pitching hay, herding cattle, or mending fences, and be in bed by 8:30 P.M. On Sundays, after Mass, they will go fishing or perhaps take a ride into town to see a movie.

"Someday the boys are going to own the ranch," Bing has said, "and I want them to know what the men working for them have to do."

"That life doesn't hurt Bing any, either," a friend commented. "He can keep himself in top shape just by following the schedule he sets for the boys."

Now that the boys have begun to make a splash in the entertainment world, Bing will undoubtedly work harder than ever to keep them in balance. Just recently, the Superior Court approved a contract with Decca Records which gives the boys a royalty of two-and-a-half cents on each of their records. This money will be added to the already considerable fortunes which are being held in trust for them by John O'Melveny, their father's lawyer.

Although Bing has had no qualms about allowing the boys to display their talents, neither he nor Dixie will let this unduly influence their future. "No son of mine is turning crooner until he finishes his schooling," Dixie says. "We don't mind the boys making a record now and then during summer vacation, just as long as it doesn't interfere with their school work. Gary sings well—all the boys do—but he is going to finish college before he tries to make a profession of it."

SINCE his father's death last fall, Bing has brought his mother closer into his daily life. She now usually spends weekends at his Holmby Hills home, even though her own home is just minutes away. According to brother Larry, Bing has never been at any major crossroads in his life that he did not write or call his mother before making his decision. Her advice and her prayers have obviously been quite beneficial.

"Where Mother might have fallen apart after Dad's death," says Bob Crosby, "she has too much to worry about with all of her children and their families. Believe me, she's still the guiding genius of this family. We all depend on her for advice."

Kate Crosby still worries about Bing. She worries about the rough and tough way he works his sons; she would treat them gentler, and probably spoil them. But she is rightfully and inordinately proud of her famous son, and is becoming reconciled, as her grandsons grow older, to the fact that Bing's way worked out pretty well.

Larry, Everett, and Bob, the three Crosby brothers who live in Hollywood, are also a vital part of Bing's life. Although demonstrativeness is not a characteristic of the Crosby makeup, there exists a deep-seated loyalty in the family. All of Bing's brothers are caricatured on his radio show. Larry, in real life a quiet, unhurried man with a penetrating dry humor, is pictured as a chronic worrier. Brother Bob's fatal fascination for the horses is the cause for numerous funny remarks. But brother Everett and his grasping interest in the dollar comes in for the worst pasting of all. Last fall, when Everett left for a tour of Europe with his wife, Bing mentioned on his show that Everett has started a new business over there—greasing channel swimmers. "You know my brother Everett," Bing continued confidentially "He's the greatest people-greaser in the world."

Everett's attitude about remarks like that is typical of all of Bing's brothers: "Why should I mind? I don't care if they make me sound like a jerk as long as it helps the show—and I get my ten per cent."

It would be easy to underestimate the significance of Everett's and Larry's contributions to Bing's success. In 1931, Everett, a garrulous truck salesman, quit his job in Los Angeles to gamble on Bing's future as a singer in New York. Today he handles the Crosby enterprises, and makes it possible for Bing to concentrate exclusively on his career as an entertainer. Larry, who came down to Los Angeles from a Seattle newspaper job in 1933, is responsible for establishing Bing's far-reaching fan club organization which is composed of more than 400 clubs in America, 80 in Canada, and another 300 in other nations of the world. For 18 years, Larry has directed Bing's efficient fan mail service, which each month sends replies to each of the 10,000 to 25,000 people who write Bing personal letters. Five secretries and three IBM electric typewriters are kept busy eight hours daily, classifying, sorting, and answering Bing's mail; and even they will be unable to process all the mail which will come during Bing's 20th anniversary. Larry also manages the Crosby Research Foundation, and handles Bing's vast donations to charity.

The list of his donations last year filled three typewritten pages and included orphanages, child-care centers, medical research, scholarships, and innumerable religious projects. For many years all of the royalties from his recording of "Silent Night," which to date has sold more than 5,000,000 copies, were given to 15 charitable organizations. During his entire career, Bing has never been known to refuse help to any priest with a worthy cause.

But Bing's favorite charity for the past ten years is the annual Crosby Pro-Amateur Golf Tournament at Pebble Beach, which has already provided the funds for four community youth centers on the Monterey Peninsula. Bing pays all the bills, including the $10,000 prize money. This year, the tournament, attended by 20,000 people, raised more than $40,000, after federal taxes, which will go directly into a program to build and improve recreational facilities for boys and girls of all denominations. Bing takes a great personal interest in the tournament and in the athletic programs of the centers. Last fall, when Joe Lilly, Bing's arranger at Paramount, flew up to Pebble Beach to play the tunes for *Mr. Music*, he was astonished when Bing met him at the airport with his car loaded down with cases of soda pop

"You aren't going to drink all that stuff?" he asked Bing.

"No, I have to drop it off for the boys over in Carmel," Bing replied.

Bing stopped by the Carmel center and unloaded the pop himself.

BING'S participation in worthy causes is not restricted to cash donations. He has been one of the principal supporters of Father Peyton's Family Hour program on Mutual. Father Patrick Peyton, whose theme is: "The Family Who Prays Together, Stays Together," first met Bing over the phone when he asked him to appear on his initial broadcast on VE day. Bing, who was then working in *Bells of St. Mary's*, agreed at once.

"Only two other players in Hollywood, Ann Blyth and Loretta Young, have appeared on our programs more often than Bing," says Father Peyton. "Every time he has been asked, he has done everything he could for the cause of family prayer."

Bing has always been a devoted churchgoer. He and the boys frequently sing together at early Mass. As a result of his appearances as a priest in *Going My Way* and *Bells of St. Mary's*, Bing was responsible for giving the public an entirely new insight into the activities of a priest in modern society. Today, he is America's best known lay Catholic, whose public identification with his religion is clearly indicated by the many letters he receives yearly asking him to say a special prayer for people in need.

Bing Crosby is, indeed, a many-sided man. But the image which most people hold of him will undoubtedly continue to be that of an easy-going, friendly singer whose own responses to life are incredibly normal and like those of his fellow Americans. At 48 Bing somehow manages, although he is balding and spreading at the waist, to present an exterior of almost indestructible youthfulness.

Twenty years ago, when he was just beginning his career as America's greatest singer, Bing felt sure his days were numbered. Shortly after he had finished his first sensational appearance at the Paramount Theater in New York, he called in his brother Everett and asked how things were going.

"Just great, Bing," Everett told him. "I have all sorts of things booked for you."

"Line up everything you can," Bing replied. "This can't possibly last."

There is no one in America more surprised than Bing Crosby that it did.

THE END

(*Bing is currently at work in Paramount's* Here Comes the Groom, *co-starring Jane Wyman.—Ed.*)

it comes up love

(*Continued from page 59*) enthusiastic fellow and didn't consider his contributions to the players' weary efforts at all out of the ordinary. A Warner Brothers movie scout did, though, and Ronnie suddenly found himself giving everything he had to drawing room chatter before a camera.

Ronnie was working in a Bette Davis picture when the production office sent him a note one day advising him to show up the next morning in white tie and tails. Naturally, Ronnie dropped into wardrobe and asked for a fitting. He was informed that, being a stellar performer of sorts, he was obliged to provide his own evening clothes. Ronnie admitted very frankly that he didn't own a suit of tails—and that quite possibly he never would, as they didn't go over too big in Nebraska.

The wardrobe man gave him the card of a good tailor, and washed his hands of the whole affair.

Ronnie sat quietly in a pal's office and mulled over the matter. On his salary, he couldn't afford tails—and he might never need them again in a picture. So he did the only sensible thing. He went down to a pawn shop, bought a suit of 1890 tails for $12.00, and blandly showed up on the set the next morning dressed almost as ordered.

The director, Edmund Goulding, almost had apoplexy. He roared and thundered that a man made up like Harold Lloyd couldn't make love to Bette Davis. He finally dragged Ronnie up to the front office so that the bosses could see for themselves. The result was that the studio invested a couple of thousand dollars in a Reagan wardrobe. It was not only a splendid victory for Ronnie, but just about as classy a gag as he has been able to get away with since.

THERE is no question about it; the years have mellowed Ronald Reagan considerably. They have also given him a sense of responsibility toward the community and the nation. His off-screen activities attest to this. But in the man whom many call stuffy, there is still a lot of the boy who loved to call football games.

There was a real period of melancholy following his separation from Jane Wyman, because Reagan is normally straight-laced and doesn't take such things lightly. But it didn't last nearly as long as they say it did. One of the reasons for the lonely-boy legend may have been that Ronnie doesn't smile easily on command. Consequently, when photographed at nightclubs he usually had a long face. If the photographer had waited until somebody told a funny story, he'd probably have made a swell shot of Ronnie rolling on the floor in enjoyment.

Another contributing factor to the legend is undoubtedly the character of his free time occupation. Ronnie is a tireless, sometimes fanatic, worker in the interests of the Screen Actors' Guild and certain political organizations. These are very serious matters and, as a spokesman for his interests, Reagan's most quoted statements have had to do with weighty problems. This cannot get a man a reputation for being a Katzenjammer or a great wit. Actually, Reagan is something of both.

An incident indicating Ronald Reagan's humor and understanding of the boisterous life took place during the war when Ronnie, a captain, was temporarily stationed in Hollywood.

Anyone who has ever worn the ill-fitting brown of a private's suit knows that every enlisted man in the army at one time or another has vowed to track down and trounce at least one officer. But no man in his right mind ever dared do it.

A couple of G.I.'s were spending their furlough money at Ciro's one night, when they playfully decided to take the place apart. There was what was mildly reported as a scuffle, the M.P.'s were called, and the merrymaking dog-faces were dragged outside to the parking lot where they began reducing the Provost Marshal's staff by two good men. At this point, an army car pulled into the lot, and Captain Ronald Reagan got out, sped to the scene and shouted a command for everyone to hold fire. One of the soldiers had a good one left in him, and landed it smack on Captain Reagan's nose.

Quiet fell on Sunset Strip. Even the civilians paled. The M.P.'s trembled in terror for their late antagonists.

"Take them away," said Captain Reagan.

"Yes, sir," said the M.P. still able to talk. "And what is the name of the officer we will charge them with striking, sir?"

"Take them to their hotel," said Captain Reagan, "and keep your mouth shut about anybody hitting anybody."

The four soldiers got into a jeep and drove away, marvelling at the wonder of having found an officer with a real, beating heart. Captain Reagan dabbed the crimson from his nose and went into Ciro's.

"How about that!" he is reported to have remarked to a bartender. "He had to get drunk—but one of them finally got up the nerve to do it. And a captain, too!"

IT IS an odd thing that whenever a movie star shows the slightest tendency toward serious thought on any subject, the word gets around that he is a stuffed shirt. And if he indulges in vital activities



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he is stamped as a funless, loveless, tragic shell of a man, who enjoys nothing more than suffering and toting the burdens of others.

Fortunately, for some of Hollywood's serious causes, this is not a fact. And it is not a fact that Ronald Reagan is a stuffed shirt in even the slightest degree. True, he feels called upon at times to speak his piece on such matters as the irresponsible press, but he speaks mainly on behalf of his fellows. If he is noted as a chap who would chill his own dear mother if he should pass her on the street, it is only because he is so near-sighted that he can't tell a watermelon from a corn cob unless it's balanced on the end of his nose. He doesn't like to wear his glasses.

Ronald Reagan is an enthusiastic animal in his every waking moment. He loves to laugh; he loves to play. He loves to whistle at chorus girls, drive fast cars, roll on the grass with kids, swim in the ocean and gallop on a fast horse off into the horizon. In other words, he likes to live.

You can lay the fact that he is known as a solitary gentleman with an aching heart directly at the door of the crusade that has been conducted for him by other people. And, for an assist, add the rather human quality of fear, for he has been afraid to open his mouth because he thought he might be misunderstood, misquoted, or held up to ridicule. He hasn't talked—and he's taking the consequences.

In the case of Nancy Davis, though, even the diehards have begun to admit that maybe he does have a spark of love for her in his tired old heart. And his intimates know that the spark is deep and real and no doubt long-lasting.

It would be hard to find a girl more suited to Ronnie Reagan's somewhat split nature than Nancy Davis. She, too, has been tagged the serious type—mainly because of the roles she has so ably played in her MGM pictures. She comes from one of Chicago's first families. Her father is one of the world's most noted brain surgeons, and her mother is a society leader. She has been educated in the finest schools and, actually, is not entirely in her native element in the theatrical profession.

However, she is just about all the things Reagan is, except that she never whistles at chorus girls.

They met in a rather official, although informal, manner. There was a vacancy on the board of directors of the Screen Actors' Guild and, according to its policy of trying to get prominent players in office, it was decided to ask Nancy to accept the post.

Reagan, as president, was to make the formal call to Nancy. So he called and suggested that, since they didn't know each other, they meet across a plate of spaghetti or something. They've been looking at one another across something on a plate almost every night since.

Because of a fanatic desire to keep his name out of the papers as a lover, Ronald Reagan has been a bit sneaky in his courting of Nancy Davis. And, because she is the type of girl who never goes to carnivals, Nancy has helped all she can in this endeavor. They lean toward quiet, out-of-the-way dining places, or if they dine in Hollywood itself, it is generally at Chasens, a restaurant prohibiting photographers.

Most of their dates are spent at the homes of friends, like the Bill Holdens or the Glenn Fords. The fun is fast and furious, and the hand-holding, if there is any, safe from prying eyes. Because they are both active in the SAG, they spend long evenings after the weekly meetings talking about contracts, demands, concessions—and maybe love.

Ronald Reagan's greatest passion is horses. When he is not working on *The Last Outpost* or "presidenting", he can be found out at his horse ranch in the San Fernando Valley sitting on a rail fence checking up on his stock—and Nancy is generally sitting on the next rail. A lot of the time, Ronnie will have his kids along, Maureen, ten, and Michael, six. The four of them get along just fine.

Ronnie expects the horse business to pay off and anticipates that he will be a full-time breeder when the last camera crank has turned for him. His obvious desire to show Nancy all there is to be seen about the care and breeding of horses is a pretty good indication that he expects her to be around the farm when that day comes.

Ronnie is no sudden hot flash in the life of Nancy Davis. She is not the hot flash type of girl. When she first arrived in Hollywood, she dated only old friends of the family. She met Bob Walker, and it appeared that they had found something resembling romance. Actually, this wasn't so. Their relationship was almost purely professional. Nancy admired him as an actor, they both worked at the same studio, and he was showing her the ropes.

She met and dated Robert Sterling, but when a photographer wanted to take their picture one night when Reagan was away in the East, Nancy only consented when it was understood that no romantic innuendo would be written into the caption. Beyond those two boys, there were none until Ronnie.

Friends who recently came from London will make affidavits that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., put it this way: "I can arrange a party for you with all the top British cinema stars—but, of course, if you want to meet royalty you'll have to give me two days' notice."—*Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

In a wonderfully ordinary way, Nancy Davis has a great gift for home-making, a real attribute as far as a man of Reagan's tastes is concerned. Some time after she got her contract at MGM, she moved to an apartment in Westwood. That community has a group of sales developers which visits newcomers to the city and presents gifts from the local merchants, along with an invitation that the new resident drop in and say hello. It is purely a commercial proposition designed to build good will, and attract new customers.

But Nancy Davis was so touched by the gesture that she was almost overcome with appreciation. She was probably the only person to ever do it, but she took the list of about 20 or 30 merchants, drove around to each one, thanked him for the gift and swore undying fidelity to his enterprise. She doesn't take even the simplest gesture of friendship lightly.

Speculating on the outcome of Hollywood romance is a risky business in any case. Love has often bloomed, burst into flame, and died rapidly from a kick in the shins. What looks like mad passion today might look like a plate of cold mashed potatoes tomorrow, no matter who the stars are. But in the case of Ronnie and Nancy, there is one difference. Neither of them is casual romantically, nor are they too old for romance, or too unresponsive to do without it. It can be safely deduced, then, that if they spend all their free time together and are lonely when they are apart, it has to be love.

One of these days there will be a formal announcement—probably of an engagement. For no matter how you figure it out, if you take the personalities, past histories, and current activities of Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis into serious account, it comes up love. The End

liz taylor's new romance

(*Continued from page 30*) Donen, her 26-year-old director—were dining out at Mocambo. Two tall lemonades were poised in front of them, but they went unnoticed. Stanley was gazing at Liz, and if she wasn't dazzled by his ardent expression, she was giving a great performance.

The following night they were eating together at La Rue's, with the same rapt expression in their eyes.

That week-end Liz drove down to Palm Springs with Barbara Thompson—her trial witness and Marshall Thompson's wife. When asked if Stanley Donen would drive with them or whether she planned on meeting him at the winter resort, Liz's answer was a quick, "Of course not."

That weekend he and Liz were holding hands at the Doll House, a Palm Springs restaurant. Since then, they've been seen together everywhere. They were practically inseparable during the month of February. You could find them together at night clubs, restaurants, movies, on the set, and there seemed to be an excitement about them that only romance can create.

Stanley says, "I've known Liz for years —ever since she was a kid on the lot. I think she's swell, a lot of fun, but all this talk about our being serious is a lot of bunk.

"Reporters say we fell in love while I directed her in *Love Is Better Than Ever.* That's not true. Why do we spend a lot of time together?

"Well, we enjoy each other. Liz is good company and we have a lot in common. Her whole life's been spent in show business and so has much of mine.

"I can't talk about the future because I don't know anything about it. Liz won't be free until January, 1952. An awful lot can happen in a year. Besides, I'm still married, at least technically.

"Why reporters keep trying to make a big romance out of us I don't know. Right now, we're seeing a lot of each other, sure. But that's probably because we've both just been through a couple of unhappy marriages."

INTEREST in Donen has risen since he's been dating Liz, and people are naturally curious about his background. He is a protegé of Gene Kelly. He was born in Columbia, South Carolina, April 13, 1925, and was raised there, attending Columbia High School and spending a few months at the State University.

Deciding that college wasn't for him, he headed for New York and with great luck, landed a job in the dancing chorus of *Pal Joey.*

Gene Kelly was the star of that show, and he took a liking to this tall, thin Southern boy with the dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. "You've got a lot of talent, kid," he told Stanley one day. "Stick with this business and you'll be a fine dancer."

Stanley stuck. He got a job in *Best Foot Forward,* a Broadway show in which June Allyson had a bit part.

When *Best Foot* moved to Hollywood via an MGM purchase, Stanley came along. "I danced in the chorus," he recalls, "and then stayed on, acting as an assistant dance director to Chuck Walters, Jack Donohue, and Don Loper. I used to see Liz Taylor around the lot—she was only 11 at the time. I was only 20 or so, and we used to say 'Hello,' which is about all you can say to an 11-year-old girl."

Fortunately for Stanley Donen, Gene Kelly was employed by MGM, too, so that in Gene he had his number-one booster. Gene kept going around the lot day after day telling producers to give Stanley a chance as a director.

"Give him a chance yourself," an executive told Kelly one day. "I'm too tired."

When Columbia borrowed Kelly to stage the dances for *Cover Girl,* he brought Stanley Donen with him. Stanley was so good an assistant that Columbia held onto him for two years, and MGM brought him back to collaborate with Gene as dance director on *Anchors Aweigh.*

Stanley then served as a dance director on ten more Metro pictures, while Liz Taylor was growing up and dating Glenn Davis, Bill Pawley, and several others.

DONEN's love life seemed limited to work until he met Jean Coyne, a young dancer who'd first taken dancing lessons from Gene Kelly in his cellar studio in Pittsburgh. Jean had come to Hollywood and was working with Stanley as a dancer. "The next thing you know," Donen says, "we got married.

"It was in April of '48, and the marriage lasted a year. Jean and I've been separated almost a year now."

In fact, Stanley Donen and his wife decided to take separate paths just a few weeks before Liz Taylor married Nicky Hilton at the Church of the Good Shepherd.

While Stanley's domestic affairs were falling apart, his career was blooming. He and Gene were handed the directorial reins of *On The Town,* and when that picture made a fortune, Donen was given the full directorship of *Royal Wedding.*

Fred Astaire, who starred in that with Jane Powell, praised him highly and MGM assigned him to *Love Is Better Than Ever.*

When Liz Taylor reported to Stanley for work on this film, she knew that her marriage to Hilton had been a failure. Stanley Donen knew the same thing about his marriage to Jean Coyne—so that at the outset these two had something in common.

It may seem strange, but this particular mutuality—the end of a marriage—has served as the basis of more second marriages than any other one factor in Hollywood.

This is not to say that Liz Taylor will become Mrs. Stanley Donen when her divorce becomes final. But it does mean that Stanley understands her problems, her situation, her frame of mind at this moment better than anyone else.

ALL during the making of the movie, Liz was upset. She'd left Hilton, she'd moved out of her mother's house, she was living in her stand-in's apartment, and yet Donen got her to act as if she were sublimely ecstatic.

Love Is Better Than Ever was finished on January 12th. Liz Taylor obtained her divorce on January 29th. The very next day Liz and Stan started going out together publicly.

A week later, Stan's wife, Jean Coyne, decided to leave New York where she's been living, come to Hollywood and discuss divorce with him.

By the time you read this, the chances are that Stanley Donen may be free to marry again.

Liz Taylor says that *her* thoughts these days are concentrated exclusively on her career, that marriage and men are farthest from her mind.

That may be true during the daytime, but in the evening it's a different story.

Liz, if anything, has always been the kind of girl who's been in love with love. Everytime she's dated a boy, he's become her steady. A manless life for her, for any period of time, no matter how short, would not be of her choosing.

She may say, "There's absolutely nothing between Stanley Donen and me. We're just colleagues who work together." But the truth is that with a little luck Stanley Donen may come to occupy a very large part of her heart. THE END



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Lawyer Jules Goldstone helps Liz and her witness, Barbara Thompson face reporters.

liz taylor's ordeal

Following is a transcript of the testimony given by Elizabeth Taylor and Barbara Thompson on January 29th, 1951, when Liz received her divorce from Nick Hilton.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT
OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
IN AND FOR
THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES

Department No. 7
Hon. Thurmond Clarke, Judge

ELIZABETH HILTON, Plaintiff, vs CONRAD N. HILTON, JR., Defendant. — No. D 409065

REPORTER'S TRANSCRIPT

APPEARANCES:
For Plaintiff: JULES C. GOLDSTONE, Esq. and WILLIAM BERGER, Esq.

RYAN & BRUINGTON, by G. BENTLEY RYAN, Esq.

C. W. LYMAN, Official Reporter

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY 29, 1951.

ELIZABETH HILTON,
plaintiff herein, called as a witness on her own behalf, being first duly sworn, testified as follows:

DIRECT EXAMINATION

BY MR. BERGER:
Q: Your name is Elizabeth Hilton?
A: Yes.
THE COURT: Mr. Ryan, you are appearing for the defendant?
MR. RYAN: That is correct.
THE COURT: The matter will go through as an uncontested matter, unless something develops?
MR. RYAN: That is correct.
Q: (By Mr. Berger) You are the plaintiff in this suit, Hilton vs. Hilton?
A: Yes.
Q: Have you been a resident of the County of Los Angeles and State of California for more than one year prior to your filing this action?
A: Yes.
Q: When and where were you married?
A: March 1st, 1950, at Beverly Hills.
Q: When were you separated?
A: Dec. 1, 1950.
Q: You have no children?
A: No.
Q: Mrs. Hilton, you allege in your complaint that during your married life with your husband, he acted towards you in a cruel manner. Will you tell the Court briefly what your husband's conduct was?
A: He was indifferent to me and used abusive language to me (Witness' voice dies away).
THE REPORTER: I can't hear her.
MR. BERGER: I will have to ask leading questions.
THE COURT: Yes. If you will repeat that, for the record, I think we have sufficient testimony.
Q: Mrs. Hilton, starting almost from the beginning of the marriage, your husband was indifferent to you, and he was very argumentative, and seemed to pick arguments with you for no apparent reason; then would become very violent, and use abusive language towards you. That occurred repeatedly during your married life. In addition, he spent most of the time away from you. When they were in France, on their honeymoon, he spent night after night at the Casino and remained away until five or six in the morning, and forced her to take a cab alone. This continued after she returned to Los Angeles.
THE COURT: Mrs. Hilton, is that all true and correct?
A: Yes.
THE COURT: It is a little bit unusual.
MR. RYAN: I understand it, the reporter could not hear, and I see no objection to it.
Q: Mrs. Hilton, do you remember when you returned from your honeymoon, you were in your hotel room with your mother and Mrs. Barbara Thompson?
A: Yes.
Q: Tell the Court what happened there?
A: We had just gotten home, and I had unpacked my clothes, and my mother was there, and Barbara Thompson. He came in and said, "What in the hell is going on here?" I tried to keep him from going on; it was embarrassing.
Q: Was this an example of the type of arguments and rudeness he exhibited towards you from time to time during your marriage?
A: Yes.
Q: During the following months back in Los Angeles, when you were out at public affairs, was he indifferent to you?
A: Yes, he was.
Q: Did he remain away from public affairs and make it conspicuous that he was indifferent to you?

A: Yes, he did.
Q: In other words, most of the times you would talk to him, it would end up in some kind of an argument?
A: Yes.
THE COURT: This all upset you and made you nervous and ill?
A: Yes.
Q: And caused you to lose a great deal of weight?
A: Yes.
Q: You have a substantial income from your work as a motion picture actress, and I understand you wish to waive any alimony?
A: Yes.
Q: And you wish the return of your maiden name?
A: Yes.

BARBARA THOMPSON,
called as a witness on behalf of the plaintiff, being first duly sworn, testified as follows:

THE CLERK: Your name is Barbara Thompson?
THE WITNESS: Yes.

DIRECT EXAMINATION
BY MR. BERGER:
Q: You are acquainted with the plaintiff in this action?
A: Yes.
Q: How long have you known her?
A: About four or five years.
Q: Do you know that she has been a resident of the County of Los Angeles and State of California for more than one year prior to the time she filed this action?
A: Yes.
Q: Do you recall, Mrs. Thompson, the occasion when you were present in her hotel room with Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Hilton, when her husband came in?
A: Yes.
Q: State what happened then.
A: The day Elizabeth came home from her honeymoon, I came over to have lunch, and had been there a short time when Mrs. Hilton and her mother arrived. She had lost a tremendous amount of weight. He came in and said, "What the hell is going on here?" He was very rude to Mrs. Taylor. I asked Elizabeth to take me home. She had several bags, and she asked Mr. Hilton to take them out to the car, and he said, "Get the bell boy to take them out." Afterward he took them out.
Q: Mrs. Thompson, did you have occasion to see Mr. and Mrs. Hilton at social affairs and other functions?
A: Yes.
Q: Was this attitude typical of his attitude towards her when you talked to them in later months?
A: Yes.
Q: Have you had occasion to observe the effect of his conduct upon her health?
A: Yes.
Q: Tell what it was.
A: When she was on her honeymoon, she was very gay, but when she returned she was very moody and very tired.
MR. RYAN: Mrs. Hilton, I understand you are waiving further alimony and are satisfied. (*To judge*) She is the recipient of substantial income from her work.
THE COURT: Yes; she understands that.
MR. BERGER: Yes, she does.
THE COURT: The divorce will be granted.

what hollywood
stars have the
most beautiful
hair in the world?
read the
june issue of
modern screen
on sale
may 9 with
stunning
jane wyman
on the cover

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



What mends broken lipstick?

☐ *Glue* ☐ *A heat treatment*

Put pucker-paint back in the pink—by softening broken ends over low flame. Press together. When slightly cooled, smooth seam with fingernail. And to smooth off makeup, use Kleenex—absorbent, heavenly soft—so *different* from ordinary tissues. Saves complexions!



Clean piano keys with—

☐ *Water* ☐ *Milk* ☐ *A boogie beat*

Piano keys shrink from water. So whiten "ivories" with milk—and Kleenex tissues. Kitten-soft Kleenex protects the keys; it's *sturdy*...doesn't crumble. And with that Serv-a-Tissue box there's always a Kleenex tissue handy to polish furniture, ash trays, mirrors. Saves trouble.



No groping in the dark, if you—

☐ *Eat carrots* ☐ *Sparkle your "specs"*
☐ *Use luminous paint*

Save stumbling, fumbling! Outline door edges, switch plates with luminous paint. Likewise, why not sparkle your "specs" with new Kleenex eyeglass tissues? Big enough, strong enough, lint-free—and they serve *one at a time.*



To "save" salad bowls, avoid—

☐ *Termites* ☐ *Soaking*

Wooden salad bowls "wooden" warp, if you'd avoid soaking them. Scrape, dunk quickly in cool water; dry with Kleenex and stash away in a dark place. You can't beat Kleenex for K. P. duty. Let this soft, strong tissue soak up moisture, grease; save time, trouble.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

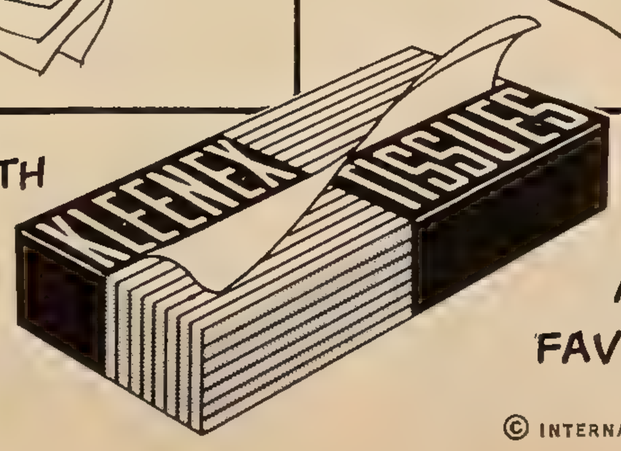
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



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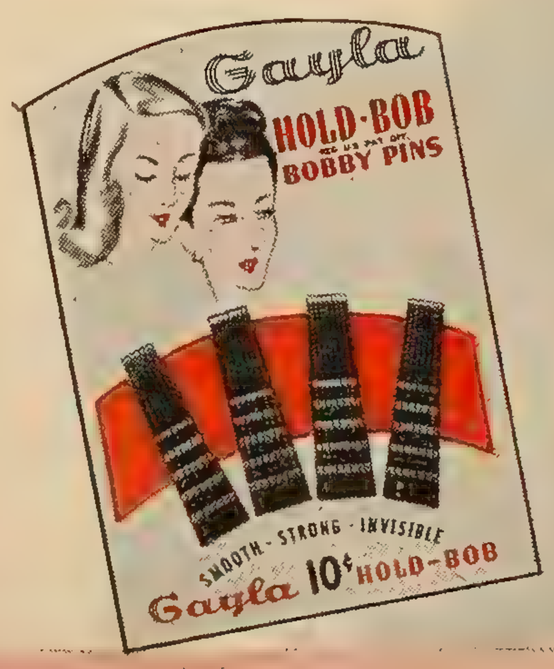
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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Has "he" lost interest? Then swallow your pride, and take a good look at your attitude.

I'm very happy, because so many girls wrote to tell me that my column about how to catch the boy you want has been helpful.

A follow-up on that column seems indicated since half the letters this month were from girls whose boy friends suddenly lost interest in them. The girls asked, "How can I get him back?" and "What did I do wrong?"

Since I was puzzled I put all the letters aside and then re-read them. Then the letters themselves gave me the answers. A girl from Troy, N. Y., wrote, "He told me he was crazy about me. Then I started to take him for granted. I guess I bossed him around. And now he doesn't like me any more. How can I get him back?"

Another girl—she lives in New Orleans—said, "I went around with Bill for seven months. Then I met a boy I thought I liked better. Now I realize my mistake. How can I get Bill back?"

After I had read hundreds of letters like that I realized what the trouble was. You lose your boy, 90 per cent of the time, because of something you have done. You get too sure of yourself. And of him. Or you make too many demands on him. Or you start looking around. So nine times out of ten when you lose your fellow it's your own fault.

I know that this is an "after the fact" deduction. But if mistakes couldn't be rectified then the world would be in a bigger mess than it is now. So first of all you face the fact that you've lost him because of something you have done. And when you know this, the business of saying, "I'm sorry" gets a lot easier.

I know all about pride. I've got it myself. But pride is dangerous stuff when you've lost something important. So the girl from Troy should be as honest with the boy as she was telling me about it. She should ask him if she could meet him after school, or if he would come to her house for half an hour. Then she should say, "I'm sorry. I was wrong. I was too bossy. I took you too much for granted. But I'd like to prove to myself and to you that I can change."

It's difficult—sure. It's hard to swallow your pride and admit you're wrong. But what is more difficult—suffering because you've lost the boy you're crazy about or just saying honestly that you're wrong?

And the New Orleans girl should say something like this, "I made a big mistake. I thought I was crazy about So-and-So but I found out I wasn't. If you can forgive me for being fickle I wish we could be good friends again."

I remember once I had to apologize to my parents for something I had done. I hated to do it. I put it off for a long time. Finally I did apologize and my mother said, "Joan, this is the biggest step you have taken toward becoming an adult. When you have the courage to admit you're wrong, you stop being a child and go into another bracket." I've never forgotten that and, oddly enough, I felt so much better myself when I said—and meant it—"I was wrong, and I'm sorry."

If the boy honestly likes you, you'll get him back—if he's worth having back. However, if he's found another girl that he likes better, then there's not much you can do; which is why if you've made a mistake you should apologize fast.

Although frequently the girl loses her fellow because of something she has done, there are exceptions. I had a letter from a girl who said that she was suddenly dropped by her steady for no apparent reason. Again the straightforward method is best. She should just go to him and

ask him what happened. This isn't easy, either. But it depends on how important the fellow is to her. I can't stand not knowing the truth. And if a boy suddenly becomes cold, there must be a reason. Asking the reason certainly can't do any harm. And it may do a lot of good. I always believe that there's no problem that can't be solved if the people involved sit down quietly and sanely, and talk it out.

I had a lot of letters from girls who said they lost their boy friends because other friends talked behind their backs. It's all very well to say, "If he believes gossip about me then I don't want him," but the false friend can be very insidious and very convincing. There are mean people who can tell lies and make them seem like the truth. And you can't always blame the poor fellow for being fooled. So there again, you don't play games. You just speak right up and ask, "What's wrong? What has So-and-So told you about me?" This is the only way you can defend yourself. And the whole truth is always the best defense.

But there's one thing you have to remember. If none of these things work, and if he doesn't want *you* back—then let him go. If he's fickle himself, if he's easily bored, he isn't the kind of boy you want to date. You're not being proud, you're being independent and sensible. Try to forget him and become interested in someone else, for at our age there is no such thing as the 'til-death-do-us-part kind of love.

Now here are some other problems. "Dear Joan: I went to a party with a boy. I think he likes me, but I'm not sure. How can I find out?

—D. C., Detroit, Mich."

A lot of kids have asked this same kind of question. I should think you can tell by a boy's actions whether he likes you or not. For example, how do you know whether or not a girl friend likes you? If she enjoys talking to you, if you have fun together—then she likes you. So if a boy likes to talk to you, and if you have fun together you can assume he likes you. Besides, isn't there a kind of sixth sense that tells a girl whether or not a boy is crazy about her?

"Dear Joan: How can I politely let a boy know that I don't want to date him? I'm 17, and a junior in high school. Even though I don't want to go out with him, I wouldn't want him to dislike me.

—J. A. F., San Francisco, Calif."

In the first place why don't you want to date this boy? If you're going steady with someone else, you just tell him so. If you're not and he's a nice boy, what's wrong with giving him a date? If you want him for a friend—as your letter indicates—then why shouldn't you go to the movies or a dance with him?

"Dear Joan: I'm a 19-year-old boy. I have been married and divorced and I go with a girl whose mother does not approve of me. I have tried my best to appease her. I am baffled and don't know what to do. Please give



To banish "tattle-tale gray," and
always have your wash look cleaner,
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Blemishes*. "I started using Noxzema for some annoying blemishes*," says Joan Murray of Rye, N. Y. "It helped my skin look so much smoother and softer, I've used it regularly, since! As a make-up base, Noxzema helps powder *stay* on."

Look Lovelier in 10 Days

with Doctor's Home Facial ...or your money back!

New Beauty Routine Quickly Helps Skin Look Softer, Smoother, Lovelier!

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With just *one* dainty, snow-white cream—*greaseless, medicated* Noxzema—you can help your problem skin look softer, smoother and lovelier!

The way to use it is as easy as washing your face. It's the Noxzema Home Facial, described at the right. Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women, with problem skin, to look lovelier!

See how it can help you!

With this doctor's Facial, you "creamwash" to glowing cleanliness—without any dry, drawn feeling afterwards. You give skin the all-day protection of a *greaseless* powder base . . . the all-night aid of a *medicated* cream that helps heal*, soften and smooth.

**externally-caused blemishes*

Save this! Follow Noxzema's Home Facial as an aid to a lovelier-looking complexion!



Morning—Apply Noxzema. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" as you would with soap and water. No dry, drawn feeling afterwards! Now, smooth on a light film of *greaseless* Noxzema for a protective powder base.



Evening—"Creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up—without harsh rubbing! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin to help soften, smooth. Pat extra over blemishes* to help heal.

Money-Back Offer! If this Home Facial doesn't help skin look lovelier in 10 days, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money back.



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me your advice.

—J. T., SALISBURY, N. C."

Well, first of all—don't appease her. Trying "to get on the good side" of a person is obvious and kind of false. You know how I feel—that there's nothing that can't be cured by honesty. If I were you, I'd go to this mother and ask her why she doesn't approve. If it's because you have been divorced, then just explain the circumstances to her. If it's for another reason then you can clear that up, too. She should certainly give you the chance to be heard. But don't have this talk with her when your girl friend is around. And don't try to do it casually. Make the meeting with her as important as it is. It is important.

Her gown fitted her as though it appreciated the opportunity—Joan Evans quoted by Walter Winchell in The Sunday Mirror.

"Dear Joan: I have a pug nose and everybody makes fun of it. Can you please tell me what I should do.

—B. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y."

You know what? Gloria Swanson, one of the most glamorous women who ever lived, has a pug nose. And I'll bet when she was a kid people made fun of it. Well, just look at her today—and there's the best answer I can give you.

"Dear Miss Evans: I met a boy two years older than I am. My parents do not like him, but they are judging him by his relatives and they have never met him. I'm sure my parents would like him if they met him. Your advice would be very much appreciated.

—J. D., KINGSTON, ONTARIO, CANADA."

Why can't you ask your parents to meet him and judge for themselves? This seems to me the only sensible thing to do, and I'm sure that if you explain to them how important it is to you they will at least meet him. Anyhow, I always think it's a good idea for parents to know the boys a girl goes out with.

"Dear Joan: I had infantile paralysis when I was four years old. Now I am 14 and my question is: 'Does it make any difference to a boy if you're a cripple?'

—LOUISE, SPRINGFIELD, MO."

When you think about the great people who have been physically handicapped, you'll find that the answer is, "No, it doesn't make any difference." But there's something you have to do. You must face the fact that you have a handicap. You must try not to be sensitive or defensive about it and, tough as it is to realize, you must be a little bit nicer, a little bit more amusing than other girls. If you compensate with sweetness and brightness for your physical handicap, your own handicap will be insignificant as compared to your charm.

"Dear Joan: Do you suppose a girl of 13 could be in love? My parents know and like him. We have loads of fun and we take each other seriously. We have lots to talk about and enjoy one another's company. Please tell me if this could be real love or

is it just a silly infatuation I'll get over?
—E. J., St. Louis, Mo."

What difference does it make? Why do you have to know whether it's real love or infatuation? The wisest person in the world —and that's certainly not me—can't answer a question about love and infatuation. And I don't think it matters. If you like this boy and he likes you, and your parents like him why bother about the old love-infatuation problem?

"Dear Miss Evans: My problem is that whenever anyone tells me anything for my own good, I always give back with some wise crack that makes me extremely sorry I said it later.
—P. L., Washington, D. C."

Oh, honey, you've sure come to the right girl. That's my problem, too. And you know what? I think it's kind of a universal problem. Nobody likes to be criticized. The first thing you want to say is, "Why, I don't do that" or, "That isn't like me." Learning to "take it" is real hard, but you've made the first step, just as I have.

You know you're wrong to give back with the wise crack. When you know you have a fault that's the beginning of learning how to correct it. It's only the people who go along blindly thinking they're perfect who have the real problems. But let me tell you what I did about taking criticism. Luckily for me, when I'm making a picture, I have to take criticism and not answer back. If I did I'd get into all kinds of trouble with the director. So I had to learn how to take it. It's not easy and it's not fun but if you have to, you have to. Now when I'm told something for my own good I try to analyse it. If I honestly think the criticism is fair I say, "Thank you. I'll try to correct this fault." If I feel sure it isn't fair, I say the same thing. For a wise crack never gets you anywhere, girl. Good luck. I know what you have to fight, but you can win if you try hard enough.

"Dear Joan: I'm 18 and I want to know if it is a shame to like cowboy heroes. Some older girls think so. I have three special favorites and belong to fan clubs of two of them. Do you think this is wrong and that I am too old for such things?
—B. W., Winchester, Ill."

I certainly don't see anything wrong in that. What about the important men in the business world who read detective stories? Is that wrong? What about me? I'm not big and important, but I love the Oz books. They're supposed to be for children only but I read them over and over again. And I like western movies, too. Don't be defensive about liking your cowboy heroes. If they interest you what difference does it make if you're eight or 80? Western movies are made to be entertaining. So enjoy yourself, and be happy you can.

EDITOR'S NOTE: DO YOU HAVE A TEEN-AGER PROBLEM? IF SO, TELL IT TO JOAN. SHE CAN'T ANSWER ALL YOUR LETTERS BUT SHE WILL PICK OUT THE MOST INTERESTING ONES. WRITE JOAN EVANS, CARE OF BOX 93, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

Who should explain this grave

WOMANLY OFFENSE TO A YOUNG WIFE?



Read here how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Too often a marriage goes through a needless crisis simply because the young wife fails to practice complete hygiene (including internal feminine cleanliness). Too often the reason is she doesn't know *what* to put in her fountain syringe.

Today every young woman should be fully instructed on the importance of using ZONITE in her douche for health, womanly charm, married happiness—and always after her periods. She must realize there's a womanly offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she seldom detects herself yet is so apparent to others around her.

AND ABOVE ALL remember this: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet so safe to tissues as* ZONITE.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

The ZONITE principle was developed by a famous surgeon and a scientist. It's the *first* in the world to be so *powerfully effective* yet *absolutely safe*—safe—SAFE—to tissues. Scientists tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche and no other type was *so powerful* yet *safe* as ZONITE. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the slightest injury.

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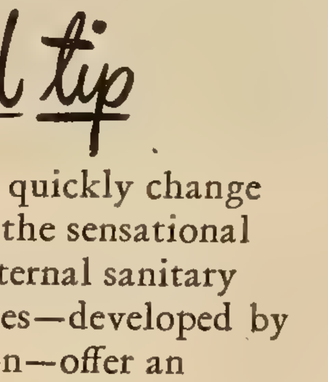
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These remarkable new Pursettes guarantee *silhouette security*. No telltale bulges. No pins or belts. No odor. No chafing.

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SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Be sure to get this dainty jewel-black plastic purse container, at no extra charge, with each package of Pursettes (looks like a small lighter or compact).

SANITARY PRODUCTS CORP., TANEYTOWN, MD.

bergman today

(*Continued from page 16*) a second-hand apology. "Miss Bergman is terribly sorry, but—" or, "It just happens that this week, they—" All of which would only serve to lend a vague confirmation-by-hearsay to the worst of the gossip in America.

But the phone did ring in 55 minutes, which is amazing when you recall that in Italy an hour is a loose expression at best. And the voice said, "Do come to see us at seven."

It can now be said authoritatively, that this is the way it always happens. The Rossellinis run a house with what used to be called a salon. Their apartment is always full of callers; the talk is in three languages. It is quite possible that half the people in the living room at any one moment have not met the other half, or find, on being introduced, that they do not share a common knowledge of Spanish, Italian, French or English. The apartment itself is huge, and informal. Visitors are left to manage for themselves with an agreeable minimum of attention from servants. And sooner or later, everybody of consequence in Rome shows up for an evening of talk at the Rossellinis.

It has gotten so that people who fail to make it begin to feel they have somehow also failed socially. This is rather well illustrated by Robert Taylor's experience when he was here to make *Quo Vadis.* Taylor had heard the usual stories about Ingrid Bergman in Hollywood, and being a man who has learned the value of his own privacy, he made no overtures toward meeting her in Rome.

But wherever Taylor went he heard stories about Ingrid-this and Ingrid-that. It seemed to him that everybody in Rome was running into the girl at one time or another—except himself.

He turned to a newspaperwoman friend and remarked with some petulance:

"Look, everybody in Rome gets to see Ingrid Bergman but me, and I met her in Sweden before she even came to Hollywood. Do you think it might be managed for me to get to see her again?"

"Why, Bob," the newspaper woman said, "all you have to do is telephone. *Everybody* does."

"But how do I get the number?" Taylor asked.

"But everyone knows it in Rome, Bob," he was told. And it is the truth. The present writer, who left his little address book in his hotel and had to call the Rossellinis, asked the barman of the Excelsior. A moment later he came back with the correct number.

So much, then, for the myth of Bergman's inaccessibility. The next universal surprise is that far from being a ghastly caricature of her former self, her beauty wasted away and her spirit hopelessly crushed, Ingrid today is actually a more strikingly handsome woman than she ever was, which is saying a good deal. She has lost some weight, which she could afford to do, but her face is unmarked, as eager as ever, and as natural.

This seems to surprise everyone. Ingrid herself has commented on it. When Jack Benny came to call last summer, she said, he spoke to her in almost conspiratorial tones over the telephone. He walked into the room, regarded her closely and saw her as she is, which is to say happy and bright. Then he fell into a chair in the relieved manner of a man who had steeled himself for a shock which didn't come. "I see now how wrong I was," Jack said. "You're all right. You're absolutely happy."

Now this is not to say that the past year has left Ingrid untouched. It is only lately that she has begun to feel really well again. There are problems still, and the solution of most of these is inevitably in the hands of time. But Bergman is willing to look ahead today, something that was not equally true a year ago.

"It is like an illness you've gone through," Ingrid has said. "As time goes on, it recedes more and more into the past and you find you forget lots of things."

Perhaps the main reason Ingrid is able to forget, is that she is willing and anxious to get back to work. There was a time in her life when she said, and apparently meant it, that she was going to quit pictures for good. Although she now says she never meant to give up acting, it was so taken at the time. A constant flood of mail from all over the world has persuaded her that this is impossible.

And the decision to get back to work has further strengthened Ingrid. She has always been active, full of a variety of interests. The enforced solitude of her life after she became the hottest piece of front page copy in every paper in the world, left her with nothing to do but hide.

"I don't know what Ingrid was thinking of at that time of her life," a friend of hers has said. "Surely she didn't think that this was something the newspapers would not be interested in. I'd heard she was always pretty understanding about the work of newspapermen. Then she acted as though they had invaded her privacy, without right."

Ingrid does not want to look back today. Interestingly enough, her best friends continue to be writers and journalists. She talks freely with them about everything, except her motives in attempting to keep herself from the public gaze during a period when she obviously was bound to be big news.

Every so often one of these friends will disappoint Ingrid by filing a story that Roberto is a playboy because he has three cars, one a sharp Ferrari racer, and because he used to squire Marilyn Buferd, the former Miss America (who is making a nice career in Rome of having been just that) or Anna Magnani, the great Italian actress, around town. That a top director should have a hobby collecting cars seems no more strange than that he should have a couple of race-horses; and that he should not have been exactly starving for female companionship before he got married ought to be taken for granted. But it's all in the way it's presented, of course. And even though the past year has seen at least two friends of the Rossellinis make a good deal of this, Ingrid still refuses to be angry or bitter about it.

"I guess there are some people you just have to learn about the hard way."

Was she ever bitter, however, or was there anything that hurt her during all the days when she regarded American public opinion as dead-set against her? "Yes, one thing," Ingrid has said. "Talk that I abandoned Pia." When she even says the word *abandoned* you can feel the quotation marks around it.

"It wasn't true of course. I talked to Pia on the telephone all the time. I wrote to her. She wrote to me. Even when the court business was settled and I got half-custody, I thought at once of more than just seeing Pia. I thought of what would be best for her, to help her make the adjustment to a new kind of life. Far from being abandoned, Pia was in my thoughts all the time, every minute. Pia knows that."

The one thing that still troubles Ingrid is her separation from Pia. They were a deeply devoted mother and daughter and what happened did so in a way that no 12-year-old can understand. There is,

ineyitably, a feeling of guilt attached to leaving a child to whom one has been so close, despite the frequency of letters or telephone calls. One does not have to talk long to Ingrid to realize she still possesses this normal fear that her daughter may think she "let her down."

Ingrid is looking forward to the coming summer when she may spend the first months she's been able to with Pia since she left California almost two years ago to make *Stromboli*. At the moment of this writing, it is clear that Ingrid isn't absolutely sure that she will be allowed to see Pia. She will move heaven and earth to spend time with her. But she doesn't want to make her daughter a pawn in a game between two people who have differences quite apart from the child.

"Don't say anything to hurt Pia or Peter," she will urge a writer. "They have suffered enough."

A mutual friend of Ingrid and her ex-husband tells of when Ingrid received no message from Pia. Ingrid, of course, had dispatched the usual number of Christmas gifts to her daughter, mailed well enough in advance to reach her in time. But, says the friend, Ingrid never received an acknowledgment that the packages had arrived, and she began to fret. She did not want her daughter to think that her mother had forgotten her on this, their first Christmas apart.

When Ingrid telephoned Pia, the friend says, there was difficulty getting through. This further distressed Ingrid. Were they simply refusing to talk to her? Wouldn't they even come to the telephone? Were they deliberately attempting to keep her from Pia, somehow to poison the child's mind against her?

What actually happened was that Pia and Dr. Lindstrom had gone out of town. But at the six or seven-thousand mile re-

Italian film fan magazines charge for all publicity. A cover on one of the mags costs the star $65 (40,000 lire). The only star who gets free space is Ingrid Bergman.

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

move that Rome is from California, this is one of the things you never imagine. Finally, in the rush of Christmas mail, messages came from Pia—and Ingrid knew her fears had been groundless.

That rush of Christmas mail also proved something else to Ingrid. Before last Christmas she wasn't very sure how well she stood with her American public. She read nothing but the newspapers and, inevitably, conceived the notion that everybody hated her. Why else should they "hound" her at this time of her life?

But last Christmas' mail forced her to change her mind. The Italian post office had to put on special men to handle the mountain of cards and letters she received from people in America who sent encouraging and reassuring messages.

No American producer of any consequence who passes through Rome fails to make a proposal that Ingrid do a picture for him.

"I guess I'm not quite as washed up as I feared I was," she has said ruefully.

She and Rossellini, by the time this appears, should have begun work on a picture called *Europe, 1951*, in France. The new picture appears to be of a style quite new for Rossellini, a "problem" picture as Hollywood calls them, with a fairly involved plot. In it Ingrid plays the mother of a young son who, troubled by the plight of the modern world, appears to think he has no alternative but suicide. Her relationship to her son, to a man to whom her son has turned, and to her husband make up the core of the story. But where *Stromboli*, the American version of which, incidentally, Rossellini regards as a horror—was shot "off the cuff," largely without a real script, the new picture will probably get a real script. Talking about the picture, it becomes pretty clear that Ingrid is anxious to start acting again.

She is not only obviously in love with Roberto Rossellini, but regards him as the most creative film-maker with whom she has ever worked. She has a tremendous respect for Alfred Hitchcock, and the late Victor Fleming, but to her, neither possessed Rossellini's creative flair.

Ingrid and her husband have minor differences, as actress and producer. He likes to "ad lib" his stories and his scenes. She is a careful actress who knows her part long before she faces the camera. They appear to have hit on a compromise for *Europe, 1951*. This picture should prove even more interesting than the original version of *Stromboli* because it will be a kind of collaboration.

But the most important reason for Ingrid's present happiness is a blue-eyed, blond-haired, one-year-old lad named Robertino. He is a quick, alert child who gazes, smiling, at strangers until he decides he does not like what he sees, and then starts to bawl. On being picked up by his mother, the tears turn to smiles.

Watching Ingrid Bergman hold that child in her arms, you can be absolutely certain that she is happy—so happy that she has no time for regrets about what she has done. Bergman, today, is anxious to go back to work on a full-time basis, pleased in the knowledge that the public still wants her. THE END

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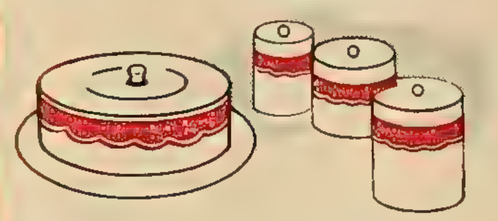
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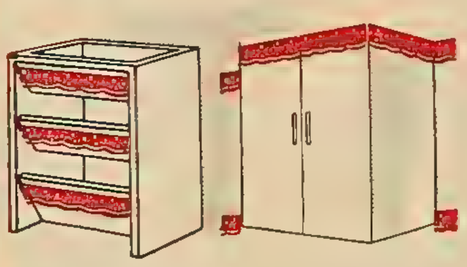


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to each his own

(*Continued from page 62*) courage in them all. None of them ever tries to escape from reality.

Incidentally, I believe that a man can be deeply religious without ever attending a church or synagogue. I admire and respect those who go to church regularly, if in their daily lives they try to practice the things they accept spiritually when they attend church. But I have no respect at all for anyone who attends a place of worship every week, and then on weekdays violates every tenet of the religion in which he pretends to believe.

If, when they're old enough to think about it, my son, David, who is seven, or my daughter, Julie, who is five, were ever to ask me, "Daddy, what's God?" I would say, "Many people have different ideas about Him. But I think God is essentially a way of living—a philosophy of life. In the final analysis, God is within yourself."

When I attend a synagogue, I do so mostly because of the beauty of the music and because, in a sense, religion does have something to do with traditions. I collect records of the great cantorial songs for sentimental reasons. The cornerstone of my philosophy is a belief in the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Sometimes, because I have tried to follow this rule quite literally, I have been considered peculiar.

For instance, a friend of mine, a playwright, asked me to come backstage to see him the night of the opening of one of his plays. When I came back with a mutual friend, the playwright asked me what I thought of his play. It was not good, and I told him so. Our mutual friend kept kicking me in the legs while I explained why the play didn't appeal to me.

When we got outside, he said, "Didn't you realize you hurt his feelings?"

"What was I supposed to do—lie to him to make him feel better?" I countered.

I had literally followed the Golden Rule. In a similar situation, I would expect honesty from my friends. Sometimes the truth hurts, but in the end it is less brutal than an untruth; for if you have been fed a lot of pleasant lies, the truth, when you learn it, hurts all the more.

I REMEMBER that in 1940 I appeared in a play called *Heavenly Express*. I was greatly infatuated with it, and thought I gave a pretty exciting performance. Backstage after the opening, Robbie, my wife, told me the truth. "Julie," she said, "your acting smelled up the place."

I was hurt momentarily, but out of that experience I learned that my wife would always level with me. Obviously she followed the Golden Rule, for she wants similar honesty from me.

The philosophy of the Golden Rule is true, regardless of whether there is an after-life or not. It would be presumptuous on my part to say whether or not there is such a thing as immortality. Who knows? I find it hard to believe in heaven or hell as definite, specific places to which we will go after death. I do believe, however, that the spirits of all good people do survive, among those who knew and loved them.

I think that prayer is helpful to some people, especially in a crisis. Most people are apt to pray when the going gets rough.

I remember during the war when I was going overseas with another entertainer. We had to fly low, and there was danger of submarines hitting at us. This fellow was a Catholic, and he took out his rosary to pray. "Throw a prayer in for me, too, kid," I said half-jestingly. He did.

One of the engines conked out in the middle of the Atlantic. Turning to one of the soldiers in the plane, I asked, "What happens if the plane conks out completely?"

"You don't have to worry," he said. "If that happens, we'll drown in a minute and a half."

I began to sweat. The Catholic entertainer with me began to pray.

When the whole experience was over, I thought, "Maybe this guy's prayers really brought us through."

In Naples when they were bombing us, he took out his rosary and prayed. Again he prayed for me, too. Death came very close to both of us that day. And I have often thought, "Perhaps I'm here today, because while I was merely fearful, he prayed."

I SHALL not try to force my religion upon my children. When other children are going to Sunday school and they want to go, I'll send them to whatever school they choose that will give them a reasonable interpretation of God. I hope that they will discover some form of religious belief which helps them. I believe that the religion which one finds for oneself is far deeper-rooted than any which is thrust upon one.

I would no more try to force my son to follow my religious beliefs than I would try to force him to become an actor because I'm one. In fact, at Christmas time, I took him to a small church in New York to see the Christmas High Mass. To him it was a beautiful spectacle. When he asked me questions about it, I said, "Well, that's the way one group of people believe. That's the way they pray. That's why this country is interesting and great—because everybody can pray in his own way. There are other people in other groups who go to other kinds of churches and to synagogues to pray in their way. No one stops them. If ever the time comes when someone tries to stop people from praying in the way they want to in this country, then we'll really be in trouble."

I'm not sure if David understood everything I was saying, but these are the things I'll keep telling him as he grows up. And I believe he will be one of many Americans who grows up knowing that it is all right for him to believe whatever he does believe, and to pray and worship as he sees fit. I hope, too, that if David ever has to face a great crisis, he will find enough faith in himself as a person to meet it; and enough faith in his heritage as an American to fight for his right to freedom of worship, if anyone ever tries to take it from him. THE END

(*John Garfield can be seen in* He Ran All The Way, *co-starring Shelley Winters.*)

---

answers to bert parks' quiz on page 78

1. "and the gold of her hair crowns the blue of her eyes with a halo tenderly"
2. The Groaner
   Mr. Music
   Der Bingle and
   Harry Lillis Crosby
3. Gonzaga is the university Bing attended in Spokane, Washington.
4. *The Road to Zanzibar*
   The Road to Rio
   The Road to Singapore
   The Road to Utopia
   The Road to Morocco
5. Everett, Larry, Bing, and Bob
   Gary, Philip, Dennis (twins), and Lindsay

the iron man?

(*Continued from page 57*) leader of men.

Jeff has a sort of noble presence, an invulnerable dignity which imparts power to his performances. His unusual height—six-feet-four inches—helps give that impression, but is only a minor factor. Strangely enough, he claims that his height has given him an inferiority complex, because people always expect so much from big men.

As an only child, and the victim of divorced parents, Jeff was coddled by his mother. Rigorous sports were denied him because she was afraid he would injure himself. By the time he was 15, he already felt embarrassed by the demands made on his behavior because of his height. But this was the year when he was given the first and *last* beating of his life.

As president of a school club he was conducting a meeting when it was interrupted by half a dozen hoodlums. Jeff knew it was his place to quell the riot. He stepped up to the noisy kids and told them to leave.

"Yeah?" sneered their leader. "Give us a reason!"

"Because you're a bunch of jerks," said Jeff, with a bravado he hardly felt.

"Say that again, big boy," demanded the other kid.

Jeff said it again. Perhaps if he'd been a little guy, the others would have given him some help. But he was the tallest boy in the school, and his classmates expected him to take command. All six of the gang hit him at once, and when, at last, he got to his feet he was a sorry sight.

He telephoned his father the next day. "I need your help, Dad," he said. "I want you to teach me how to use my fists."

His father only laughed at him. To this day Jeff doesn't know why, but he supposes his father, too, expected him to be everything a man should be simply because he was big. In the following years Jeff had to work things out for himself. He found that if he made up his mind about something and then stuck to his guns, people seemed satisfied that he was living up to his size.

The only trouble was that Jeff often went down the wrong alley when making his decisions; and many times his plan has backfired.

THIS singleness of purpose made itself evident when he was still a younster, even before he was beaten by the intruders at school. Susan Hayward attended that same school in Flatbush, and because she was as pretty then as she is now, it was only natural that the ten-year-old Jeff decided that Susan was his dish. Any other boy would probably have managed a seat near her in the classroom, and been satisfied with that, but Jeff chose a more devious path. Susan was even then determined to be a movie star and was playing leads in school dramatics, so Jeff decided he would be an actor. For two years he hovered in the background of the stage, and then one day got his big opportunity. He was to play opposite Susan in a musical, and no kid ever quivered as much as Jeff did the day he went to school for his tryout. Susan was to be a daisy in this production and Jeff was going to be a tree; and he dreamed hopefully that perhaps there would be something in the script about the tree putting its branches around the daisy. But that was the day his voice decided to change, and when one half of the song came out in tenor and the other half in bass, Miss Rappaport looked at him sadly. Although Miss Rappaport was his second love, she knew of his adoration for Susan, for he had taken her into his confidence.



For the skin that feels "uncomfortable" in a **heavy** foundation...



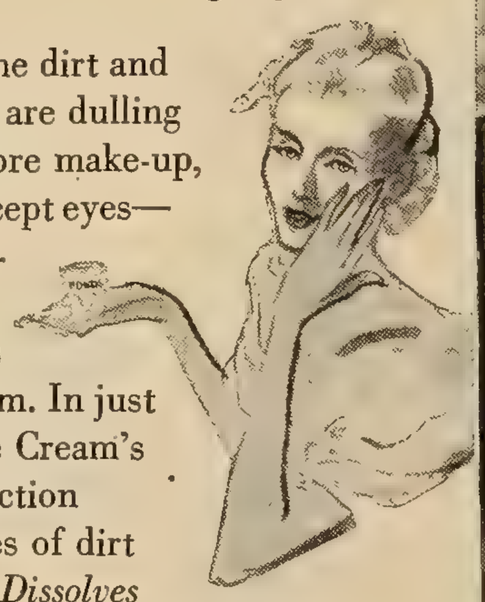
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"A powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream meets my needs perfectly," says this serenely beautiful princess. "It never looks 'obvious,' and best of all, my powder stays on so much longer when I use this lovely, sheer base."

"I'm afraid," she said, "that we'll have to give the part to another boy. Somebody whose voice is still topside."

Jeff managed, however, to finally gain the notice of Susan. He was given the job of stage manager for the production, and during the performance learned that Susan had a headache. He ran three blocks to the nearest drugstore and spent his weekly twenty-five cent allowance for a box of aspirin. After Susan graciously accepted an aspirin from him between the second act and final curtain, he went home and wrote a very bad poem about the limpid green of her eyes.

His worship for Susan subsided with the years, and so did the days at ivy covered P. S. 181. When Jeff graduated from high school his father gave him a chance at further schooling. Because his son had shown talent in both art and dramatics, he gave him his choice of career.

"How much are the different courses?" Jeff asked.

"Two hundred for the art school, and five hundred for the dramatic school," said his father. "But don't let the cost influence you. I want you to choose the one you really want."

JEFF really wanted dramatics, but he decided to go easy on his father's wallet. If he went to art school, he reasoned, he could make a lot of money after graduation, and then could afford to send himself through dramatic school. It was the wrong alley again, but Jeff stuck to it. After finishing his art course he landed a job at Montgomery Ward making advertising layouts, and learned almost immediately that commercial art wouldn't net him a quick fortune. His salary was rock bottom.

"I'm going to quit," he announced to his co-workers.

"But look, kid," they said. "You're fresh out of school, and naturally you don't make as much as we do. You haven't the experience."

But he'd said he'd quit, and he did. Not long after joining the ranks of the unemployed, he visited Faegin's Dramatic School, walked right up to one of the big shots, and requested a scholarship. The procedure was unheard of—students work for years before they are granted scholarships—but Jeff figured he was big and he'd act like people expected him to. His pluck paid off, perhaps passing for determination, for he finally did get a scholarship. From there he joined the Millpond Players on Long Island. He was launched on his career as an actor.

At Millpond he met Bill Bryan, the closest thing he ever had to a brother, and soon the two men had formed a stock company of their own.

"Tell you what," Jeff said one day. "I'm going out to Hollywood and be a movie star."

"Hold on!" said Bill. "You don't do it just like *that*, you know."

But that was in 1940, and although Pearl Harbor hadn't yet been attacked, everyone could tell something was about to pop. Bill and Jeff decided to get into the service early so that they'd have a chance to choose assignments.

Jeff's father took a dim view of his son's chances in the service, and soon after war had been declared wrote him a cheering letter. "Dear son," it read. "Don't worry about the war. With you in the army it will soon be over. You never did hold a job very long."

This was one time that Jeff was right. The war lasted a long time, and he was in it for five years. He started out in the cavalry, for no particular reason, except that Bill was an excellent horseman.

"Cavalry all right with you?" Bill had asked him.

"Sure, sure," said Jeff, agreeably.

When they arrived at Fort Riley Bill couldn't wait to see the horses. Jeff trudged along with him to the stables. A horse stuck its head over the fence and Bill went into a long conversation with it.

"Is it all right if I touch him?" said Jeff.

Bill looked at him in amazement. "Of course you can touch him. What the devil's wrong with you?"

"This is the nearest I've ever been to a horse in my life," said Jeff.

When Bill had recovered, he asked Jeff why he had agreed, under the circumstances, to join the cavalry.

Jeff shrugged. "You wanted to—so I wanted to. And as long as I didn't tell anybody about it, nobody could tell me I was crazy."

It was a slow and painful process, but Jeff learned to ride. He never learned to love horses the way Bill did, but anyone seeing him in a saddle wouldn't have known it.

ONCE UPON A TIME!

Boris Karloff was a farmhand in Vancouver, B. C.—probably doubling as a scarecrow . . . Greta Garbo was a "lather girl" in a Swedish barber shop . . . Bing Crosby once ushered at boxing matches and served as janitor at a men's club . . . Lou Costello was a stunt man . . . Burt Lancaster was a lingerie salesman (no wonder he quit to join a circus) . . . Errol Flynn was a bottle tester in a soft-drink plant . . . Cary Grant was an advertising stilt walker . . . Barbara Stanwyck was a bundle wrapper and later a bathing-suit model.

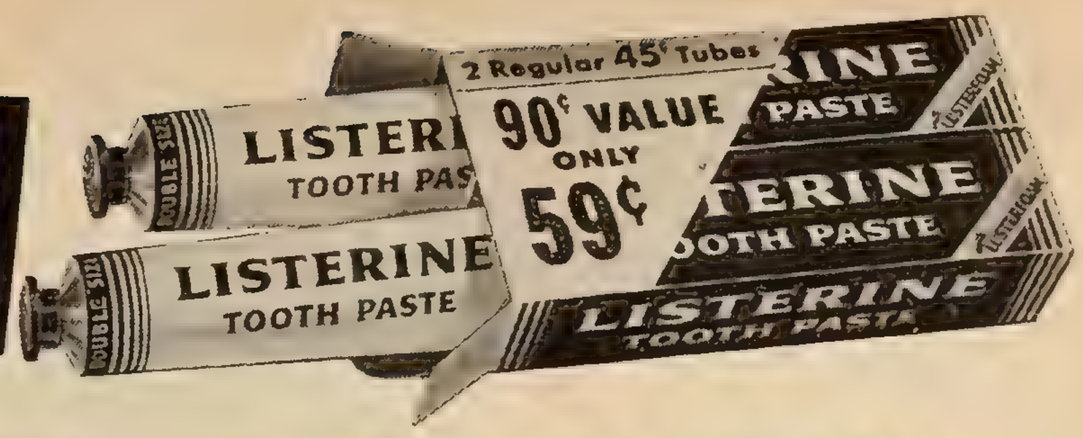
Hy Gardner's "Early Bird On Broadway" in The New York Herald Tribune

Jeff was eventually sent to the Pacific. In 1945, he was back in California, at Fort Ord, awaiting his discharge, and it was during this period that he decided he would tackle Hollywood. He figured it would be quite simple; he'd merely tell them about his dramatic experience and they would give him a job. He hoped it would be a good one, because he'd fallen in love with Marjorie Hoshelle, and he thought a movie star's salary would be a likely sum with which to start married life. He made an appointment with a Hollywood agent, and decided to hitchhike because thumb waving was faster than the devious railroad service. In the early hours of the morning he was given a ride by some benign soul who shortly afterwards steered into a head-on collision. Jeff woke up sitting on a fender, and his head felt as though it had been inside a cement mixer. They took him back to Santa Barbara where they shaved his head and did quite a bit of embroidery on his skull. In Hollywood, weeks later, Jeff saw the agent in a restaurant and the man passed him by as though he had the bubonic plague.

By the time Jeff's hair had reappeared his last dollar had grown wings. He thought perhaps he should start an apprenticeship in the plumbing trade, or paint thumbtacks—anything to earn a living. But he couldn't give up the idea of acting.

When he finally landed a couple of small jobs in radio, he and Marge went to a Justice of the Peace, and from there to a little apartment, sparsely furnished with orange crates. Jeff went on with his struggle to get somewhere in Hollywood. Radio jobs kept coming in, due in part to one producer's secretary, a girl who was six feet tall. Envisioning a possible future dancing partner, she went to bat for Jeff on every possible occasion, and soon the

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orange crates were replaced by softer items of furniture. His first movie work came with an important part in *Sword in the Desert.* After that he made an appointment with Jules Blaustein and Delmer Daves, the men who were going to make *Broken Arrow.* They were looking for a man to play Cochise, the Apache chief, and Jeff realized that if he could land this part, it would be his big break. He figured that his attitude during the interview should be nonchalant, that he should repress all signs of anxiety.

When he was ushered into the plush office and seated in the middle of the room he found it difficult to be nonchalant. Blaustein and Daves stared at him silently a full five minutes, the former squinting, and the latter cocking his head from side to side.

"Would you mind if I crawled up the wall?" Jeff said.

They laughed and apologized, explaining that they were trying to decide if Jeff looked too typically American to portray an Indian.

"If you ask me," said Jeff, "nobody could look more typically American than an Indian."

They didn't laugh at that one, and Jeff decided to let the wheels grind in silence.

He got the part, of course, and he worried a great deal about it. How did an Indian chief carry himself? How did he speak? Was his voice at all guttural? Director Daves settled the whole problem with one simple instruction.

"Just be natural," he told Jeff. "You have a good body and a good voice, and if you'll just be yourself you'll have the necessary dignity."

Jeff gave the impression not only of dignity, but also of a man who knew what he wanted and went after it in no uncertain terms. When the fan mail began pouring in, it came from as many men as women, from people in all walks of life. It proved that Jeff Chandler has the universal appeal of a strong man.

His wife says that the quality, whatever it is, can pass politely as determination. If Jeff decides that a thing must be done a certain way, fire, high water, or other people's advice won't stop him. But if a subject is new to him he will swallow advice like a lamb, and then strive for perfection. This is currently being demonstrated in his new picture, *The Iron Man,* where he plays a boxer. For this role Jeff learned, scientifically, the art of self-defense.

There is one character, however, who could push Jeff Chandler over a cliff if she felt so inclined. This is Jamie, his four-year-old daughter, and running a close second is his younger daughter Dana, who at the age of two doesn't yet know her own strength. Jamie does. She spends her days artfully winding her father around her little finger. One night he was reading her "The Three Little Pigs" as a bedtime story, and happened to omit a line of dialogue. Jamie looked at him in disgust.

"That's not right, Daddy," she said. "That's where the wolf comes and says he'll blow the house down."

Jeff raised an eyebrow. "Who's reading this story?" he said.

"You, Daddy, but you left out something."

"You're mistaken," said Mr. Chandler, who at 32 feels he knows "The Three Little Pigs" backwards and forwards. And then his eye fell on the neglected line of print, and his face betrayed him.

"There!" said Jamie triumphantly. "You look as though you've found it."

"Well—" said Jeff lamely, and then cleared his throat. "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down."

Now there, indeed, is a man of iron!

THE END

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Look for this special Sale Package

Helene Curtis

foremost name in hair beauty

the truth about my feuds

(*Continued from page 33*) suicide. That Rex had been her good friend we all knew. I had talked with Carole shortly before I left for Europe, and she had told me of her great friendship for Harrison. I had known Carole a long time and was very fond of her.

I cabled my syndicate stories about Carole, but was always very careful not to mention Rex in any unpleasant way. He was also helped through this difficult time by Darryl Zanuck's entire 20th Century-Fox publicity department.

So what does Mr. Harrison do? First, he goes to Canada and makes a speech in which he excoriates me and all other Hollywood columnists. The very people who had protected him, he called "the most evil influence" in Hollywood.

And this did not end Mr. Harrison's tirade. Oh, no—he wasn't content to let it die. Several years later, he wrote a series of articles for a London magazine in which he harpooned Hollywood with silly assertions like "butlers there arrive for work in Cadillacs." He also stated that he could never get five minutes alone with head man Darryl Zanuck, and was forced to make pictures he didn't like. These may not be his exact words—but it's the gist of it—this and unflattering things about Hollywood and its people.

But the *most* untruthful story he recounted was his distorted version of an incident long since forgotten between Gene Tierney and myself. As Harrison told it, we were all guests at a dinner party and our host, kindly Gary Cooper, asked Gene to leave his home because she had annoyed me!

Rex said it made him sick to his stomach, all the bowing and scraping and "fear" of me at the Coopers. No, he didn't actually mention names, but he didn't need to.

What actually happened was this: I was in truth annoyed with Gene for good reason. I thought she had done a very unethical thing (unethical in newspaper circles) and I'm a girl who speaks her mind about such matters. As we met face to face, I promptly told her off!

My quarrel with glamorous Gene was based on a "news" story. I had had the inside tip that although she and Oleg Cassini had separated, and she had obtained her interlocutory divorce decree, they had secretly reconciled and were expecting a baby. That's a good dramatic story with a lot of reader appeal, and as I *knew* it was all true, I could have broadcast and printed the news without calling Gene. But, as always, I checked my facts to make doubly sure.

I called Gene and told her what I knew. She very simply said, "It's all true." I thanked her, and asked her to keep it exclusive for me. It's an unwritten law in the newspaper game that "the story" belongs to the fellow who gets it.

That night, at Rocky and Gary Cooper's dinner dance, I walked over to the table where Gene was sitting and told her how glad I was that she and Oleg had refound their happiness; and I also thanked her for being so honest with me.

Gene looked at me with those great big beautiful eyes and said, "Oh, as soon as *you* telephoned and I knew you had the story, I gave it to another reporter on a rival syndicate. I can't afford to antagonize anyone, you know."

Oh, *no!* Well, she had antagonized *me*—and how! I swear, for a moment, I saw red. I was so mad I couldn't see straight, and la Tierney knew exactly how blazing mad I was. When I'm mad (particularly when I feel I'm justified) I do not simmer or boil. I explode!

I might add that Gene has a temper almost as good as mine. If I had started the fracas, Miss Tierney most certainly finished it when we met in the hallway as we were departing. She told me off, doing as thorough a job as I had done earlier. But, as far as Gary's asking her to leave—that's applesauce!

It was a beautiful battle which Gene and I have both forgotten long since. Fortunately for Gene (and me) the reporter she had tipped to my story was too inexperienced to telephone the news to her paper immediately, and after a short dash to my telephone, the "scoop" was all mine after all.

All was well that ended well, and as far as Miss T. and Miss P. were concerned the incident was closed. But not to Rex Harrison who insinuated that I had *demanded* that Gene be ordered to leave the party; a request (he said) the host was "too spineless" to ignore. After that, Harrison piously concluded, he did not want ever to attend any parties where columnists were present. So with that, he took on the *entire* Hollywood press!

And that's that for Rex Harrison and Gene Tierney.

The amusing thing about my "feud" with James Mason is that we never exchanged a harsh word when we formerly met at Hollywood parties.

We don't meet any more. Mr. Mason fixed that. When one of my closest friends, Joan Bennett, gave a farewell dinner party for Mason and his wife just before they



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left for England last fall, he requested that my name be omitted from the guest list.

Joan, thoroughly surprised, asked, "Why?"

Mason said it was because of uncomplimentary things I had printed about him.

I have also printed some very nice things about him—but I suppose that doesn't count. I had taken him and Pamela to a party in New York, and had supper with them at the Stork. In fact, I had always admired him as an actor in English pictures, and would probably have continued to do so until Mason (who had never been to Hollywood) chose to write an article about Hollywood, blasting my home town in a national magazine.

I thought it was utterly ridiculous for a man who had never set foot inside the Los Angeles city limits to make such an attack—and I said so. I still think so, even though Mr. Mason and his wife Pamela, and their assorted cats have since settled here and are crazy about the life.

My point is, why didn't he find out about us before he made harmful attacks on the world capital of the movies?

But that's yesterday's squabble. So let's forget it.

I HAVE saved Orson Welles for the last of my "major" dislikes because he is the one with whom I never expect to smoke the pipe of peace. On one horrible occasion since the beginning of my vendetta, I was forced to sit next to Welles at a dinner party given by Evelyn Walsh McLean when she was living in Beverly Hills.

Orson was then married to Rita Hayworth; and Rita's agonized look when she saw what the hostess had done in the seating arrangements would have moved a heart of stone!

I adore Rita and I couldn't bear that stricken look on her face. So Welles and I sat side by side, munching our food and exchanging the necessary amenities during that entire embarrassing meal. Oh, well—if it wasn't so peppy socially, I suppose it aided digestion.

My anger at Welles stems from a deliberate lie he told me. If there's one thing I hate, it's for a person to be dishonest with me.

Many years back, I had heard that Welles was making a picture about someone I love very much. I telephoned to ask him if this were true. He said (and I shall remember his words always), "It couldn't be farther from the truth. It has nothing to do with that person, and it's about an entirely different character."

Then he called three other well known film critics and showed them the picture, which was so shocking to one of them, a friend of mine, that he called and said, "Do you know what this picture is?"

I demanded to see the film. Flanked by two lawyers, I went to the studio to find out if my worst suspicions were true.

What I had to say to Orson Welles after I saw that picture was plenty—a barrage directed straight from my heart. I could not have been more shocked or unhappy. Welles tried to brazen it out by sending flowers and writing me notes—which were promptly sent back.

And from that day to this I have never forgiven him. I can take darts directed at me. I have felt the sting of many of them. But I cannot bear to see anyone I love hurt.

AND SO—there are the "major" feuds in my life. As for the lesser ones—well, many of them have been exaggerated out of all proportion, and some of them are completely untrue.

For instance, one of the most thoroughly publicized feuds never happened! I was supposed to be carrying an undying "mad" on Joan Crawford (who is one of my closest friends) because at the time the story of her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks Jr. broke, Joan had given it to a close friend for a magazine article, instead of to me for my newspaper syndicate.

What really happened was: Joan *had* promised the story of the break up of her marriage to Doug to Katherine Albert, her close friend, for a magazine article. (Katherine is the mother of Joan Evans who was named for Crawford.) I did not know this. But I had heard that the young Fairbanks were having trouble. I didn't believe it—but still I did not want to ignore the scoop.

So I called Joan and told her I was going to do a sympathetic story telling how the rumors about her and Doug were not true and that they were still very happy.

"Please don't do that," pleaded Joan. "Please don't print anything about how *happy* we are."

That was enough for Parsons. I got on my horse and went directly to Joan's house.

She admitted to me the truth—that she and Douglas were parting. Then, in a panic, she called the MGM studio to tell them what she had done. Where was Parsons? In another room, my friends, calling the "beat" in to my newspaper. We beat the world by two editions, and Katherine Albert's magazine yarn by several weeks.

How the story ever got around that I would never "forgive" Joan I shall never know. If ever there was a "feud" which did not exist, it is my "supposed" fracas with Miss Crawford, whom I happen to like very much.

Equally silly is the old one about Ginger Rogers and me. Oh, brother, were Ginger and I supposed to hate each other! We were said to be bitter enemies. There was so much printed about us, I almost began to believe there was some truth to it. But I could never get anyone to explain what Ginger and I were supposed to be hassling about. This nonsensical state of affairs went on for several very tedious years.

Finally, Ginger and I sat down and decided we were going to end this business once and for all. The funny part is—we had absolutely nothing to get off our chests!

So we had a good laugh about it, ending with my inviting Ginger to appear on my radio show. And later I did an interview with her in the paper, officially burying our non-existent hatchet.

THERE was more body to the misunderstanding that lasted a year or so between Corinne Calvet, the little French actress, and her "worst enemy"—as she looked on me. When Corinne was brought to this country by Paramount, she was given a big chance for which many girls would have slaved.

But instead of trying to learn English and improve herself, the pretty mademoiselle neglected her studies and dramatic lessons and was the belle of the nightclub circuit.

When Paramount let her go (highly impatient with her) I thought she was the most foolish girl in the world, and said so in my column. What a waste for a girl to throw away such a golden opportunity.

But being ignored by the studios and falling really in love were two developments which completely changed Corinne. John Bromfield, himself a fine actor, did much to bring about this change, for Corinne is madly in love with her handsome husband.

After she married him and got another movie chance with Hal Wallis, she became "Miss Diligence" herself. She also sent word that she would like to meet me.

I couldn't help being touched—she

seemed so childlike when she said, "I am glad you scolded me. I deserved it. But now I am different and I wish we could be friends."

"Then it isn't true," I laughed, "that you once said you'd like to put poison in my soup?"

"Ohhhhhh," she squealed, embarrassed. "Oh, no, that is not true *anymore!*"

Corinne was a darling when she appeared on my radio show and she made many friends—including me!

In closing, I want to say one thing about these Hollywood feuds—mine, or any others. In this town, as has often been pointed out, every little action is magnified. A simple little misunderstanding or a few words spoken in good old-fashioned temper are made to sound like a battle royal.

As I grow older, I realize you only hurt yourself by holding grudges and enmity against others.

Hollywood has so many vicious attacks from the outside, I think all of us in the industry should stick together as much as possible, and try to understand the other fellow's "side" of any problem.

This I shall try to do—until somebody does me "dirt" again! THE END

all for love

(*Continued from page 42*) Everyone in Hollywood wishes Judy happiness. She, more than any other person, deserves a break in her personal life. Yet, somehow, the feeling circulates that if and when she becomes Sid Luft's wife, she will be embarking on a marriage that cannot possibly last. A marriage, whose eventual dissolution may prove too much for Judy to bear.

Hollywood is jammed with jaded characters who specialize in cynicism and disillusionment, but in matters of love, these characters are usually hopeful. They've seen improbable marriages last, and they don't particularly like to prophesy gloom; but where Judy and Sid are concerned they are almost unanimously fearful of failure.

Sid Luft, better known to nightclubbers as "One-Punch Luft" because he's handy with his fists, is one of those personable young men who's been around Hollywood for years. He's 34, comes originally from New York, and served as a flying officer in the Canadian Air Force during World War II. Recently he was divorced from actress Lynn Bari, who says he is connected with a horse-racing business of sorts.

Charming, witty, and a great pilot, he has no special entertainment talent. Judy's former husbands, Dave Rose and Vincente Minnelli, possessed tremendous creative ability, but Sid Luft is essentially a businessman. He is probably a very shrewd and successful one, but the chances are that his income will not match Judy's.

Judy earns $5,000 a broadcast, $250,000 a picture, $20,000 a week for personal appearances. It is doubtful that Luft will top that.

A close friend of Judy says, "One of the reasons she was happy with Vincente Minnelli for a while was that she respected him not only as a man but as a director. When he directed her in *Meet Me in St. Louis* she was so taken by his sensitivity and understanding that she fell in love with him. Last year when *Summer Stock* and *Father of the Bride* were released, Judy went around town saying, 'Two of Metro's biggest grossers were turned out by the Minnellis.' She was very proud of that.

"I'm not saying that Sid Luft won't do something to make Judy proud of him. But certainly his past accomplishments don't indicate that his creative contributions will equal either Vincente's or Dave Rose's."

IT is rather difficult to track down Luft's past accomplishments. On August 3, 1941, when he signed up with the Canadian Air Force, a few Los Angeles newspapers ran his photograph and under it these words: "Pilot Officer Sidney Michael Luft, 24, of 856 Devon Avenue, has owned his own plane and chalked up 400 hours while working for a garage in Beverly Hills."

Two years later, Luft married Lynn Bari at the home of producer Bill Perlberg. It was a wartime marriage. Lynn was under contract to 20th Century-Fox at a good salary, and the marriage was reasonably happy.

Not long after, Lynn became pregnant, but three weeks before it was due, her child died.

Both Lynn and Sid were distraught, but their doctor told them that Mrs. Luft was still capable of bearing other children and advised them not to be discouraged.

The Lufts, however, weren't getting along any too well by then, and on May 27, 1947, Lynn Bari sued for divorce. She agreed to a reconciliation, however, and soon she was pregnant again.

After the birth of her son, John, she went back to work. Like most actresses she earned a good deal more money than her husband. Lynn toured the country in several stage attractions, and from time to time, Luft joined her on the road.

But when Lynn Bari returned to Hollywood last year, she decided to divorce Sid. She told the judge that he was not interested in maintaining a home, that he preferred to spend much of his time in night clubs.

"If I didn't want to go out in the evenings," she testified, "he'd say he was going out to get the morning papers and he'd remain away all night. He'd get home at 6:00 A.M. and when I asked where he'd been, he'd say 'I was out with the boys.'"

Lynn's petition for divorce from Luft also stated that he had used separate funds belonging to her to develop business interests "of which he now refuses to account to her."

Lynn also said that she had advanced her husband $16,000 in cash for an investment in a motion picture, and had later given him "her $13,000 equity in Coldwater Canyon property for the same purpose." She then charged that Luft had threatened to sell or mortgage the properties "in order to deprive her and their child of a share in the proceeds."

Lynn's complaint further asserted that Luft was currently associated with a horse-race enterprise and that his income was more than $2,500 a month.

The judge decided that Luft would have to pay $500 a month for one year for the support of his two-year-old son John; and $300 a month and 10% of his income thereafter.

At the time Sid started going out with Judy Garland, Lynn Bari said that he was behind on his support payments.

That is briefly Sid Luft's background in Hollywood.

Judy's is too well-known to bear repetition. Her chronic unhappiness, her childish attempt at suicide, her inferiority complex—all of these have been rehashed countless times, and there is no



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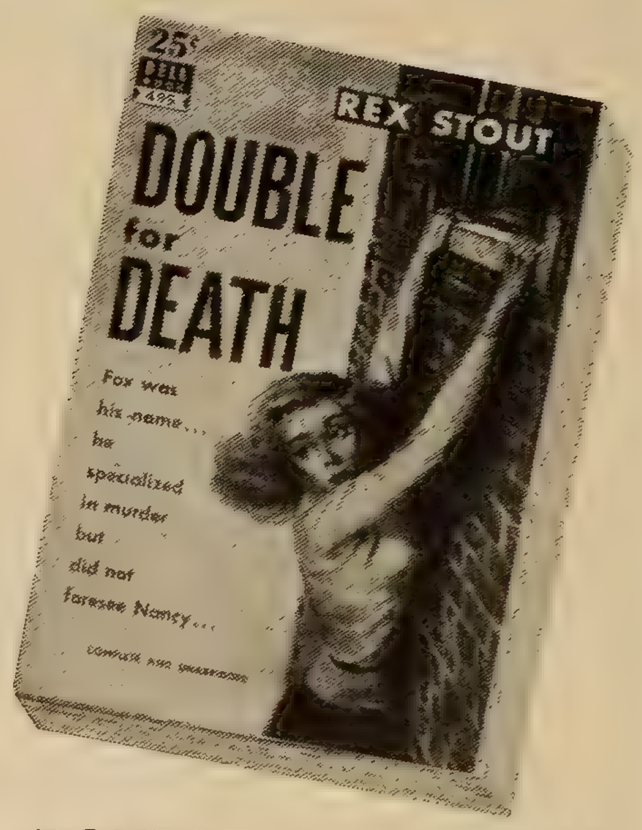
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The killer stalked his prey but the prey was another man's. . . .



DOUBLE for DEATH

by Rex Stout

Ridley Thorpe was murdered, or so police think, until he appears alive and healthy the day after his murder. But then who is the man who was killed in Thorpe's house? Could it have been his twin? Detectives begin hunting for a killer, not quite sure themselves whether the killer is still gunning for the real Ridley Thorpe. Then Thorpe is killed and the gun that killed the first victim is found in Thorpe's safe. Clues are such that a case may be built against many people, including one of the crack detectives working on the case.

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need to re-examine them here.

That Judy was unable to continue her marriage to Vincente Minnelli may be attributed to many factors, but the deciding one was that she no longer loved him.

Minnelli was a model husband, tolerant, understanding, hard-working—but the attraction he had for Judy simply faded.

Judy separated from Minnelli several times in the past few years, and on each occasion there was a reconciliation. But they could never recapture what they felt for each other in the days when he was directing her in *The Clock.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While visiting at Cape Cod, I took my little girls to see a train come into Falmouth Station. Because they were the only children in the vicinity, I knew the remark was made about my youngest when I heard someone say, "Look at that little girl's pretty curls." I was surprised to see it was Judy Garland—and with her was Sylvia Sidney!

Mrs. Ellsworth R. Wells
Hyde Park, Mass.

When Judy went to New York last year, she didn't go with Minnelli. She went with Myrtle Tully, her secretary. Vincente remained at work in California. Judy did the town with several attractive escorts, and everyone was quick to point out that Minnelli was the most broad-minded husband in the land. Actually, each had stopped caring for the other, and it didn't matter with whom they were being seen.

Judy told everyone that she would escort Vincente to Paris where he was scheduled to direct *An American in Paris,* but Minnelli never went, and Judy never escorted him. Instead, she entrained back to Hollywood, signed a new contract with the William Morris Agency, and began making guest appearances on the Bing Crosby radio show.

She also started being seen in public with Sid Luft. When reporters questioned her, she quickly denied any fondness for him and kept referring them to her marital status. Finally, she was seen so much with Luft that she was compelled to move out of the Minnellis' hillside house to the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Then it was out in the open. Judy was going to divorce Vincente Minnelli.

ORDINARILY, a girl is somewhat saddened when she makes that announcement, but the opposite was true of Judy. She was obviously in love with Luft, and she didn't care who knew it. People kept telling her that she was gaining too much weight, something she formerly worried about—but this time, she merely smiled. "Some people are born to be heavier than others," she said.

Today, Judy's in a better frame of mind than she has been in years. She knows she's desirable to Luft, and that she's desirable to the public. To be thus wanted has been the need of her life.

Whether she and Sid Luft will be permanently happy together, or whether their love will flicker out—no one can really say. Although too many observers anticipate the latter situation, it is in Judy's favor that observers were equally distressed when Bing married Dixie, Spencer Tracy married Louise Treadwell, and Alan Ladd married Sue Carol. THE END

mother knows plenty!

(*Continued from page 48*) do need a trip to New York."

Before another week had passed, Jeanne was curled up happily in a drawing room on the Chief, rattling East, and so—against his better judgment—was the man she loved. And if Paul was hopping off at Pasadena, Albuquerque, Kansas City, Chicago and points en route to send frantic business wires, Mrs. Brinkman nursed no such cares in her pretty head. She had visions of glamor gowns, theaters, smart cafés and dancing until dawn. This was a reaction; Jeanne was off on a glamor whirl. Paul knew it was important medicine for her.

Every now and then, and especially after some temporarily restraining hiatus in her life—whether it's an unattractive movie getup, or the antiseptic business of having a baby—Jeanne Crain spins off on the wings of an irresistible urge for excitement. For a week or more she can be Jeanne Crain, which is to say, an Irish redhead, a dramatic, exciting gal, and a lady, by the way, understood by too few people.

Last year for instance, Jeanne was barely home from the hospital with Timothy Peter when she ripped open her bid to Hollywood's annual Press Photographers' Ball, a star-spangled shilly where almost anything goes.

"Look—it says the theme's 'Your Secret Desire'!" she told Paul excitedly. "Well, *you're* my secret desire—and you know how I've always pictured you—secretly? As a sheik!"

Paul is dark, handsome, and dashing, of course, but at that point he was also the brand new father of his third son and he felt his responsibility and—well—dignity. He wasn't particularly in the mood to wear white sheets and a turban.

"Tell me—how will a sheik match up with a madonna?" he wanted to know.

"Don't be out of date," said Jeanne. "I'm not wearing my halo any more. I'll be your harem slave, Great One." She'd worked hard enough, Allah knew, getting her figure back with all those exercises and, well, she sort of wanted to show it off.

So, with Timothy only six weeks old, Jeanne glided into the ball with beaded bra, bare midriff, and daring diaphanous trousers that invited a view of two of the trimmest supports in Hollywood. When they saw who she was, the flash bulb boys gasped, and Hollywood's envious females were properly shocked. Jeanne had the time of her life.

Nobody expects things like that from Jeanne Crain, and when they happen right out in public no one seems to believe it. Only recently Jeanne took the breath away from as breezy a gal as Hedda Hopper, at a party which Director Jean Negulesco tossed after winding up *Take Care of My Little Girl*. Nobody needed to take care of Jeanne that night; she took care of herself. She swept in, wearing a deep-dipping black blouse and a shocking pink circus skirt, around which she'd sewn glittering clown faces—only they weren't really clown faces. They were daring caricatures which she'd cut out herself, cartoons of the guests present, including Hedda.

THE legendary girl you sometimes feel like pasting on a lace Valentine—the ingenuous Jeanne Crain, who at 25 and thrice a mother can still play a teen-ager more than convincingly, is only an actress—period. She's a good one, a mighty lucky and satisfied one, but no resemblance exists between the screen Jeanne and the real Jeanne. The warm flesh-and-blood Jeannie is smooth, smart, sexy, sophisticated, and sometimes shock-

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ingly unconventional in her behavior.

On her last trip to New York, Jeanne arrived lugging a Hawaiian guitar case, because at that time she was taking lessons from her Island friend, Sam Koki, and she didn't want to lose her touch. In Grand Central Station the reporters and news cameramen spotted it pronto. "What's the act?" they demanded. "You can't play that thing, can you?"

"I sure can," fired back Jeanne. "Want to hear?" So while the crowds gathered and gawked, she plopped down on her suitcase and whanged out "The Blue-Tailed Fly"—right in the Grand Concourse. Then she hustled out to a cab, and with Paul grinning and shaking his head, zoomed off to her hotel. But, of course, Paul Brinkman knows by now he can expect practically anything from his beautifully unpredictable bride. After all, their romance wasn't exactly out of Emily Post.

What other star ever found her true loving husband by letting him chase her through city traffic for her license number so he could call up, make a date, and marry her? What other Hollywood star—and a new one at that—would dare keep her marriage a deep, dark secret from her own publicity department, even though she worked up until an hour before she went for the license? Who in the nice Niagara Falls set would choose bleak Death Valley for a honeymoon? And what other brand new mama would dare feel the compelling urge to bring home a half-grown lioness cub from a circus party—just because he licked her hand—and keep it prowling around the place until the neighbors called the cops?

Jeanne Crain lives as she darned pleases. And she lives in the most dramatic setting of any star in Hollywood. Jeanne and Paul, with the assistance of architects, planned it together. "We saw eye to eye," they both say, "we knew what we wanted—and we got it." They certainly did. The result is what said architects call "interesting," but "thrilling" is an even better word.

No photograph yet developed can catch the dramatic feel of that eyrie, or how it fits the glamor pair who live there. Snuggling into the beige hillside, it's white topped, strikingly modern, planted on seven acres of precipitous mountain with a framed view of everything. Maybe you're hep to the stunning color accents of gray-greens, bright reds, golds and chartreuses that Jeanne has splashed here and there to delight the unconventional eye. Perhaps you've heard of the rows upon rows of romantic travel books and exciting biographies (she's a heavy reader) that line the shelves, the big tropical plant that spears up out of nowhere, the huge fieldstone fireplace, and the rough-hewn ceiling of pink, lavender and green.

But if you haven't stood by the glass at sunset and seen the big jacaranda tree shower a purple carpet of blossoms right up to the pool, and watched the city lights burn up the valley, then you'll never know what a breathtaking, disturbing place it is—and yet peaceful and perfect for a girl who always wanted to paint, and a guy who likes to build. And when Paul, Jr. races in tagged by Mike Anthony, and Jeanne brings in Timmy and lets them all scoot wherever they please, that's something too—but that's also another thing.

Jeanne is a mother, all right, and a good one. Five years, three baby boys. ("Lucky me—with all the men around!" she cracks.) She loves them, takes care of them, wants more of them. But she's no lace draped picture of Whistler's Mother.

Jeanne is a modern mother—and you can sing no sad lullabies for her. She's enjoyed every baby, before birth and after. She's enjoyed herself too, and she has never let being pregnant slow her down—either as a woman or as a film star.

Jeanne plunged right into *Pinky* less than six weeks after Michael was born. Ethel Barrymore called her "the most vibrant young actress I've met." While she was carrying Michael the Brinkmans' annual, super-sentimental New Year's Eve anniversary party rolled up. Paul looked dubiously at her outsized figure; Mike was due in exactly one month. "Maybe we'd better skip it, Doll—" he began. "We'd better *not*," vetoed Jeanne. She not only made the party, but a purple satin maternity gown to wear there.

The evening before Paul Frederick was born Jeanne stepped out to dinner, a show, and a hot fudge orgy afterwards, just making last-minute hospital connections with the stork. After Timmy came Paul asked Jeanne, "What do you want for the baby, Doll?"

"An ermine coat," said Jeanne. "But not for the baby doll—for *this* doll!" She got one—full length—which she broke out at the premiere of *All About Eve*, and a party afterwards.

One of the funniest sights Paul remembers was arriving home late one night, and spying Jeanne sitting in a bed of scented honeysuckle outside the lanai in the full California moon. She was ten days overdue with Timmy and chanting, "Come on, moon, bring the baby!" That's as close as she ever came to any old wives' tale about any blessed event. "But even then she was glamorous," remembers Paul. "And you know, with every baby she gets more beautiful."

Paul Brinkman could be prejudiced, of course, but there's more truth than sentiment in what he says. Mortenson, the famous feminine photographer, says Jeanne has "the most beautiful face and the most beautiful figure in one body that I've ever seen"—and he shot over 5,000 pictures of her to back up that opinion.

Otto Preminger, who has directed his share of the world's beauties, gazed at Jeanne through a camera finder once. "Perfect," he purred, "but please—take off your rouge and those false eyelashes!" Which, of course, Jeanne couldn't do, because they were her own. And Jean Negulesco, an artist as well as movie director, painted her portrait secretly while Jeanne acted for him in *Take Care of My Little Girl*. At the end, he gave it to her, but when Jeanne thanked him, he apologized. "I shouldn't have done this without asking you," he said, "but I couldn't resist. No artist could."

But there's more to Jeanne Crain's allure than her rose-tinted complexion, eternally teen-age chassis, and the smouldering glints of her copper-gold hair. That extra something was acquired through living and learning to accent her natural gifts. "After all," she says, "if you look, think, or act like the same person at 25 that you were at 17, there's something vacant upstairs."

Jeanne still wears her tumbling tresses shoulder length because Paul likes them that way. But peasant blouses and dirndl skirts got swept off the hangers long ago to make way for the *haut couture* of Paris and Manhattan designers. Long ago Jeanne started telling misguided salesgirls who whipped out something demure every time she walked inside a salon, "Never mind the pinks, please—bring out the wicked ones—black beads and lace!" Now Jeanne Crain is a stunning fashion plate in private life indeed, and poses for high fashion magazines whenever she's in Manhattan.

Paul trotted along with Jeanne a few weeks ago to Ceil Chapman's, because Jeanne said she wanted him to help her pick out a formal for the Academy Awards this year. "This one dress," promised

Jeanne, "is all I really need." They went in for a quick hour—and they stayed all day.

"I made my big mistake," confessed Brinkman, "when she put on a sexy number and I said 'Sensational!' I said it 17 times—and Jeanne left with 17 dresses!" The Academy Award gown was typical: a sea blue, tight-bodiced eye-catcher with a bell skirt full enough to accommodate six lace petticoats, with ruffled puffs.

JEANNE can get by with the most dramatic and striking clothes because she is a dramatic and striking beauty. When she trips out in her holy white slippers with crimson roses on the toes, or the black ones with the ruby red jeweled heels, they seem exactly right. When she breaks out in the bare top, silver-beaded cocktail dress with the super short skirt—it may be ahead of the styles, but on her it's perfect. Even when she parks a Floradora hat on her curls, complete with purple ostrich feathers—as she did at New York's Bowery Follies, she gets cheers. Anything goes with Jeanne that's daring, colorful, gay. In fact, the only fiasco that spoils her record was a homemade job she whipped up one time when she was caught with "just nothing to wear." Jeanne dug up a white crepe dinner gown with a white lace top. She had it on when Paul charged into the bedroom, late and fumbling with his shirt studs. He took a horrified look. "Good gosh—hurry up and get dressed!" he barked.

"I am," said Jeanne.

"Oh, I thought that was a nightgown," blurted Paul. She finally got by with a big, red rose at her bosom.

What most people don't know is that Jeanne is an incurable romantic, a true artist, and even a bohemian, at heart. Everything she does in her own life must have a flair, or Jeanne considers it a flop.

Four years after their house was built, Jeanne and Paul finally got around to a housewarming party. For Jeanne it couldn't be just a party, it had to be something that was especially her—her house, her creation. She had a deep tropical tan at the time, she was taking Hawaiian guitar lessons from Sam Koki and Napu, his wife, was teaching her the hula. The weather was warm and the nights caressing. They still talk about the Hawaiian party at the Brinkmans'—all 265 lucky guests who came.

A mammoth green tent projected their porch almost to the garden rim where the mountain drops off. Special isinglass sides let in the whole dazzling view of the valley's bright splendor. Flood lights in the pool turned it to turquoise. Camellias and gardenias floated on the water. A Hawaiian orchestra throbbed. There was a floor show of Polynesian dancers. And the guests never knew that an extra electric oven which Jeanne had rushed in to handle the food blew out all the fuses so that the whole party was by candlelight. "Luck was just with me," sighed Jeanne. "I should have thought of the candles." She'd thought about everything else.

Jeanne and Paul's summertime barbecues are almost as spectacular—with red-checked tablecloths dotting the fieldstone terrace, both barbecue pits—in the house and out—blazing away, and Jeanne usually the very first to plunge into the moonlit pool at midnight. They have flocks of friends who fit into no narrow pattern—artists, architects, writers, musicians, socialites, actors, business men, politicians. To Jeanne, everyone who does something she doesn't know about is, at once, the most interesting character on earth.

NOBODY could call Jeanne Crain an introvert today—if she ever was. On the contrary, she packs a healthy hunger for action and freedom. But wherever she goes, there goes her screen image to slow her down. Luckily, Jeanne can laugh impishly at the ardent mash notes that still pour in from high school boys; or at something that happened not so long ago, when a Carmelite nun called up Jeanne's mother from an orphanage.

She thanked her for supplying a print of Jeanne Crain's nice picture *Margie*, to delight her charges the next day, "And couldn't you arrange to have *your* little girl, Jeanne, be with us," she begged. "The children would love to play with her."

"I'm afraid I can't arrange that," said Mrs. Crain. "My little girl's pregnant."

Mrs. Crain's little girl Jeanne is still expecting—maybe more babies one of these days—but a lot of other wonderful things as well. Being Jeanne Crain, she's expecting a full life of excitement, rich interests, fun and romance. She's expecting to live it always with the man she loves. And these great expectations seem dead certain to come true.

On their anniversary last December 31st, as the final sun of 1950 dipped down to paint their housetop pink with its fading glow, and the lights sparked up in the great city before them, Paul Brinkman slipped a thin gold chain over the likewise golden hair of his lovely wife.

At the end hung a gold medallion of Our Lady of Guadalupe, with five diamonds on one side—for the five beautiful years—and three rubies on the other—for the three beautiful boys. On the back was engraved:

"Jeanne, Doll—Not for five years but forever. We love you. Paul—plus 3."

And as he hugged her close and kissed her, she had all the proof she'll ever need that Jeanne Crain is a beautiful, fascinating, glamorous woman. — THE END

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. . . and the mitchums found snow

(*Continued from page 41*) snowing in the mountains."

Jim and Chris glanced up from their cereal. "Yep," said Jim hopefully, "must be lots of snow up there."

Chris just looked wistful. Being married to a husband who's an actor, I know a cue when I hear one. "We can always take the Joneses up on their invitation to Tahoe," I suggested.

From the reaction the statement got, you'd have thought it was the greatest idea ever to hit the Mitchum household. And from the three bear hugs I received, I was nearly convinced that the idea was mine.

Ever since we've known them, Stan and Olive Jones (he wrote the hit song, "Ghost Riders") have been singing the praises of Tahoe. Especially famous as a summer resort, it's now coming into its own during the winter season. We were probably the only folks in Hollywood who hadn't made the trek to investigate its claim to fame.

We were on our way through the small town of Bishop when Bob stopped the station wagon. "I think we've forgotten something," he said with a shiver. "Follow me."

And with that, he led us into a nearby department store . . . to the department of long woolen underwear. When we reached Tahoe I realized the value of our purchases. It was cold. Bitterly cold. However, to our boys' disappointment, there was no snow. "Must be snow around here someplace," said Jim. "Can't we just keep on riding till we find some?"

"It'll come. We'll wait for it," Bob promised.

Stan and Olive have a huge lodge on the lake. Usually they only open the rooms downstairs. But our brood rated the run of the house. It was late, so Jim and Chris went upstairs to bed. When we stopped in to say goodnight, we found them buried under a pile of blankets. I looked around for their clothes. They were nowhere in sight . . . nor in the closet. Two pairs of shoes were at the foot of the bed. A couple of small heads raised up from their pillows. The faces were grinning sheepishly. The boys had turned in fully dressed—even to heavy socks and stocking caps. "We're freeeezing, Mom," said Chris by way of explanation.

easy money!

"Don't hang back! Step right up," as the carnival barkers say. "This is your big chance." All you have to do is read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste, because we're giving away (for free!) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our May issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Dick Powell—Your Hollywood Shopper
- ☐ Bergman Today (Ingrid Bergman)
- ☐ Liz Taylor's New Romance
- ☐ The Truth About My Feuds by Louella Parsons
- ☐ John Agar On Trial
- ☐ I Found Romance in the Mountains
- ☐ And The Mitchums Found Snow (Bob Mitchum)
- ☐ All For Love (Judy Garland)
- ☐ Casa Montalban (Ricardo Montalban)
- ☐ Mother Knows Plenty! (Jeanne Crain)
- ☐ Hollywood's Newest Golden Girl (Mitzi Gaynor)
- ☐ Kiss Tomorrow Hello (John Derek)
- ☐ . . . But When She's Bad . . . (Shelley Winters)
- ☐ The Iron Man? (Jeff Chandler)
- ☐ It Comes Up Love (Ronald Reagan-Nancy Davis)
- ☐ The Bing Crosby Story (Part II)
- ☐ To Each His Own (John Garfield)
- ☐ Liz Taylor's Ordeal
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It To Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issue? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

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State..... I am .... yrs old

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As it turned out, our youngsters had hit upon a fine solution to the problem of the below zero room temperature. Bob and I were the first to admit it. We took off our shoes and went to bed.

"I'm the rugged type," I kept telling myself when morning came and I knew the temperature had gone down even lower during the night.

I made a dash for the fire downstairs, to find there was no fire downstairs. Right away I was sure I'd done the wrong thing. On the other hand, I noted that Fearless Bob Mitchum didn't stir from bed until he heard Stan throwing logs into the fireplace.

There was still no snow. The weather wizards predicted it, but another day passed with Jim and Chris sitting by the barometer watching and waiting. They *had* seen snow once—several years ago in Hollywood when the weather had double-crossed the Chamber of Commerce and the white stuff blanketed our back yard. However, I had to agree that it wasn't quite the same.

The following morning, I heard the boys' shouts and knew what was happening even before I looked out of the window. Chris and Jim were hysterical. Jim got out the sled that had been in our closet for four years. Then we headed for the closest hill. "Here now, let me show you how to handle it," said Bob as if the sled were a complicated machine.

Some 15 minutes later, he had climbed the hill and whizzed down again for the umpteenth time. "Think I've got the hang of it," he finally announced. "Pile on."

This went on all morning. And when the kids turned to making snowmen, Bob and the sled were still going strong. We fell into bed early that evening, as we had a big day ahead. That was the day I changed my mind about my husband. For the past few months, I'd been thinking that surely I was married to another Isaac Walton. However, I discovered that my husband had discarded this characterization in favor of Zebulon Pike, no less, when we set out to scale Lookout Mountain. In my estimation, Pike's Peak could have nothing on Lookout Mountain. Statistics will have you believe that it's a mile straight up. By the time we reached the top, my feet would have been willing to swear that the distance was at least five thousand miles.

Chris carried his bow and arrows. Jim took along his .22. Bob and Stan, occasionally pausing casually to lean against a tree long enough to get used to the altitude, were loaded down with picnic lunch. I brought up the rear with my camera. As I said, we *did* reach the top . . . slightly more exhausted than victorious. And the general feeling when we got back to the lodge was one of surprise!

Never let it be said that we weren't game for all the sports! Novices—but nevertheless enthusiastic ones. Since Squaw Valley is a skier's paradise, eventually we got around to skiing. That is, Bob got around to skiing. The ski tow there is the world's longest (about 8,400 feet). Chris, Jim, and I watched Bob get off at some incredible altitude, wave goodbye and continue the trip sitting down.

When our feet touched the ground again we heard a familiar voice shout, "Hello." It was Margaret Sheridan, who like Bob, is under contract to RKO. She was debating whether to try her skill on the steeper slopes. As she had had only one lesson, I convinced her that she should come back to the lodge with us. Cups of hot coffee later, she had no regrets. There's nothing like coffee and conversation around a roaring big fire.

The day before we headed back for Hollywood, the menfolk planned a hunting trip. Jim and Chris had talked of nothing else for 24 hours. Bob and Stan made elaborate preparations for the snipe hunt they'd promised the boys. I was in on the secret. "Think they'll ever forgive you?" I asked Bob.

"They'll have a fine time," he said.

Some distance from the lodge, oldtimers Mitchum and Jones explained the technique of snipe hunting. "You just stand here and hold the bags open and we'll scare up the snipe. When they come out of hiding, we'll chase them into the sacks."

Jim and Chris agreed. They stood quietly while Bob and Stan disappeared to beat the snipe out of the snowy bushes. The boys waited patiently. No snipe. No Bob or Stan, for that matter. At last they caught on to the gag. They had been left holding the bags. A few hours later, they wandered in. Jim was pretty sore. Chris thought it was very funny. However, they both thought the game had possibilities.

It seemed no time at all before our excursion was over. We packed the station wagon, said our goodbyes and started for Hollywood. Halfway there I chanced to remark that I hoped we hadn't forgotten anything. "I left my sled," said Jim in a small voice.

"You what?" bellowed Bob.

"I thought maybe we could go back and get it sometime soon," replied Jim.

"You have a point there," Bob told him. "You know, I think every growing boy should have a chance to romp in the snow and take advantage of winter sports."

"I think so, too," I said and grinned at my three growing boys. THE END

(Robert Mitchum can be seen in RKO's His Kind of Woman.—ED.)

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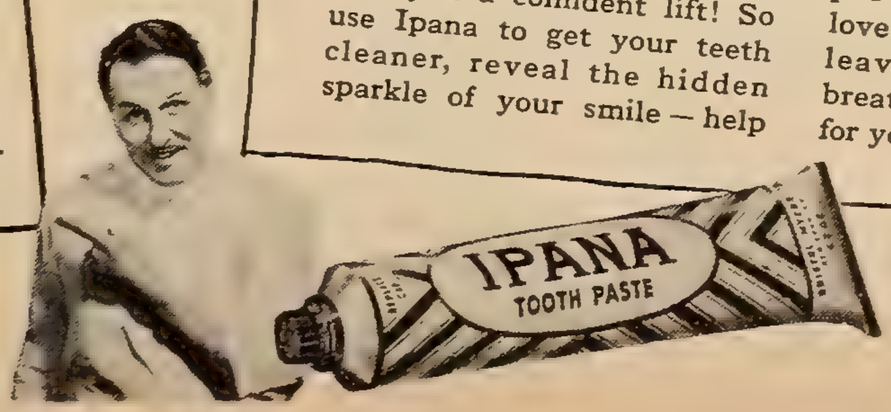
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john agar on trial

(*Continued from page 35*) Boulevard. The driver must be loaded.' They pointed out the car to me, and the fellow behind the wheel turned out to be Agar. The kid didn't seem to be drunk, but I called over a couple of other officers, and they decided to book him."

As was later proven in court, John Agar wasn't drunk the night he was arrested on that charge.

THE public, however, wasn't particularly interested in the truth. The newspapers said that Agar had been arrested for drunken driving and that seemed proof enough. It's the news that counts, the accusation that makes the front page. Denials are always saved for later. And what does it matter if a young man's life is ruined, his reputation soiled, his peace of mind shattered? The public wants its news hot, and that's the way it's dished out, especially where Hollywood actors are concerned.

When Jack Agar returned to court on that drunken driving charge, he pleaded guilty to reckless driving. However, Judge Henry H. Draeger weighed all the evidence, everything Agar had to say and everything the California Highway Patrol offered as proof, and he announced, "I am going to dismiss the drunken driving charge against the defendant on the grounds that the evidence at hand is insufficient. The defendant is sentenced to 30 days in the county jail. Sentence suspended for a year providing there are no further reckless or drunken driving violations."

Agar paid his fine, kept his mouth shut, went out to Warners where he began studying his role for *Breakthrough*. He made it a point to stay out of the limelight, to frequent no night clubs, and when he dated actresses like Ruth Roman or Gloria De Haven, it was only for publicity or preview purposes. The requests had come from the studio's front office.

AGAR tried to stay out of trouble, but on January 14th of this year, that old bugaboo, drunken driving, caught up with him again.

Two motorcycle officers, M. M. Schwab and R. R. Stein, arrested Jack "after we saw him cross the double line on Wilshire Boulevard near Manning Ave. We wanted to give him a sobriety test, but he refused to complete one."

Agar insisted that he was innocent, and demanded a trial by jury. He knew that if convicted he would be subject to a 30-day county jail sentence.

The results of his trial should be old news by the time you read this—unless, of course—the trial keeps being postponed.

Regardless of its result—John Agar will remain on trial with the American public, with thousands of movie fans who love to see his movies but can't figure out what makes him tick in private life.

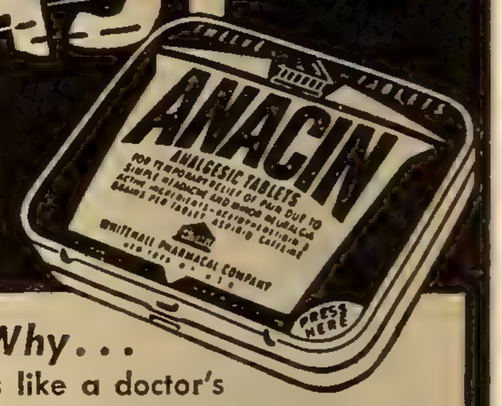
John Agar is actually a very bewildered man. So much has happened to him in Hollywood since his marriage to Shirley Temple that he has yet to regain his sense of balance.

He suffers from a deep almost unconquerable inferiority complex. Whether sub-consciously he is ashamed of being an actor, no one but a psychiatrist would know—although it's apparent that he doesn't find acting easy. Basically an introvert, exhibitionism is foreign to his make-up. When a director asks him to portray a particular emotion, beads of sweat break out on his forehead.

One of the reasons Shirley Temple co-starred with him in his first movie, *Fort*

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Apache, was to put him at ease. John Ford, one of the great directors of all time, outdid himself to get a natural performance from Agar.

Jack is much more at ease now, but he is still the most difficult man in Hollywood to interview. "I used to think Gary Cooper was pretty tight-lipped," one veteran reporter recently pointed out, "but that Agar! You might as well be interviewing a museum collection. This guy's as noisy as a mummy about his private life."

There is little doubt that John Agar is a bitter and disillusioned young man these days. He has been, more or less, since Shirley divorced him—and certainly with good reason. He feels that in the public's eyes he stands convicted for the unhappiness of their marital life. Once in Buffalo, for example, when he was on a personal appearance tour, he was pointed out by one bobby-soxer to another. "There," said the little girl, "is the fellow who ruined Shirley's life."

This is, of course, untrue, but it's the kind of slander that Jack's been confronted with for the past year or so. On several occasions, he's been advised to stand up and speak his piece and clear the air for once and all, but he simply can't.

At the time of the divorce, he said, "As usual, there are two sides to the controversy. There is much I might have said and much I might say now. As I see it, however, no constructive purpose could be served by recriminations.

"This is the course I've followed since the divorce, and I still want to follow it despite possible wrongful implications. Right now I'm interested in only two things, my daughter and my career. I like Hollywood, and I want to stay an actor so long as the public wants me. I'm pretty young in show business which is why I don't have many opinions about parts and players and things like that. I just do what they tell me to."

Agar realizes that many people regard him as a poor little rich boy who got all the breaks, first by being born into money, and second by marrying Shirley Temple.

He knows he can do absolutely nothing about such opinions except to let time, and pictures like *The Magic Carpet* prove that he has ability and talent of his own.

It is possible that he could be barred from further picture-making on the "moral turpitude" clause in his contract—every motion picture contract has a clause which says that bad behavior in public by an actor serves as an immediate grounds for dismissal—but this is hardly likely.

Hollywood and the public are both too tolerant to deprive a man of his livelihood merely because he's been in two innocuous driving accidents.

If anything, they both hold out a welcome hand and an open heart when they feel an actor's had a tough break. Bob Mitchum is a case in point. He is currently more popular than ever. Mitchum, however, has the appeal of a man who came from the wrong side of the tracks, who never had the advantages Agar has had. Everyone thought he was a little silly to endanger his $3,200 a week salary, his family life, and his future by getting in with some pretty shoddy characters, but everyone has forgiven him.

Will the public forgive John Agar?

A day after his second arrest for reckless driving, a girl who's dated him occasionally, came up with this analysis: "Jack's in the process of growing up. He's 30, and he should've grown up long before this, but he's been insulated from life. His father died when he was a kid, and his mother probably worried too much about him. When he married Shirley Temple, he found that from nothing he'd suddenly become a national figure. When Shirley dropped him, her fans regarded him as a national enemy. Nobody's ever judged John on his own merits."

An actor who starred with Jack in *Iwo Jima,* says, "The kid may be a little spoiled, but he's a nice kid. He wouldn't do a mean or spiteful thing if it cost him his life. Other fellows out here break into the business, and the first thing you know, they're trying to upstage you. They learn a few tricks, cut you out of the camera, even sit up nights figuring out ways to make you look bad. They want to use your body as a stepping stone. Agar's not like that at all. He's a gentleman, he's well-bred, and he's got a good heart. Maybe he can't hold his liquor so well—but he'll learn. These two traffic messes were all he needed.

"I don't know—the kid's arrested for reckless driving, and every paper in the world carries the story. I don't blame him for suffering from a persecution complex. But eventually, he'll snap out of it.

"When he does, you just mark my words. He'll be one of the biggest stars this town has ever known."

Whether the public feels as friendly about John Agar as do the colleagues who work with him—the next few months will tell.

Right now, he stands on trial before the court of public opinion. THE END

hollywood's newest golden girl

(*Continued from page 51*) which Mitzi Gaynor told how she got to be, in a very short time, one of 20th Century-Fox's most promising young stars, a somewhat frightening prospect for the future of the studio, when you know that there hasn't been as volatile a creature hereabouts since the early Betty Hutton.

Mitzi Gaynor's father, a Hungarian named Henry Gerber, was a vagabond artist, a symphony and operatic conductor who toured this country and Latin America. He, too, was an explosive man with an extremely domineering attitude toward almost everything, including love. Tiring of travel, he established a conservatory in Chicago and shortly after fell in love with a Viennese ballroom dancer named Pauline Fisher. When Henry Gerber finally came to the conclusion that it *was* love, and not just some subtle Hungarian mood, he telephoned Pauline, ordered her to halt whatever she was doing and present herself before him immediately. By way of a proposal, he told her he was going to install a dancing class in his school, and needed her in his business. Such was his magnetism that she came—and married him.

By the time Mitzi was three years old her mother wanted her to become a dancer, so she called her sister into conference. Her sister, a ballet dancer known as Madame Francine, suggested that she go right to work on tiny Mitzi's positions and prepare her for a career as a ballerina.

Almost from the start, it was an unequal proposition. As far as Mitzi was concerned (she was precocious beyond her 'going on four') the whole business was a plot to destroy the enjoyment of her childhood, and the lessons were deliberate attempts to deform her. The traditional warm-up before a ballet lesson gave way to a new preliminary known as "kid catching," and she entered into this phase of the enterprise with whole-hearted vigor.

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However, the tuition was continued grimly for four years, at which time Henry Gerber, saddened by the effect the depression was having on his music school venture, claimed to have other definite talents and moved his family to Detroit where he engaged in such diverse occupations as 'cello soloist at musicales, and chef in fairly good restaurants. The family didn't prosper by this move, but at least everyone ate.

Each week a famous ballet troupe made an appearance at the Masonic Temple in Detroit. Madame Francine, still cracking the whip over the now eight-year-old back of Mitzi, decided to try another tack. Mitzi was out of the mud pie stage and beginning to be conscious of beauty. So Madame started taking her to the Masonic Hall for the Saturday matinees.

"It was then," Mitzi admits now quite soulfully, "that *I* first decided I was going to be a dancer. All of the great stars appeared in Detroit—and they were all so beautiful. I wanted to be like them."

To dance, and to perform for people, then became Mitzi's life. The relatively minor greatness of Madame Francine was dimmed in the blaze of Mitzi's new ambition. The family, eager to fan this unexpected conflagration, enrolled her in a class being conducted by a pair of ladies named Madame Armand and Madame Katherine Etienne, both prominent internationally in ballet circles. She became, almost immediately, their star pupil—and remains so to this day.

During Mitzi's really formative years, the vagrant nature of Henry Gerber took the family to other cities, and in each one Mitzi eagerly studied under the best available ballet master. She learned from Mia Slavenska, Roselle Frey, Paul Petroff and many others. But eventually the road led back to Detroit and Madame Etienne. Although art was uppermost in Mitzi's heart, an instinctive knowledge of the value of a buck rested there too—and she had a definite desire to make dancing pay off.

"The first money I ever earned," she said, "came from dancing. I played a benefit in Detroit and got $2.50. I was nine years old."

How she managed to make a penny out of a benefit is something she didn't completely explain, but the feat is a demonstration of rare business acumen.

At the age of 11, Mitzi had grown to sturdy proportions. She was already quite a celebrated mimic, a really accomplished dancer, and a "hamola" of the first water. Madame Etienne decided it was high time she became celebrated, and announced that they would all go to Hollywood to get Mitzi into the movies. Papa Gerber, parodoxically, elected to remain behind until he knew for sure what was going to come of the migration, so Mitzi, her mother, Madame Etienne and Aunt Francine headed West.

The magic of movietown dazzled Mitzi immediately. The casting offices were not too elated that Mitzi Gaynor was available, but it didn't faze her a whit. She heard that a local dance impresario, Ada Broadbent, was to put on an entertainment at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium for the current Rose Queen festival. Mitzi promptly decided to join up.

An obvious 12, Mitzi slipped into a girdle she had no use for, togged herself out in a grown-up suit belonging to an adult member of the family, stepped into a pair of shoes with four-inch heels, and staggered down to Miss Broadbent's office. The first and most obvious question Miss Broadbent asked was her age.

Mitzi, dizzy from the unaccustomed altitude, steadied herself on the edge of the desk and blandly said, "Sixteen."



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The impresario suggested that she come back when she was a little older—and Mitzi left in a blind rage.

But she got a chance to dance, anyway. The war was on and the USO gobbled up any entertainer who could walk on a stage. Mitzi had thousands of G.I.'s rolling in the aisle with her imitations of Carmen Miranda and a "soffering" Russian ballet star. It was good experience. To keep in trim, and to remain able to get up on her toes, she continued to study with Madame Etienne, and she played supernumerary engagements with the Ballet Russe when it appeared in Los Angeles. These, it must be admitted, were rather tragic occasions for the managers of the company.

Whenever the Ballet Russe plays "Coppelia," the entire troupe will shudder in memory of the night that ballerina Mitzi Gaynor, high in the air on a well camouflaged scaffold with the rest of the corps-de-ballet, became so engrossed in her interpretation that she thought she was on a cloud and stepped off into space. She landed on the floor below with a crash that shook the entire theater. Mitzi damaged nothing but her dignity and her likelihood of ever working for the producer again.

On another occasion, she appointed herself sort of captain of the other ballerinas and, during a performance of "Scheherazade," loudly called the beat as the girls kicked and banged tambourines. It was a splendid spirit, except that Mitzi was the only one *off* the beat, and she made quite a spectacle as she kicked when the others didn't, and banged her tambourine in a jangling solo when the score called for the twitter of a flute.

These setbacks had little effect on Mitzi Gaynor, however. At periodic intervals, she would doll up, get up on the high heels again and stagger down to Ada Broadbent's office, where she would loudly claim to be 16. Finally it bore fruit. Miss Broadbent, now fully aware that the kid had talent, got her a part in the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Company's production *Roberta*.

Edwin Lester, producer for the light opera company, took an immediate liking to the girl who always seemed to be 16 and signed her to a personal contract. She appeared with his company each season and became one of Los Angeles' and San Francisco's favorite performers. Everyone admired her talent and loved her energetic clowning. Even on-stage she was good for an occasional belly laugh, like the time she was dancing a waltz with Walter Slezak in *The Great Waltz* and something came unhooked in the back of her costume. It was a dress that required many undergarments—and as there was no time to investigate the thing that had come undone, Mitzi just kept on dancing, leaving in her wake a shower of petticoats that threatened to cover the entire stage.

THE casting offices of the movie studios still showed a definite lack of interest in Mitzi Gaynor, but the executive offices didn't. One night an assistant to George Jessel caught Mitzi in a show and gave a glowing report to Jessel the next day. George, now a producer at 20th Century-Fox, went to see her and sent a note asking her to come for an interview and test.

Mitzi admits she was very frightened. She also admits that for the first time in her career she thought 18 might sound too old, and mulled the advisability of telling the producer she was much younger. At any rate, she went to the studio, made a good impression during the interview, and was scheduled for an elaborate color test.

A first test is a terrifying experience











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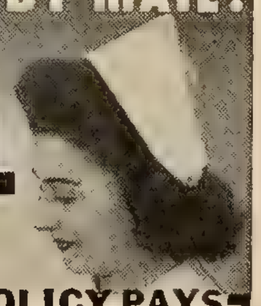
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for any actor, and Mitzi was no exception. She showed up in the make-up department on schedule and got ready to smear her face with some of the goo the theater required. A quiet man asked her to leave her face alone—he would take care of it. She began to comb her hair, and an equally quiet young woman asked her the polite equivalent of "Where's your union card?" Mitzi sat silently while the makeup man worked on her face and the lady on her hair. When they were finished, she was positive she had fallen into the hands of unknown enemies. It seemed as though nothing had been done. By a wearing down process, she finally got her hair brushed back from in front of her face, but the goo on the face was out. Then came a costumer, with what Mitzi vowed was atrocious taste, and Mitzi stumbled before the camera almost livid with rage.

The late John Stahl was the director. In a few minutes, Mitzi was sure he didn't have the faintest idea what he was doing, and he made her go over and over scenes that she knew perfectly well were excellent, maybe sensational, the first time. She dragged herself home at the end of the test positive she was the worst performer ever photographed—and amazed that *anyone* ever got into pictures with that kind of people fouling things up.

When she saw the test some days later she was stunned. Everything was just perfect. And she almost wept with remorse when she remembered the awful things she had thought about the people who made it for her. To this day she has the utmost respect for the quiet artists who work so competently behind the scenes in moving pictures.

It would be nice to say now that as soon as the executives at 20th Century-Fox saw Mitzi Gaynor's test they dispatched a vice-president to her home in the middle of the night to get her name on a contract. They didn't. Everybody raved about her. But there was just talk, talk, talk—nothing but talk. By this time, Mitzi had signed with an agent, Mitch Hammelberg, an extremely Hollywood-wise gentleman who has started some of the biggest stars in Hollywood on the road to fame. He advised her to just sit tight; that this was usual in situations of this kind.

Mitzi sat tight just as long as she could, then she opened negotiations with Cole Porter to go to Broadway to play in *Out of This World.* It had been two months since the test, and it looked as though there was no interest anymore.

The family bags were packed and the tickets bought when Hammelberg called and said that Henry Koster and Sol Siegel wanted to interview Mitzi for a part in *My Blue Heaven.* He advised her against getting excited about it, though, because it was just an interview—not an offer for her services. Mitzi went, had the talk, was asked to sit in an outer office for a few minutes—and then was taken back into the office and told she had the part.

You saw *My Blue Heaven,* and the impish Mitzi Gaynor walk away with her share of it. So did the rest of the people at the studio, and she was promptly signed to a long term contract. In her second picture, *Take Care of My Little Girl,* she neither sings nor dances—just acts—and the studio thinks she is one of the most promising young comediennes in the business. In her third film, now in production, *The Friendly Island,* she turns sultry, wearing sarongs, and the studio predicts she will be one of the most promising sexy stars in the business.

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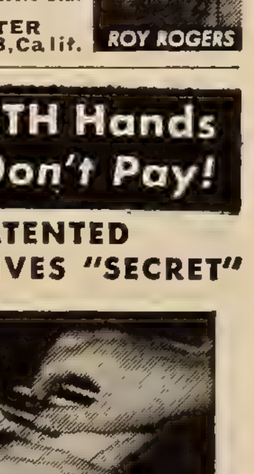
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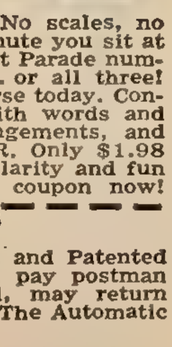
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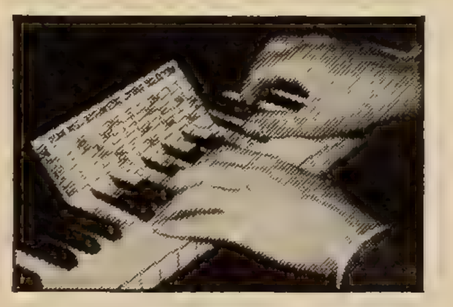
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she goes there is a slight tornado. She admits now to 19 and practical adulthood. And she still loves the ballet.

Romantically, Mitzi Gaynor is in rather an odd position. She is engaged to be engaged, in deference to her mother's wishes. But, nobody in the history of the world, has been more in love. The lucky young man is an attorney, and they have been going steady for three years, ever since Mitzi actually was 16. His name is Richard Coyle.

They met in something of a reverse of the Romeo and Juliet manner. Dick was visiting an older fraternity brother, Edward Everett Horton, backstage at the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium where Mitzi was working. Horton's dressing room was on an upper level, and Dick had stepped out onto a balcony to see a number on-stage. Mitzi, whose dressing room was directly underneath, also stepped out of her cubicle, heard a noise from above and looked up.

"It felt like I'd been struck by lightning," she said. "The guy up there was the handsomest creature I had ever seen in my life—or in the movies. He was tall, young and had premature grey at the temples. It took me five minutes to bend my head down again."

WAS MY FACE RED

■ Betty Garrett and Larry Parks were making personal appearances at an Ohio theater. Betty, taking great pride in Larry, knew that the fans around them thought she was pretty lucky to have Larry as a husband. Then she heard someone sigh loudly, "You're the luckiest girl in the world." Betty heartily nodded. The fan, even more emotional, added, "Just think, you kissed Frank Sinatra in your last picture."—*Kolma Flake.*

For three weeks, Dick Coyle attended every performance of the show—quite obviously to see Mitzi—but no opportunity for an introduction presented itself. Horton, perversely, refused to perform that simple chore. One day, Mitzi took the bull by the horns when she saw Dick passing a dressing room in which she was chattering with a bunch of the chorus girls. Snatching a mint from the dressing table, she dashed to the door and, holding the candy in front of her, stuttered:

"Have a mint?"

Dick reached for it and she saw that it was not only covered with grease paint, but had a bite taken out of it. Horrified, she stammered, "Just a minute, I'll get you a clean one." She ran back and got one, but the spell was broken. Dick took the candy, muttered a thanks, and departed. The show closed that night and Mitzi left the theater positive she would never see the lovely man again.

The next day he called her on the phone and said he was Dick Coyle. Mitzi didn't get it for a moment, then she said, "Are you that handsome, beautiful, tall, wonderful fellow who has been coming to the theater?" That was a pretty hard question to answer, but Dick identified himself. They talked for two hours, made a date for that night, and have been together every night since then.

Time will tell what the movies have in store for Mitzi in the way of fame and a career. But the people who know her well now, all predict that her star will rise rapidly, and will shine brightly for a long time. And they say something else about her, too.

"That Mitzi," they say, "what a doll! What a wonderful girl. She's going to be big—and it couldn't happen to a nicer madwoman."

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I found romance in the mountains

(*Continued from page 36*) So, it was more or less by popular demand that I packed a weekend bag with White Stagg's finest and another beautiful Chan-gold ski suit, and caught a plane for Reno en route to Tahoe. I was determined to look the part of a ski enthusiast, though I'd most likely spend my time sitting in the snow.

I was in Reno long enough to send Bill a wire. "Don't worry, darling," it said. "I'm only here for a few hours." The ride to the Cal-Neva Lodge was slow and tedious I'd been told. I was too enchanted by my first glimpse of so much snow to notice. I couldn't say a word—just kept looking out of the window, and exclaiming to Ann Melton, a model on her way to Tahoe for a fashion layout.

We arrived at the lodge in time to get unpacked and dressed for dinner. That was when I first ran into Rod and Angela. "Come sit by the fire," they invited.

We compared career and matrimonial notes, and Rod jokingly told his version of how he and his new bride happened to be at Cal-Neva. According to Mr. Cameron it was because of a telephone. Once the light of his bachelor life, the instrument had become a fullfledged nuisance. Since his marriage the phone had never stopped ringing . . . and he always got the same dialogue. "Hello, Rod, old pal."

"Hello," he'd reply.

"Congratulations, chum."

"Thanks."

"Give the bride my best."

"Sure."

"By the way—guess you won't be needing that little black book anymore. You know, the one with the telephone numbers. Old pal."

"I burned it," Rod would retort. "And spread the word around, will you? I'm tired of answering the phone."

The word went slowly, and the Camerons decided to get away from it all, Rod told me solemnly.

Far from telephones, we spent the rest of the evening in a kind of warm, dreamy silence, periodically broken when the musicians came by to serenade us.

NEXT morning, I was at breakfast when Ann Melton came tapping on the windowpane. The weather was fine. "If we're going to ski, we'd better get started," I said.

"Why don't we just look around," Ann suggested, and we set out to explore the countryside . . . alternately on foot and by bus.

We'd just arrived at Squaw Valley when a snowball landed on my head. "Hi," yelled Bob Stack.

Claudette Thornton was with him, packing another snowball for more ammunition in case we retaliated. Two against two was slightly uneven as snowfights go—especially when one member of the opposing side is Bob Stack. Claudette deserted and came over to our team. For a time it looked as if Bob was going to be snowed under. Then he got his second wind, and our trio called for a truce. The good winner invited us into a nearby eating place for lunch.

We slipped into chairs beside Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill, and it was like old home week. Rhonda had come up to see snow, and Lew had come to see Rhonda.

"Isn't it fine?" I whispered to Ann.

"Isn't what fine?" she asked.

"All these couples," I said, being Cupid's best audience. "What a marvelous place



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to come to with your favorite beau."

I glanced at Bob and Claudette, deep in conversation. They were at Tahoe on a houseparty and had slipped away from the rest of the guests to try some of the more difficult ski runs.

I'd just finished my coffee when Bob spoke up. "Another fight anybody?" he challenged.

Ann started to get up. I nudged her, which meant they probably wanted to be alone, so she sat down again. "Some other time," I said.

"You're an incurable romantic," Ann laughed as Bob and Claudette went out into the snow. "Let's go back to the lodge with Rhonda and Lew—do you think they'd mind our company?"

"Love it," Rhonda volunteered.

"Thanks just the same, but I'm going to see how I do on skis," I told them.

An hour later I was sitting in the snow of Squaw Valley, wondering about the logic of standing up again, when a kind gentleman on his way down the mountain stopped to ask if I needed help.

"It would take years to help me," I admitted. "This is my first time on skis."

He was very encouraging. Before long I was standing and able to stay that way. "Well, now," I said, "will you show me how to get to the ski tow?"

We got there, but when I saw the lift my confidence was shattered. It's the largest ski tow in the world. Glancing up I saw three familiar faces coming down toward me. . . . Dorothy, Jim, and Chris Mitchum. Dorothy said that Bob would be down eventually—in one piece, she hoped. He was coming on skis. When he reached the bottom (in one piece), we adjourned to the Jones' lodge where the Mitchums were visiting. Stan and Olive Jones had a roaring fire going, and borrowing an outfit from Dorothy, I hung my ski clothes up to dry. "Great place, huh?" Bob asked.

I nearly ran out of adjectives.

MGM's 18-year-old comer Debbie Reynolds, enthused about *Singing In The Rain* script: "I just love it," she says. "It's a period picture—1928."—*Herb Stein in The Hollywood Reporter.*

THAT evening back at the lodge, I joined the Camerons for dinner, in California. After the meal, we went from the dining room over to the game room in Nevada (hence the name Cal-Neva) . . . a strange feeling crossing the state line by simply going from one room to another.

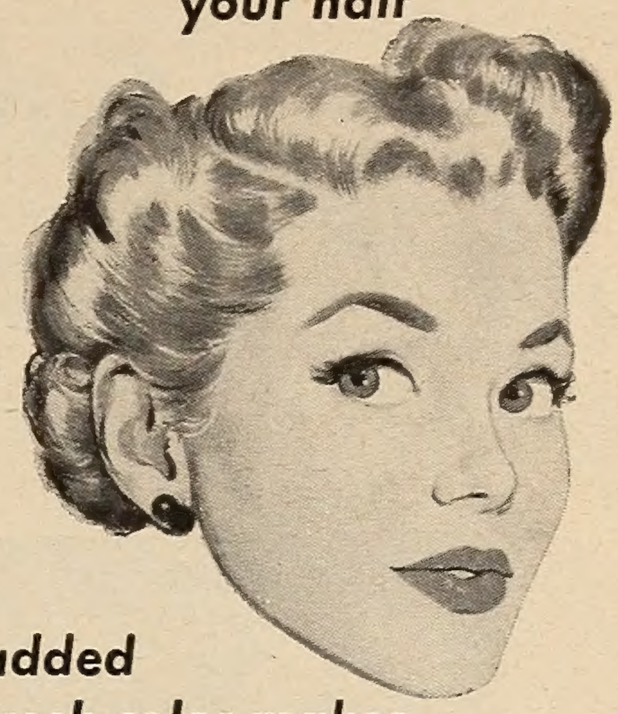
I've never been one for taking chances, so I found a place at the table to watch roulette. When the lights went out, I got the idea I couldn't be lucky even as a spectator. However, candles were brought in and activity continued by candlelight. As my eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, I noticed that we had quite a gathering. Bob and Dorothy had stopped in. They were standing at the table, Bob's arm around Dorothy, and a stranger might have taken them for honeymooners. Bob Stack and Claudette were watching the players. I turned around and blinked. Rhonda and Lew were coming into the room, hand in hand.

It was late enough to say goodnight and if I wrote Bill right away, the letter would reach him in Honolulu. On the way to my room, I glanced toward the fireplace. "Goodnight," said the Camerons from their place on the hearth.

"Dear Bill," I wrote. "I seem to have found romance in the mountains. Lots of romance, but it all belonged to other people. I'm making return reservations for us when you get home. Then you can see what I mean." THE END

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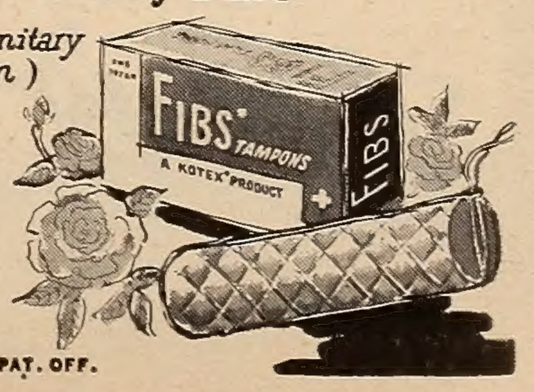
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2. Print the suggested name along with your own name and address on the entry blank on this page, or the entry blanks you can get at your grocer's.
3. Send as many entries as you wish to Baby Nickname Contest, Box 7155, Chicago 77, Ill.
4. With each entry, enclose three (3) labels from any of Libby's Baby Foods or Junior Foods. Use a separate entry blank (or sheet of paper) for each name.
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